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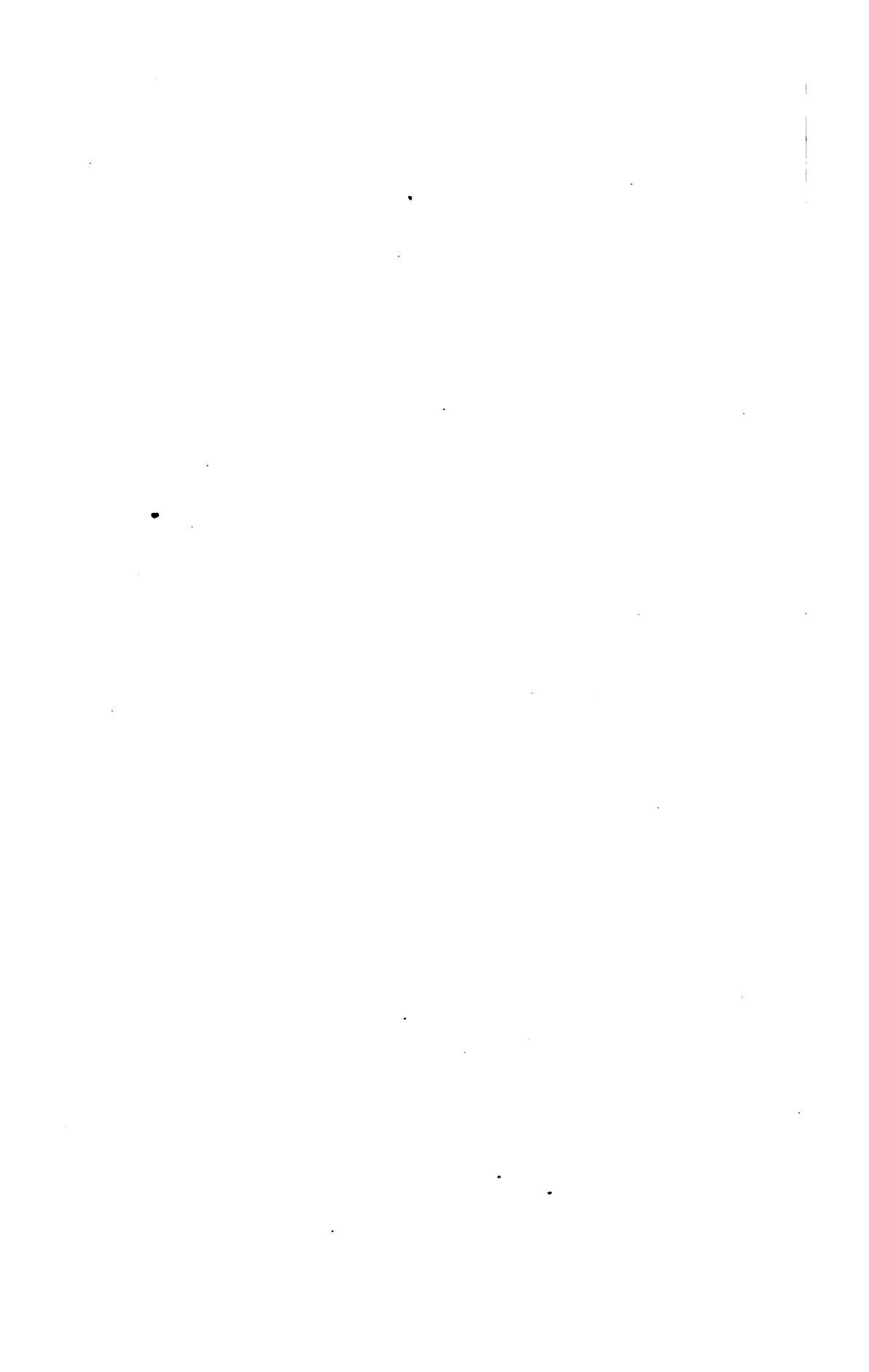
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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

CENTRAL AUSTRALIA.*

THE main incidents hitherto associated with the progress of laying open the interior of Australia have been limited to the discovery of the Darling and the Murray, the largest river system of the continent, by Sturt in 1828-31; the exploration of the Australian Alps by Strzelecki in 1840; Eyre's difficult and hazardous journey overland, from the colony of South Australia to that of West Australia, in the same year; Leichardt's important journey overland, from New South Wales to Port Essington, in North Australia, in 1844-45; Sturt's expedition in 1845, from South Australia to the middle of the continent, whereby the notion of a great inland sea, till then prevalent, was dispelled, and that of a great interior desert substituted; and, lastly, Stuart's similar expedition in 1860. To these have now to be added Burke and Wills's expedition from Victoria in 1861, when those gallant explorers reached the Gulf of Carpentaria, thus first crossing the continent of Australia from sea to sea, a feat which was successfully repeated the ensuing year by Stuart, M'Kinlay, and Landsborough. All these great and leading features in the progress of Australian discovery have been previously noticed, with the exception of the more recent explorations of Burke and Wills, of Landsborough and M'Kinlay, and to the narratives of which we now turn, admitting the important aid derived in our labours from the previous analysis of Mr. William Westgarth, himself an able and well-known writer on Australian affairs.

These recent expeditions are the more interesting, as, although attended with a sad fatality, they throw a flood of light on the character of Central Australia, and there is now every reason to anticipate that in a few more years the once mysterious interior of the continent will be but a great public highway for the commerce and enterprise of the colonists.

Stuart's expeditions especially mark an era in this particular line of exploration. That we are now almost as familiar with Central Australia as with the sea-coast is really due to him, and to the success and importance of his earlier journeys. As early as in 1858, he made known

* A Successful Exploration through the Interior of Australia, from Melbourne to the Gulf of Carpentaria. From the Journals and Letters of William John Wills. Edited by his Father, William Wills. Bentley.

Journal of Landsborough's Expedition in Search of Burke and Wills. By G. Bourne, Second in Command. Street.

Tracks of M'Kinlay and Party across Australia. By John Davis, one of the Expedition. Edited from Mr. Davis's Manuscript Journal. With an Introductory View of the Recent Australian Explorations of McDouall Stuart, Burke and Wills, Landsborough, &c. By William Westgarth. Sampson Low and Son.

that a very extensive country, suitable for colonisation, diversified with numerous lakes and running streams, and comprising millions of acres of land available and ready for pastoral occupation, existed to the north-west of Adelaide.

This first and brilliant success emboldened him to deeds of higher daring. He set forth in 1860 to make the traverse of Australia. This was an exploit requiring at that time rare nerve and courage. Fifteen years had elapsed since he, in company with Sturt, had been obliged to recoil before that sterile desert—that arid, burning, lifeless waste, from which they with difficulty extricated themselves, which has since borne the first traveller's name. Mr. Gregory had been brought to a dead stop in an attempt made to explore the River Victoria in 1856, by apparently another portion of the same desert, equally dried up, and equally destitute of life. Leichardt also, after his successful journey to Port Essington, across the north-eastern districts of Australia, had plunged with his party into the bush, in an attempt to cross the whole extent of the continent from east to west, and he had never emerged from its then unexplored and unknown expanse.

The new expedition was thus entered upon under very problematic, not to say gloomy, prospects. But these never deter the British pioneer. Stuart took a direction westward of that followed by Sturt. He encountered no great desert, but, on the contrary, much good country, watered by many springs, ponds, and running streams. Well grassed plains and forest-lands were indeed everywhere intermingled with tracts of poor and sterile soil. Such seems now to constitute the main feature of Central Australia, only that besides that the same region varies much at different seasons, the preponderance is unfortunately in favour of sterility and barrenness. At a point not far distant from the very centre of Australia a hill of distinctive appearance was found, and christened Central Mount Stuart. Proceeding northwards, farther progress was stopped by the numbers and threatening aspect of the natives, with whom the small party, consisting only of two persons besides Stuart himself, was quite inadequate to cope. This obstruction was truly provoking. He had made a point when he was thus forced to recede about equidistant between that which Gregory had reached southwards from the Victoria River on his left, and the head of the Gulf of Carpentaria on his right.

The following year the same persevering and indefatigable explorer succeeded in getting about one hundred miles in advance of the point reached on his previous journey, but he was once more foiled—this time by an impenetrable scrub and forest. Nothing daunted (and it is impossible without reading the details of these Australian exploratory expeditions to form any idea of the fatigue, privations, trials, and sufferings endured in carrying them out), Stuart started again in 1862, arrived at the great barrier of scrub, endeavoured to pierce it, and then to turn it, and after détours of some seventy miles in extent, he at length triumphed over this great natural obstacle, thus opening a highway to future generations, and he entered upon the finest and most interesting country met with in the whole journey. Amidst plains covered with luxuriant grass, which sometimes rose, above the heads of the party, amidst picturesque diversities of hill and dale, woodland and river scenery, where a profuse tropical vegetation attested to the rich character of the soil underneath,

Stuart pursued his way, until he emerged upon the Indian Sea, near the embouchure of the River Adelaide.

Such is the metal out of which the successful explorer is moulded; and, as a new country, it is to be hoped that Australia will reserve some of its honours and public memorials or monuments to those who, by their wondrous perseverance and endurance, have laid open the interior of their vast territory, or marked a track for colonisation and civilisation across a whole continent. Such honours in old countries are too often monopolised by those who have marked a track across the fair surface of the earth with the blood of their fellow-creatures. There is, undoubtedly, skill and courage manifested in both, and the higher order of intellect may be exhibited in triumphant war; but endurance in a noble cause attains its most honourable manifestation in successful travel carried out amidst almost unexampled privations and dangers.

Stuart, it is to be observed, did actually emerge upon the Northern Ocean, and in having thus seen its waters and trodden its shore he was more fortunate than his competitors. They only witnessed its tides near the mouth of one of the northern rivers, and tasted its salt waters. The low, swampy surface at the head of the Carpentarian Gulf had, unfortunately, opposed an insuperable obstacle to complete success on the part of other weary travellers from the south. Landsborough, by taking his start from Carpentaria itself, had certainly defeated this difficulty; but the parties both of Burke, and Wills, and M'Kinlay, were unable to advance farther than within some four or five miles of the coast. Their farther course was arrested by boggy ground and deep mangrove creeks, impassable to the travellers with the few means at their command. Nor was the sea visible when they were compelled to turn from it.

Stuart's third expedition also acquires additional importance from his having been accompanied by a naturalist, Mr. Waterhouse, whose observations upon the various regions passed through give us the most accurate idea hitherto obtained of Australia along its central line. Mr. Waterhouse divides the country passed through into three great regions. First, the southerly, which may be distinguished as the country of springs and salt-bush. As cattle can live upon salt-bush, this country is available for pastoral pursuits, and is being occupied by squatters. The springs by which it is characterised present peculiar features, as they are found issuing forth from the surface of plains or from the top of little conical hills, which Mr. Waterhouse described as volcanic, but Sir R. G. McDonnell as the successive deposit of the springs charged with lime and soda. It is curious that Mr. Waterhouse should not have distinguished between lava and travertino, or did he mean "salses," or volcanic mud-springs, as in Taman or the Straits of Kertch? The waters are, like the latter, unpleasantly laden with hydrosulphuric acid. The size of these hills varies from that of a beehive to that of a large hill. Some of them have been dug into, and the fossil bones of the *Diprotodon Australis*, a huge extinct quadruped of the pachydermatous order, but with the Australian marsupial appendages, were discovered. The heat in summer on these plains is so intense, and the air so arid, that thirst is almost insatiable.

The second region comprises Central Australia, and the soil is somewhat sandy, and occasionally sandy and loamy, and the water supply is

more precarious. The characteristic vegetation is a coarse grass of a pungent flavour, with very sharp prickly-pointed leaves, and therefore called by the settlers the porcupine grass. It is the *Spinifex* of Stuart's journal and the *Triodia pungens* of Gregory, but there appears to be several species. Good grass is only to be found in the hollows of creeks, and the few stunted gum-trees are rarely to be found beyond the same limited spaces. There are some hill ranges, the chief of which do not attain an elevation of more than fifteen hundred to two thousand feet above the plains. These, however, we shall afterwards point out, constitute, notwithstanding their slight elevation, a real dividing range or water-parting across the central and western portions of the continent, separating the watershed of the north from that of the south. There has been some discussion lately about the use of these terms, but we believe that the above is their most correct sense, and the one in which they should be uniformly used.

The third, or northerly region, is of a most superior character. It is generally well watered and grassed, having valleys of rich black alluvial soil, and a beautiful and luxuriant vegetation on the banks of the rivers. Mr. Waterhouse describes it as comprising, in the line followed by Stuart, first, an extensive portion of Stuart Plains, the soil of which is a fine lacustrine deposit, and is well grassed, but the only timber is the perpetual stunted gum; secondly, the Roper River and its tributaries, the valleys of which are of a fine rich black alluvial soil, well timbered and grassed, and with a tropical flora growing on the banks of the river of a most beautiful appearance and luxuriant growth; thirdly, the coast region, comprising a considerable extent of well wooded and watered country, with a very varied vegetation.

This is part of "North Australia," concerning the recognised settlement of which, since the abandonment of Port Essington, we have often insisted upon in a political, as well as a commercial and colonising point of view. It comprises the basins of the Victoria, the Adelaide or Alligator, the Roper, the Albert, the Flinders, the Nicholson, and Leichardt Rivers, and of a host of minor streams. Some of these rivers are accessible to vessels of considerable size. There are here large tracts of land of the finest possible description available for pasture and agriculture—pasturage of sheep and cultivation of cotton and sugar, as well as of the cereals. Settlers are already pressing out in this direction, and stockholders are at this very moment on the tracks of Stuart and M'Kinlay, who had been enabled to take cattle and sheep up with them. Several large parties are also about to start from Melbourne and Adelaide with the intention of forming a settlement in the same country. Yet it is not, strictly speaking, within the jurisdiction of any of the colonies. It is most desirable, therefore, that her Majesty's government should take some steps with the view to the organisation there of a separate and independent colony. Otherwise it may become a complete Alsatia: people would be migrating thither from the different colonies, taking possession of tracts of land without law, order, or authority among them. There is already a considerable native population, with a hostile disposition and a large Oriental element, to deal with, and which demand a system of administration that has not been wanted by the European population of the more southern colonies.

It has been urged, with great propriety, that the establishment of colonies ought not to be made a charge upon the imperial funds. But we have the authority of Sir Charles Nicholson and of Mr. Torrens—both intelligent and experienced colonists (*Discussion on Australian Papers*, Pro. R.G.S., vol. vii. No. 3)—to the effect that this colony of North Australia might be established and placed upon an efficient footing without one farthing expense to the imperial treasury. The people who are ready to go there and take up the country, are prepared to pay their licenses and assessments, and to make purchases of land in suitable positions that may be selected for townships. There would also always be found capitalists ready to advance the first outlay upon the security of the crown lands of the country. In this way a large and sufficient revenue could be raised to meet the expenses of a local government. The colonists of Australia do not, indeed, desire that one shilling should be expended in founding colonies in that part of the world—all they want is the power to constitute a government, so as to prevent those disastrous consequences arising, not only to settlers but to the natives, which would certainly occur unless order and good government were established in the country. There need not be any expense incurred by previous surveys in founding the townships, for as the site of such must be at first upon the navigable rivers, or in the neighbourhood of the most healthy and available harbours, there are only a small number of localities to select. Agricultural and pastoral settlements would direct themselves to the cooler uplands as a natural sequence. It is manifest that the bottom of the Gulf of Carpentaria, notwithstanding its so-called "Lands of Promise," must, from its unhealthiness, be the least adapted for immediate settlement, and it needs no Zadkiel to prognosticate that the future capital of North Australia will be upon the Victoria River.

Stuart's discoveries naturally aroused a general attention towards Central Australia throughout the colonies. While upon his first great expedition in 1860, a movement was made in Melbourne with the view of fitting out another, having similar objects in view. A public-spirited individual—a Mr. Kite—contributed a thousand pounds towards it. Others assisted, and subsequently government came forward, and a large and well-provided expedition was the result. Amongst other adjuncts were a number of camels, which the Victoria government had shortly before imported from India, and which were thus promptly to be put upon trial as to their merits for Australian purposes. They stood the trial well, both on this occasion and in the subsequent journey of M'Kinlay, in which they also formed a part of the stock. They are therefore, already a feature associated with Australian travel, although by no means a necessary one. They are still more so in the minds of the natives, who everywhere beheld them with alarm and astonishment in their unexpected irruption into the solitudes of the interior.

The command of the expedition was given to Burke. It had swelled out into large dimensions, and formed quite a public spectacle, as its numerous and varied components poured forth from Melbourne upon their long journey. But delays had occurred, and the season was advanced beyond the most favourable time for action. Leaving Melbourne on the 20th of August, 1860, it was the middle of December, that is to say, almost the middle of summer, ere Burke found himself on the fore-

ground at Cooper's Creek (where the routes from Melbourne and Adelaide to Central or to North Australia unite from the physical necessities of soil and water), ready to start for Carpentaria. Difficulties had already arisen; the company was too large and too much encumbered. Burke had early pushed on with a section of it, leaving the remainder to follow. At Cooper's Creek, at the head of the Lake District, he still further reduced his party, taking only Wills, his second in command, and two others with him, and leaving the rest to await his return from the north. Taking with them six camels, one horse, and twelve weeks' provisions, the little party sallied forth on the 16th of December. They took a direction mainly north, and nearly in the 140th degree of east longitude, arriving at the mouth of the Flinders River on the 11th of February, 1861, without, however—such are the impenetrable conditions of swamp, bog, and mangrove forest at the base of the Gulf of Carpentaria—being able to get a glimpse of the sea.

After a wearisome march back—in the later stages of which Gray, one of the party, sank through fatigue and want of sustenance—they made Cooper's Creek depôt again on the evening of the 21st of April, in the joyful anticipation of finding at last all their troubles at an end. The camp, however, was deserted, and although they looked anxiously for some indications that the absence must surely be but temporary, they looked in vain for any such symptom. An adjacent tree was alone marked with the pregnant word "Dig!" and on digging at the foot they found a small supply of provisions, and with them a note, to the effect that the party in waiting had left for the river Darling homewards. The note was dated the 21st of April, at noon; the same day on which it was read by Burke and Wills, and only seven hours previous to their arrival! A more singular and untoward incident does not occur in the annals of travel.

Mr. Wills, senior, the father, thus describes the event from details received from King, the only survivor of the party, as also from his son's journal:

On Sunday, April 21, the survivors, Mr. Burke, my son, King, and two camels, reached Cooper's Creek at the exact place where the depôt party had been left under Brahe. *There was no one there!* During the last few days every exertion had been made, every nerve strained, to reach the goal of their arduous labours—the spot where they expected to find rest, clothing, and provisions in abundance. King describes in vivid language the exertions of that last ride of thirty miles; and Burke's delight when he thought he saw the depôt camp: "There they are!" he exclaimed; "I see them!" The wish was "father to the thought." Lost and bewildered in amazement, he appeared like one stupified when the appalling truth burst on him. King has often described to me the scene. "Mr. Wills looked about him in all directions. Presently he said, 'King, they are gone;' pointing a short way off to a spot, 'there are the things they have left.' Then he and I set to work to dig them up, which we did in a short time. Mr. Burke at first was quite overwhelmed, and flung himself on the ground." But soon recovering, they all three set to work to cook some victuals. When thus refreshed, my son made the following entry in his journal:

"*Sunday, April 21.*—Arrived at the depôt this evening, just in time to find it deserted. A note left in the plant by Brahe communicates the pleasing information that they have started to-day for the Darling; their camels and horses all well and in good condition. We and our camels being just done

up, and scarcely able to reach the *depôt*, have very little chance of overtaking them. Brahe has fortunately left us ample provisions to take us to the bounds of civilisation, namely: Flour, 50 lb.; rice, 20 lb.; oatmeal, 60 lb.; sugar, 60 lb.; and dried meat, 15 lb. These provisions, together with a few horse-shoes and nails, and some odds and ends, constitute all the articles left, and place us in a very awkward position in respect to clothing. Our disappointment at finding the *depôt* deserted may easily be imagined; returning in an exhausted state, after four months of the severest travelling and privation, our legs almost paralysed, so that each of us found it a most trying task only to walk a few yards. Such a leg-bound feeling I never before experienced, and hope I never shall again. The exertion required to get up a slight piece of rising ground, even without any load, induces an indescribable sensation of pain and helplessness, and the general lassitude makes one unfit for anything. Poor Gray must have suffered very much many times when we thought him shamming. It is most fortunate for us that these symptoms, which so early affected him, did not come on us until we were reduced to an exclusively animal diet of such an inferior description as that offered by the flesh of a worn-out and exhausted horse. We were not long in getting out the grub that Brahe had left, and we made a good supper off some oatmeal porridge and sugar. This, together with the excitement of finding ourselves in such a peculiar and most unexpected position, had a wonderful effect in removing the stiffness from our legs. Whether it is possible that the vegetables can have so affected us, I know not; but both Mr. Burke and I remarked a most decided relief and a strength in the legs greater than we had had for several days. I am inclined to think that but for the abundance of portulac that we obtained on the journey, we should scarcely have returned to Cooper's Creek at all."

I asked King how my son behaved. His answer was, that he never once showed the slightest anger or loss of self-command. From under a tree on which had been marked, "DIG, 21st April, 1861," a box was extracted containing the provisions, and a bottle with the following note:

"*Depôt*, Cooper's Creek, April 21, 1861.

"The *depôt* party of the V. E. E. leaves this camp to-day to return to the Darling. I intend to go S.E. from Camp 60 to get into our old track near Bulloo. Two of my companions and myself are quite well; the third, Patten, has been unable to walk for the last eighteen days, as his leg has been severely hurt when thrown by one of the horses. No one has been up here from the Darling. We have six camels and twelve horses in good working condition.

"WILLIAM BRAHE."

What was to be done? Attempt in their worn-out state to follow this party for four hundred miles to the Darling! There appears to have been a difference of opinion on this point. Mr. Wills, senior, records as follows:

On the morning of Thursday, the 23rd of April, 1861, Mr. Burke, my son, and King, being refreshed and strengthened by the provisions they found at Cooper's Creek, again resumed their journey homewards. It was an unfortunate resolve of Burke's, to select the route to the Adelaide district by Mount Hopeless, instead of returning by the Darling. King says, "Mr. Wills and I were of opinion that to follow Brahe was the best mode of proceeding; but Mr. Burke had heard it stated positively at the meeting of the Royal Society, that there were South Australian settlers within one hundred miles of Cooper's Creek in the direction he proposed to take;" and by this very questionable assertion, without evidence, his mind was biased. There was, in fact, nothing to recommend the route by Mount Hopeless, while everything was in favour of that by the Darling. Blanche Water, the nearest police-station on the

Adelaide line, was distant between four and five hundred miles. The one road they knew nothing of, the other was familiar to them. The camels, too, would have plucked up spirit on returning after the others on the old track. It is true that Brahe's false statement of the condition of his party held out no encouragement that they might be able to overtake him; but there was a chance that a new party might even then be coming up, or that the laggard Wright would be on the advance at last, as proved to be the fact. A Melbourne paper, commenting on these points, had the following remarks, which were as just as they were doubly painful, being delivered after the event:

"Wills and King it appears were desirous of following their track out from Menindie, which would unquestionably have been the wiser course; but Mr. Burke preferred striking for the South Australian stations, some of which, he had been informed by the Royal Committee of Exploration, were only one hundred and fifty miles from Cooper's Creek. It was a most unfortunate and fatal matter for Mr. Burke that these royal people had anything whatever to do with his movements.

"He made two attempts to strike in the direction in which they had assured him he would easily reach a settled district, and twice was he driven back for want of water. It was a fatal mistake on his part to follow the suggestion of these ready advisers. The practical impressions of Wills or King were worth a world of theoretical conjectures and philosophical presumption. But it seems to have been decreed that Burke should have favoured the former instead of the latter; the consequences of which were that himself and poor Wills were to perish miserably."

Much as I approve of and admire my son's steady obedience to his leader, I cannot but regret and wonder that in this particular instance he was not more resolute in remonstrance. It bears out what I said to Mr. Burke on taking leave of him: "If you ask his advice, take it; but he will never offer it; and should he see you going to destruction, he will follow you without a murmur."

Mindful so far of exploratory discipline, they placed a note in the *cache* at the foot of the tree, stating their arrival, and their proposed route, and their inability, in their exhausted state, to make more than four or five miles a day. They also took the provisions with them, but they most unfortunately, and fatally for them, did not deem it necessary to leave any *external indications* of their visit. Slowly they toiled along in the new direction. Wills's journal is at this trying period written in a tolerably detailed form. Two of the six camels had survived hitherto, but they sank early in these renewed labours. Their flesh was carefully preserved as a last addition to the scanty stock, but no water could be met with on the new route after they had turned off southward from the main bed of the Cooper. They struggled forward for some time in vain hope, but were at last compelled to return. They believed they had made only about forty-five miles, but they are stated by competent authorities to have been in reality much farther on. "They decided to return at a point where, though they knew it not, scarce fifty miles remained to be accomplished, and just as Mount Hopeless (Mount Hopeful it would have been to them) would have appeared above the horizon, had they continued their route for even another day." (Governor Barkly to the Duke of Newcastle, November 20, 1861.)

The expedition seems, indeed, after its return to Cooper's Creek, to have been pursued by a relentless fatality. It is as if the spirit of the unknown claimed a sacrifice to its mazes. There was even still a culminating point to this fatality, which filled a father's breast with grief, and

led to much useless recrimination and disputation. Brahe and the Cooper's Creek party, after eight days' march, met Wright with the rest of the expedition, coming on at last from the Darling. The two leaders agreed to return to Cooper's Creek, as a last chance for the missing travellers, and they arrived there on the 8th of May, but, unable to detect any change in appearances at the depôt, they, after remaining, it is said, only a few minutes, returned to Melbourne.

Thus Burke, Wills, and King, on their return to Cooper's Creek, never knew that any one had been there, but they fell in with natives who supplied them with small fish, and who first initiated them into the nutritive properties of a seed called *nardoo*, and of which they make a kind of bread. They had also dried stems and leaves of another plant, called *pedgery*, which when chewed had a highly intoxicating effect, like hemp. A kind of bean, called *padlu*, was also to be found, and a few birds and rats helped to eke out those scanty resources. We find in the diary (May 8, 1861), "A couple of nice fat rats—the latter were found most delicious; they were baked in their skins." Sometimes they obtained a few mussels from the creek, but it is marked down as a lucky day when a crow was shot. It may be easily imagined that under such privations the strength of the party soon began to give way. The *nardoo*, which they were perpetually pounding, did not digest, and produced constipation. Wills has an entry on the 20th of June, to the effect that it cannot possibly be sufficiently nutritious to sustain life by itself. On the next day we find the following sadly prophetic entry in the diary:

"I feel much weaker than ever, and can scarcely crawl out of the mia-mia. Unless relief comes in some form or other, I cannot possibly last more than a fortnight.

"It is a great consolation, at least, in this position of ours, to know that we have done all we could, and that our deaths will rather be the result of the mismanagement of others than of any rash acts of our own. Had we come to grief elsewhere, we could only have blamed ourselves; but here we are returned to Cooper's Creek, where we had every reason to look for provisions and clothing; and yet we have to die of starvation, in spite of the explicit instructions given by Mr. Burke—'That the depôt party should await our return;' and the strong recommendation to the committee 'that we should be followed up by a party from Menindie.'"

On the 22nd, he records that he was too weak to be able to get on his feet. King still held up, but Burke was getting rapidly weaker; so, as no one could go out to collect *nardoo*, starvation was staring them in the face. They were also deficiently clad, and suffered much from the cold, especially at night. The want of sustenance would make them more sensitive to changes of temperature. The last entry in Wills's diary is dated 29th June, 1861, and it is replete with melancholy interest. The brave youth perished, indeed, with a grim kind of humour:

"*Friday, 29th June, 1861.*—Clear cold night, slight breeze from the east, day beautifully warm and pleasant. Mr. Burke suffers greatly from the cold, and is getting extremely weak; he and King start to-morrow up the creek to look for the blacks; it is the only chance we have of being saved from starvation. I am weaker than ever, although I have a good appetite and relish the *nardoo* much; but it seems to give us no nutriment, and the birds here are so shy as not to be got at. Even if we got a good supply of fish, I doubt whether we could do much work on them and the *nardoo* alone. Nothing

now but the greatest good luck can save any of us; and as for myself, I may live four or five days if the weather continues warm. My pulse is at forty-eight, and very weak, and my legs and arms are nearly skin and bone. I can only look out, like Mr. Micawber, 'for something to turn up;' starvation on nardoo is by no means very unpleasant, but for the weakness one feels, and the utter inability to move one's self; for as far as appetite is concerned, it gives the greatest satisfaction. Certainly fat and sugar would be more to one's taste; in fact, those seem to me to be the great stand-by for one in this extraordinary continent: not that I mean to depreciate the farinaceous food; but the want of sugar and fat in all substances obtainable here is so great that they become almost valueless to us as articles of food, without the addition of something else.

(Signed)

"W. J. WILLS."

"We may believe," says his father, "that after writing the last paragraph, to which he subscribed his name, he did not survive many hours." Burke and King had in the mean time gone forth in search of the natives. Wills had first given in gathering and pounding nardoo, which latter operation was performed in a mortar found in a hut or gunyah of the aborigines; Burke's strength next failed him, and then King's, his legs, as with the others, having become very weak and painful. According to his statement, Mr. Burke proposed at this crisis that they should go in search of the natives:

"A plan which had been urged upon us by Mr. Wills as the only chance of saving him and ourselves as well, as he clearly saw that I was no longer able to collect sufficient for our wants. Having collected the seed as proposed, and having pounded sufficient to last Mr. Wills for eight days, and two days for ourselves, we placed water and firewood within his reach and started; before leaving him, however, Mr. Burke asked him whether he still wished it, as under no other circumstance would he leave him, and Mr. Wills again said that he looked on it as our only chance. He then gave Mr. Burke a letter and his watch for his father, and we buried the remainder of the field-books near the gunyah. Mr. Wills said that, in case of my surviving Mr. Burke, he hoped that I would carry out his last wishes, in giving the watch and letter to his father.

"In travelling the first day, Mr. Burke seemed very weak, and complained of great pain in his legs and back. On the second day he seemed to be better, and said that he thought he was getting stronger, but on starting, did not go two miles before he said he could go no farther. I persisted in his trying to go on, and managed to get him along several times, until I saw that he was almost knocked up, when he said he could not carry his swag, and threw all he had away. I also reduced mine, taking nothing but a gun and some powder and shot, and a small pouch and some matches. In starting again, we did not go far before Mr. Burke said we should halt for the night; but as the place was close to a large sheet of water, and exposed to the wind, I prevailed on him to go a little farther, to the next reach of water, where we camped. We searched about and found a few small patches of nardoo, which I collected and pounded, and with a crow, which I shot, made a good evening's meal. From the time we halted, Mr. Burke seemed to be getting worse, although he ate his supper; he said he felt convinced he could not last many hours, and gave me his watch, which he said belonged to the committee, and a pocket-book to give to Sir William Stawell, and in which he wrote some notes. He then said to me, 'I hope you will remain with me here till I am quite dead—it is a comfort to know that some one is by; but, when I am dying, it is my wish that you should place the pistol in my right hand, and that you leave me unburied as I lie.' That night he spoke very little, and the following morning I found him speechless, or nearly so, and about eight o'clock he expired. I

remained a few hours there, but as I saw there was no use remaining longer, I went up the creek in search of the natives. I felt very lonely, and at night usually slept in deserted wurleys belonging to the natives. Two days after leaving the spot where Mr. Burke died, I found some gunyahs where the natives had deposited a bag of nardoo, sufficient to last me a fortnight, and three bundles containing various articles. I also shot a crow that evening; but was in great dread that the natives would come and deprive me of the nardoo.

"I remained there two days to recover my strength, and then returned to Mr. Wills. I took back three crows; but found him lying dead in his gunyah, and the natives had been there and had taken away some of his clothes. I buried the corpse with sand, and remained there some days, but finding that my stock of nardoo was running short, and as I was unable to gather it, I tracked the natives who had been to the camp by their footprints in the sand, and went some distance down the creek, shooting crows and hawks on the road. The natives, hearing the report of the gun, came to meet me, and took me with them to their camp, giving me nardoo and fish: they took the birds I had shot, and cooked them for me, and afterwards showed me a gunyah where I was to sleep with three of the single men. The following morning they commenced talking to me, and putting one finger on the ground and covering it with sand, at the same time pointing up the creek, saying, 'White fellow,' which I understood to mean that one white man was dead. From this I knew that they were the tribe who had taken Mr. Wills's clothes. They then asked me where the third white man was, and I also made the sign of putting two fingers on the ground and covering them with sand, at the same time pointing up the creek. They appeared to feel great compassion for me when they understood that I was alone on the creek, and gave me plenty to eat. After being four days with them, I saw that they were becoming tired of me, and they made signs that they were going up the creek, and that I had better go downwards; but I pretended not to understand them. The same day they shifted camp, and I followed them, and on reaching their camp I shot some crows, which pleased them so much that they made me a breakwind in the centre of their camp, and came and sat round me until such time as the crows were cooked, when they assisted me to eat them. The same day one of the women, to whom I had given part of a crow, came and gave me a ball of nardoo, saying that she would give me more only she had such a sore arm that she was unable to pound. She showed me a sore on her arm, and the thought struck me that I would boil some water in the billy and wash her arm with a sponge. During the operation, the whole tribe sat round and were muttering one to another. Her husband sat down by her side, and she was crying all the time. After I had washed it, I touched it with some nitrate of silver, when she began to yell, and ran off, crying out, 'Mokow! Mokow!' (Fire! Fire!) From this time, she and her husband used to give me a small quantity of nardoo both night and morning, and whenever the tribe was about going on a fishing excursion he used to give me notice to go with them. They also used to assist me in making a wurley or breakwind whenever they shifted camp. I generally shot a crow or a hawk, and gave it to them in return for these little services. Every four or five days the tribe would surround me and ask whether I intended going up or down the creek; at last I made them understand that if they went up I should go up the creek, and if they went down I should also go down; and from this time they seemed to look upon me as one of themselves, and supplied me with fish and nardoo regularly: they were very anxious, however, to know where Mr. Burke lay, and one day when we were fishing in the water-holes close by, I took them to the spot. On seeing his remains, the whole party wept bitterly, and covered them with bushes. After this, they were much kinder to me than before, and I always told them that the white men would be here before two moons; and in the evening, when they came with nardoo and fish, they used to talk about the

'white fellows' coming, at the same time pointing to the moon. I also told them they would receive many presents, and they constantly asked me for tomahawks, called by them 'Bomay Ko.' From this time to when the relief party arrived, a period of about a month, they treated me with uniform kindness, and looked upon me as one of themselves. The day on which I was released, one of the tribe who had been fishing came and told me that the 'white fellows' were coming; and the whole of the tribe who were then in camp sallied out in every direction to meet the party, while the man who had brought the news took me over the creek, where I shortly saw the party coming down."

King himself, the only survivor of this unfortunate expedition, was rescued on the 15th of September by Mr. Howitt, who had been despatched with a party to succour the missing explorers by the Victoria government.

The records of this fatal journey are not all that could be desired, but they are sufficient to give an idea of the character of Central Australia in the particular direction that was taken. Burke and Wills passed through some good and grassy country north of the Cooper—a spot which will probably become the site of a station some day for wayfarers on the way to Central and Northern Australia, and before entering "the Desert." From the "Desert" to the tropic was generally stony and poor, but from the tropic to the Gulf of Carpentaria there was a large proportion of richly-grassed and well-watered land, interspersed with hilly ranges. In the dry central region the party noticed in repeated instances that there were marks of flooding along the banks of creeks, and over parts of the country they passed through, although at the time of their visit everything was burnt up. Their experiences of the "Desert" were, however, of a less inhospitable kind than those of Sturt. A week after leaving the Cooper they were within its limits, and they thus describe it:

"*Sunday, Dec. 23rd.*—At five A.M. we struck out across the Desert in a west-north-west direction. At four and a half miles we crossed a sand-ridge, and then returned to our north-west-by-north course. We found the ground not nearly so bad for travelling on as that between Bulloo and Cooper's Creek. In fact, I do not know whether it arose from our exaggerated anticipation of horrors or not, but we thought it far from bad travelling ground, and as to pasture, it is only the actually stony ground that is bare, and many a sheep run is in fact worse grazing ground than that." (Op. cit., pp. 187-8.)

This view of the matter agrees with that of Howitt, who also advanced into the "Stony Desert" from Cooper's Creek, in July, 1862. He describes the sand and stones as diversified with remains of grass, and with many pools of rain-water. He says that, on the whole, "the celebrated Desert" is very little different from large tracts in the colony of South Australia, known as the "Far North" and "North West." It is questionable, however, if this does not say more in disparagement of the said large tracts than it does in favour of the wilderness—to use the mildest term—of Central Australia.

The honour of being the first to accomplish the journey across Australia from sea to sea belongs then to the brave but unfortunate Burke and Wills. They paid for the honour with their lives, and it is to be hoped that the guardian spirit, whose solitude was thus invaded and broken into,

has been sufficiently avenged. Leichardt perished on the very threshold of the still more ambitious undertaking to cross the same continent from east to west. It is so with most unknown regions. To unseal the mystery of interior Africa has cost us as many lives as are depicted in the old romances as essential to obtain the clue to some hidden treasure, the liberty of a persecuted damsel, or the rupture of some potent spell. But these sacrifices have always paved the way to success, and it is in the track of previous victims that the McClures, McClintocks, and Collinsons in the Arctic regions; the Barths, the Livingstones, and the Spekes in Africa; and the Stuarts, the Landsboroughs, and the M'Kinlays in Central Australia, have effected their brilliant discoveries. The British are pre-eminently the dauntless knights of the modern romance of travel, but no spurs or bannerets await their conquests in their native land. Their brows are decorated with more modest laurels—the recognisance of worth from the select few who can appreciate their merits.

It is thus that the unfortunate issue of Burke and Wills's expectation has been fruitful in results to the cause of Australian discovery. After an interval sufficiently long to arouse alarm as to the fate of the explorers, the Victoria government despatched its armed steamer *Victoria* to the head of the Carpentarian Gulf with suitable supplies, and organised two further expeditions, in the hope that Burke and Wills might be assisted, or, at least, that their fate might be ascertained. One of these parties, under Walker, proceeded from Rockhampton, in Queensland, to the head of the Gulf of Carpentaria; the other, under Landsborough, landed in the Gulf itself, and, beginning from the north, made a successful and very important journey southwards across Australia. The South Australian government came also to the rescue, and equipped M'Kinlay and his party, whose journey across Australia northwards was equally successful and not less important in its results. Further, while M'Kinlay was proceeding north, in a direction suited to the special object of his expedition, the government of Adelaide, with infinite credit to its humanity, also despatched another exploring party, which, in an independent track of their own, proceeded in parallel steps somewhat to the west of M'Kinlay, and persevered till it succeeded in planting the British flag on the shores of the Indian Ocean. This was the expedition of Stuart, before alluded to, and the third which that veteran explorer had led across Australia. Stuart took the path that he himself had discovered, and which, after so many crossings and re-crossings, he may be said to have fairly marked out, to his own use, as also to that of future generations. There is little to gain beyond the knowledge of what portions of Central Australia are fitted for pastoral settlements in a track followed from Melbourne or Adelaide to the Gulf of Carpentaria; but the track from the same great cities to the future emporium on Victoria River may become the highway of nations. Central Mount Stuart stands on that vast track, like those lofty towers or temples which the first families of men raised on the Babylonian plains as beacons to guide them, and to prevent that dispersion of races which was ensured when the Divine fiat went forth for the destruction of the chief and central tower of all. While Babel became thus the point of dispersion, Central Mount Stuart seems created as a rallying-point for future wanderers.

The *Fire Fly*, a small brig of two hundred tons, after embarking a

number of horses at Brisbane, in Queensland, sailed with Landsborough and his party for the Gulf of Carpentaria. At Hardy's Islands the little brig was driven upon the rocks, adding one to the many previous casualties of the ill-reputed Torres Straits. The timely arrival of the *Victoria*, however, enabled the *Fire Fly* to get afloat again, and she was taken round to the Albert. Ascending that river twenty miles to a convenient landing-place, a depôt was formed, and the horses, by this time reduced to twenty-five by the loss of some of their number in the mishap at sea, were safely unshipped. The Albert was found to be large, deep, and fresh twenty miles from its mouth. The blacks were well disposed, the country very fine, and game plentiful. Mr. Landsborough declared the "Plains of Promise" to be superior to any country he ever saw before. The persecution of sand-flies and mosquitoes was, however, terrible, and the Albert was, like all the great rivers of Tropical Australia, infested with ferocious alligators.

The landing was effected on the 17th of October, but delays occurred, so that the first party under Mr. Landsborough did not start for Central Mount Stuart until the 16th of November. The party, five in number, Mr. Landsborough, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Allison, and two blacks, with twenty-three horses, followed up the Albert to its head. Thence, diverging a little more to the westward, they had to pass through a very dry country, and over a number of creeks, most of them waterless, as it was far on in the dry season, till at length they were arrested by a total failure of water. Leaving this country, which Mr. Landsborough named Barkly's Tableland, and, turning more towards the south along the river named the Herbert, the party were, according to Mr. Westgarth's report, compelled to return by the threatening aspect of the natives; but Mr. Bourne, in his narrative, says the natives they met with were but few, and those friendly. At all events, the party returned from their attempt to reach Mount Stuart, probably rendered abortive by the delays that had occurred by the wreck, the landing, and the preparations on the 19th of January, 1862.

Although the provisions had fallen so low that the supplies had to be eked out with snakes, rats, grubs, and other native delicacies, and Captain Norman, of the *Victoria*, advised Mr. Landsborough to return with his party by the steamer, the latter gallantly resolved upon making his way back by land, and the depôt was finally broken up on the 8th of February. Landsborough was the more strengthened in this resolve, as the party that had joined under Walker overland from Rockhampton had reported having camped on Burke and Wills's camel tracks in the Flinders River, and they were (correctly enough) of opinion, from the indications obtained, that the two unfortunate travellers had retraced their steps to Cooper's Creek. Mr. Walker's party had since started again to pick up the camel traces on the Flinders, and Captain Norman was to meet them in the *Victoria* on that river. The information thus acquired induced Landsborough to alter the course originally laid out for him, and on the 10th of February, 1862, he started across Australia by way of the Flinders.

Reaching that river on the 19th of February, he was disappointed in finding all tracks obliterated by the rains that had fallen since Walker's visit. This fine river, which was struck at about 100 miles from the sea,

he followed farther upwards in a south-easterly direction for 280 miles, where it still presented a bed of 120 yards wide, with a shallow stream flowing over it. He estimated it to be 500 miles long, which makes it one of the most considerable rivers of North Australia at present known. From this fine stream, a short journey of twenty miles across a low dividing range brought the party to the head-waters of the Thompson, where they found that some colonists from the Queensland settlements had preceded them in search of suitable pastoral stations. Following this latter river for the greater part of its course, they crossed from it eastwards to the Cooper, or Barcoo, and thence to the Warrego. Here a change in the features of the country took place. While the north, under the influence of genial rains, had been covered with verdure, this more southerly district had been suffering from a long-continued drought, and all the fine grass had disappeared. An effort was made to maintain a southerly course along the Cooper, in order to reach the depôt established there by Burke and Wills, and where they both perished, but the endeavour proved unsuccessful from the absence of water, and the horses underwent the severe ordeal of being seventy-two hours without drinking, in the vain attempt. Thus baffled, Landsborough was obliged to make for the settlements on the Darling, and he and his party arrived at the station of Messrs. Williams on that river on the 21st of May, becoming there first acquainted with the sad fate of the two travellers for whose succour they had traversed the continent of Australia from north to south.

Landsborough's description of the country between the Gulf of Carpentaria and the Thompson, which is a tributary to Cooper's Creek, presents us with a region that differs utterly from that of Central Australia, and shows, as is now established from other investigations, that the country at the head of the easterly watershed, where the flow is westward, is not so fertile as where the flow is eastward, and to the ocean on the other side of the dividing ridge, is still far superior to the central districts. This extensive area Landsborough describes, indeed, as magnificent, consisting of basaltic plains of good soil, very thickly grassed. There is no mention of any alloy of desert so common farther south and west, so that we may infer that this fine country prevails over the large area between 20 deg. and 25 deg. of latitude. A practical confirmation of its qualities appears in the fact that a foal, which had been born on the Flinders, followed its mother to Menindie on the Darling. One of the most conspicuous of the grasses had a resemblance to sorghum, and the horses fed upon it with great avidity. With rare exceptions water was always abundant, and the climate was healthy, as far as the brief experience of the travellers could decide. The whole country, however, was exceedingly flat, the highest land along the Flinders being not more than 1000 to 1500 feet in elevation, while the dividing range itself was not of greater height.

The rainy season of this promising country was found to begin in January, and end in April or the beginning of May, and as there had been considerable rainfall prior to the expedition's visit, everything looked to great, and perhaps more than usual, advantage. Leichardt, who about seventeen years before traversed all the country bordering on the Gulf of Carpentaria, gave a less favourable account, as he saw it during the dry season. He alludes to the creeks as being salt, and to the vast plains as

imperfectly supplied with fresh water; remarking, however, at the same time, that the indications of a numerous aboriginal population would augur well for the resources of the country. The drought which Landsborough found prevailing at the Warrego and Darling rivers had extended eastwards into those parts of the settled territory of Queensland and New South Wales that were situated in the same latitudes.

Landsborough speaks rather more disparagingly of the aborigines than his fellow-travellers, regarding them as alike insatiably greedy and incurably treacherous. Bourne (p. 39) describes some of the natives on the Thompson river as very quiet and friendly, but this was evidently owing to their being few in number. When in numbers, although exceedingly timid, they appear to have been always bent on mischief. One powerful fellow, on one occasion, seemed resolved upon fighting the whole party. Bourne tells us naïvely enough that the old men always secure the young Marys (the name given to the aboriginal ladies), persuading the younger men that they would disagree with them, and that the old ones are better for them. This is also the case with their food. A young man is only allowed to eat certain animals, most easily obtained, such as opossum, fish, &c.; but should he be fortunate enough to get an emu or kangaroo, he must hand it over to the old men, who tell him he would certainly get ill, or die, if he dared to eat it; and many of the young men believe this, though Bourne adds, "I dare say there are many sceptics among them." While the expedition was at the Herbert, about a hundred natives came swarming around the camp, all fully armed after their fashion, and all apparently so bent on mischief that the leader deemed it imprudent, with his very small party, to persist in going farther. Fortunately, the presence of the horses inspired them with great awe. Again, at the Barcoo, they were compelled to use fire-arms to repel the furtive attacks of the natives; and it would appear that about this place they had tried similarly to surprise Gregory several years before. Landsborough declares that he found it the best plan to give them nothing, in which case they seldom troubled him with their presence.

Kangaroo were seen to be numerous near Carpenteria, and emus were chased on the banks of the Flinders; but they were not common afterwards; one only was shot on the Warrego, to "Jackey's" frantic delight. They also found a nest of emu eggs. While on the Gulf, they could shoot kangaroos, wallaby, and wildfowl, catch fish and turtles, and eat palm and pandanus; while the resources of the interior were limited to opossums cut out of trees, bandicoots, rats, pigeons and their eggs (this bird was Sturt's pigeon, of a fawn colour, with a white ring round the neck; they lay their eggs on the ground), cockatoos, snakes, iguanas, and fish at places; water and rock-melons occasionally, and marjoram and peppermint tea, with native tobacco.* When the men got ill upon

* Upon one occasion (March 8), being on the easterly bank of the Flinders, they came upon the recent track of a bullock or cow. The next day they followed these traces from sunrise till four p.m., excited by the hopes of an unlimited supply of fresh meat. But they had to give up all hopes of overtaking the beast, as it was evidently making straight for the settled districts, and only laid down once during a distance of thirty miles, besides having several days' start of them. Where it came from was a mystery, unless returning from the most northerly occupied country on the east coast to some part evidently known to itself.

small rations, fatigue, and exposure, the mode of treatment was peculiar. "Our medicine-chest," Bourne relates (p. 36), "was very limited, and a few of the labels had been rubbed off the bottles; but I think, by trying everything almost alternately, we succeeded in curing our patients."

Dr. F. Mueller of Melbourne, in giving, by way of appendix to Landsborough's account of his expedition, a list of the plants known to exist at the Gulf of Carpentaria, remarks upon the general similarity of these intra-tropical productions to those of the extra-tropical parts of Australia. He says that a vast predominance of phyllodinous acaciæ, and especially of eucalypti (gum-trees), impress on the vegetation a character by no means dissimilar to that of the extra-tropical tracts of Australia; that plants indicating a high mountainous character of the country are absent; and that among grasses and other herbaceous plants, very many occur of nutritious property and of perennial growth, readily renewed by judicious farming, when, after the rains or the summer months, a fresh pastoral green will be desired for the future herds and flocks of the Gulf country during the cool and drier season of the year.

Mr. Landsborough's successful journey, Mr. Westgarth justly remarks, will stimulate more, perhaps, than that of any other before him, that pastoral colonisation, which is already advancing with a wonderful progress from the southern settlements towards the north and west, into that vast and vacant expanse of a pastoral empire through which the explorer passed. This, notwithstanding Mr. Crawford's theoretical opinion that wool cannot be grown in the tropics; that sheep were intended for temperate climates, and that the fleece was given them to protect them from the cold. This may be, to a certain extent, true; but where does the fleece become finer than in hot countries? The merinos of Spain, and the angoras of Asia Minor, are grown in regions where the summers are very hot. As Mr. Landsborough justly retorts, "Who, of all the human race, have the most wool on their heads—is it not the inhabitants of the tropics?"

The herbage and the climate are found to be peculiarly suited to sheep in these low latitudes. Mr. Bourne remarks, when on the Gulf of Carpentaria, "It is a fine country about here, and well suited to horses, sheep, and cattle. There are facilities for fencing; water carriage is at hand; and the Indian market contiguous. A few thousand sheep brought here would yield a fortune in a few years." The Australian colonists have had many years' experience of wool-growing in latitudes close to the tropics; and latterly they have passed with their fine-wooled sheep several hundred miles within the tropical boundary. And yet they shear annually a fleece of the finest quality from healthy and thriving sheep. The fact is, that what is called Tropical Australia is not a tropical country in the climatic sense of the word. Far within the tropical boundary the country still retains the peculiarities of its extra-tropical features. Waterhouse, as we have seen, pushes the line of Central Nontropical Australia northwards as far as 17 deg. of latitude—that is, $6\frac{1}{2}$ deg. within the tropical limit. The three distinguishing types of Australian fauna range through the widely-separated latitudes of the country, from Carpentaria and its vicinity far into the tropics in the north, to the southern extreme of the colony of Victoria. The typical vegetation, as we have also seen, has a character by no means dissimilar to that of the extra-tropical tracts of

Australia. Lastly, although in the parts of this immediate region near the sea there seems a somewhat regular rainy season, as Gregory inferred at the River Victoria, and as Landsborough observed towards the Gulf of Carpentaria; yet, on the whole, there is a general resemblance throughout its climate and physical features to the more southerly districts, a resemblance extending even to the irregular and rather scanty rainfall. There is a dry atmosphere that results from this imperfect rain supply. There are heavy dews, with chill and even frosty nights. McKinlay, for instance, in descending the Burdekin, found ice on three different mornings, while the other nights or mornings were also mostly very cold. This was in July, mid-winter, no doubt, but in a latitude between 19 and 20 deg. Arnhem's Land, forming the west shore of the Carpentaria Gulf, and Cape York Peninsula forming the opposite shore, have the most marked tropical features; but even in these comparatively restricted areas we may still discern many things which impart to these features, whether in animal or vegetable life, characters that are pre-eminently Australian.

M'Kinlay's expedition, equipped by the government of South Australia for the rescue of Burke and Wills, left Adelaide on the 16th of August, 1861. Proceeding in a direction due north, it was not until the 24th of September that he had passed the farthest settlements of the colony, then extending in that direction to upwards of four hundred miles from Adelaide. Some interest attaches to these remoter parts of the colony, as exhibiting extremes of flood and arid sterility. Twenty years before, Eyre had seen and described a kind of inland sea, shallow apparently, but of vast expanse, being twenty miles wide, and extending, in a horseshoe or serpentine form, four hundred miles into the interior. He named this watery expanse Lake Torrens, and Lake Torrens has ever since figured upon our maps with a vague and mysterious outline that has been gradually softening into those uncertain marks that may be said to represent the traditionary and mythic. The sea in question was the sudden effect of heavy rains—such, in fact, as M'Kinlay's party encountered farther on the journey—upon which occasion, according to Mr. Davis, the historian of the expedition, their little canvas camp was sent flying in all directions by the violence of the storm. But before this occurred, where Lake Torrens should have been there was nothing but a dry desert. "Got all safe across the Lake Torrens," says the explorer on the 27th of September, "no water being at our crossing, nor in view." "Made an early start," Mr. Davis records, "across the Fifty Miles' Desert, and there certainly could not have been found a more appropriate name." There were lakes, however, in the northerly part of the region in question even at this time of the year, the first of which was called Lake Hope, and the expedition entered at the same time a country remarkable for many such sheets of water, and for a soil clothed with luxuriant grass whenever the supplies of rain gave support to vegetable life, but at other times parched and waste with the excessive heat of summer. The expedition halted some time at one of these lakes, called Buchanan, while its leader explored the regions around, and more particularly followed up some supposed traces of the missing party under Burke, that had been furnished by the reports of the natives. He received, however, intelligence that the fate of the party had been ascertained in the midst of these very researches.

M'Kinlay resolved, notwithstanding this sad news, to persevere in his journey across Australia, although its chief object was thus defeated, the expedition having been fully fitted out for such a contingency. It is to be remarked that the natives were found to be, comparatively speaking, exceedingly numerous amongst the lakes and creeks of this peculiar region. As many as from two to three hundred would be found around some one of the lakes, and from four to five hundred upon a creek, all being in good physical condition, and apparently amply supplied with food, chiefly the fish of these waters. There seemed to be large numbers to the eastward, upon the Cooper and in its neighbourhood, some of whom on one occasion, during M'Kinlay's search at Lake Massacre, were disposed to be hostile. The expedition found the grave of a white man on the shores of this lake with an ill-omened name, and, opening it, they found the body of a European, enveloped in a flannel shirt with short sleeves, who had been killed by the stroke of an instrument of semicircular form, which the natives use as a sword. After this they found hair of two colours; but they found no more remains of bodies, a circumstance accounted for by a native saying that they had eaten them. The natives in the neighbourhood, headed by a savage called Keri Keri, who had been wounded in a previous encounter with Europeans, made an onslaught on the expedition in the same neighbourhood, looking upon them, indeed, as an easy prey; but they were repelled by the use of fire-arms, of which, no doubt, many felt the effects, although their ferocious leader is supposed to have escaped.

The accounts given us of the natives, their friendly, mischievous, or hostile purposes, are thus, it will be seen, somewhat various and contradictory. They have the qualities common to most savages, as well as to some secluded peoples, of a dislike to be intruded upon by outside and unknown persons, who, in the eyes of the Australian aborigines, come to them with sickly unnatural skins, and with uncouth, anomalous, un-kangaroo-looking attendant quadrupeds. Travellers and their temporary camps are also often in the way of the natives, disturbing their fishing and other arrangements. The desire to appropriate is remarkably strong in these savages, from the absence of all moral control, and from the state of privation in which they live. Portable property of any kind is a sad stumbling-block in the way of aboriginal virtues. The kindness shown by the Cooper's Creek natives to King, the survivor of Burke's party, as well as their sympathising lament over the body of Burke, are as rare as they are pleasing and encouraging traits. But how many expeditions in North Australia, previous to Landsborough's repulse at Barkly Land, have been driven back by the hostility of the natives? Yet Mr. Westgarth would have us believe that a persistently hostile character like that of Keri Keri, encountered at Lake Massacre—"a kind of Australian Hannibal, as he seemed, in his mortal antipathy to those intruding Romans, the colonists"—is an exception to the general rule.

In estimating the numbers of these natives, some allowance must be made for the fact that they were not stationary at the place where they were respectively seen. They doubtless wandered freely about over a certain range of country occupied by tribes mutually friendly or connected with each other, so that bodies of natives successively met with may have consisted, to some extent, of those who had been previously seen. Thus, at Lake Jeannie many "old friends" came about whose acquaintance had

been made at Lake Buchanan, fifty miles away. We must also bear in mind that Stuart, in his preceding expedition in these latitudes, could see no aborigines, a circumstance alluded to by M'Kinlay as most unaccountable. On the whole, however, these later Australian expeditions warn us that we must extend somewhat our estimates, vague as they previously were, of the Australian aboriginal population, and no longer imagine that an area equal to two-thirds that of Europe had contained, before the inroad of our colonisation, no more than about two hundred thousand human beings.

Quitting the lake region, the party had to pass through Sturt's "Desert," lying north and west of their position. Explorers since Sturt have successively contracted the dimensions, and mitigated the bad repute of this region. While Eyre, in 1841, witnessed the effects of deluge, Sturt, four years afterwards, encountered the opposite extreme of drought; and again, in a region where the latter had nearly perished with thirst, M'Kinlay and his expedition were all but swept away by a flood. Had these in their turn of incident been floated safely down for three or four hundred miles, they might have witnessed Lake Torrens once more, assuming its impromptu existence; only, however, to suffer an equally rapid disappearance under that extraordinary evaporative power of the Australian atmosphere alluded to by Waterhouse, M'Kinlay, and Westgarth. It is questionable if civilisation might not avail itself of these floods to establish permanent reservoirs on a lacustrine scale. This flooded state of the country compelled the party to make a considerable détour to the eastward or right of the intended direction, which they had afterwards to rectify as they proceeded northwards.

Emerging from this region of inundation in about 25 deg. south latitude, an extensive country of high promise was passed through, consisting in a great degree of grassy plains, intersected by rivers, and bounded by hilly ranges. The abundance of water, indeed, suggests that this particular season may have been one of unusual moisture. The travellers were impeded by swamps, and while in the daytime the air was perfumed by the odour of innumerable flowers, in the night it was infested by still more numerous mosquitoes. Patches of scrub, too, were not unfrequent, and the ever-recurring spinifex grass indicated its accompanying poor soil. What appeared to be the dividing range of the country was passed about latitude 22 deg., a little farther north than Stuart found in his line of march, seven or eight degrees to the westward. The dividing range of Central Australia may, indeed, now be traced pretty accurately by Mount Denison, Mount Gwyne, and Central Mount Stuart to the Hamilton, Kirby (so named from a lost man), Williams, and M'Kinlay ranges, with abundant emus, bustards (commonly called wild turkeys), and kangaroos, passed by M'Kinlay, and thence by the thick group variously named by Burke and Wills, Mount Nicholson, Mount Standish, Mount Murray, &c., and finally to the range of which Mount Rodney constitutes the culminating point at the head-waters of the Cooper River and the Belyando.

After passing the tropical line, and entering what is geographically tropical Australia, the aspect of the country did not greatly vary until quite near to the Gulf of Carpentaria. No country, perhaps, retains its similarity of feature throughout so great an area, and through so many

degrees of latitude, as Australia. A change of country only begins where the regular rains of a tropical season call forth a profuse vegetation, and create a more uniformly good soil than is found under the precarious climatic conditions of the rest of the continent.

The river Leichardt was struck on the 6th of May, in about 19 deg. south latitude, and at a distance of a hundred miles from its mouth. The stream was at this point only from twenty to thirty yards wide, but about thirty miles from the Gulf the bed was from five hundred to six hundred yards wide, and about half this space was filled with water. There was a large sand-pit at this place, a feature that indicated the tidal influence, and a tidal rise of four feet was observed. M'Kinlay proceeded northwards as far as the state of the country would allow, but he was at length arrested by interposing deep and broad mangrove creeks and boggy flats. At this point he judged the sea to be still four to five miles distant, and observed a tidal rise and fall of from ten to eleven feet. This was on the 19th of May, and on the 21st the party commenced the return homeward, which the leader had already decided should be by way of Port Denison and the eastern colonies.

For nearly one hundred and fifty miles in this the direction of their return, the country preserved the general Australian character. Beyond that distance, and nearly to the sea-coast, it presented an almost continuous succession of hill ranges, a country very difficult for progress, and where the remaining bullocks, horses, and camels of the expedition rapidly sank under their increased toils. The fine river Burdekin (of which the Belyando, before noticed, is a tributary), was made on the 5th July in about 19 deg. south latitude, and 145 deg. east longitude (McKinlay's return route is incorrectly given in the map attached to Burke and Wills's journey); at which point it presented a fast-running stream twenty yards wide, and knee-deep of water. Following its course, a party of natives were disturbed in the act of cooking food, which consisted of roasted roots and a kind of fruit. The deserted board was promptly cleared by our travellers, who, by this time, reduced to dead horse and camel flesh, found the native larder fully as attractive as their own. Hills, rocks, and boulders obstructing their side of the river, they had to seek a crossing, which was, however, found to be in the possession of three or four full-grown alligators. One of these brutes was eighteen to twenty feet long. A raft had to be constructed, which the party had to push over wading and swimming. It was a fearful day's work, but all the party and the remaining horses were got over in safety. The incident is the subject of an amusing illustration in Mr. Davis's work.

The marks of dray-wheels and bullocks' feet—those sure indications of pastoral settlement—were repeatedly passed as the travellers descended the Burdekin; but although cheered by the knowledge that they were once more amongst the habitations of their countrymen, they were never fortunate in coming upon any station, and they were too apprehensive to deviate from the direct course for any special search. It was only after leaving the river at the point where it makes its great sweep from a south-east to a north-east direction, that in their course for Port Denison they at length descried one of these pastoral homesteads. This station was about seventy miles from the port, and belonged to Messrs. Harvey and Somers, who received the party with the full measure of squatting hos-

pitalities. The new settlement of Bowen, upon Port Denison, is, for the present, the frontier township upon the advancing wave of colonisation northwards. From this remote outpost M'Kinlay and his party gradually made their way southwards through the three intervening colonies of Queensland, New South Wales, and Victoria, with little other impediment than the repeated gratulations and fêtes awarded them by the colonists. An enormous space still remains to be explored in Central Western Australia; whether it will be more diversified in its aspect and structure, better and more permanently watered, with choicer spots for agricultural and pastoral settlements than the central and the easterly interior of the continent, remains to be determined. It is to be hoped the curiosity of geographers, as well as the interests of colonists, will be soon responded to by successful exploration. In the mean time, a tolerably accurate notion may be formed of the general character of Central Australia, as also of the watershed west of the great easterly dividing range. These extensive regions present, no doubt, many districts favourable for pastoral stations, and a few that hold out fair promises to the agriculturist; but, upon the whole, the aspect varies so much—flooded at one season, dried up and waterless at another—with as yet no lines of communication, that the prospects of proximate settlement are by no means cheering. The progress of such will no doubt be safe and sure, advancing at first along the course of the perennial streams and rivers, and then branching off into more sequestered yet no doubt available and charming localities—little oases of fertility and prosperity amidst a Sahara of rock, sand, and scrub.

HOMO HOMINUM DÆMON.

BY M. C. HOUSTOUN.

"I CANNOT have my promised dress? My lovely rose-trimmed gown?"
 Cried a fair and noble lady at the West-end of the town.
 "On an evening, too, when every one will put on something new
 Don't tell me, Madame Virginie, that your shop-girls are too few,
 When you charge me so outrageously—a thirty guinea dress!
 I am certain Mrs. Murray would have made it me for less!"

"Milady, I beg your pardon—I'm exceedingly distress'd.
 Your la'yship may be certain I will do my very best.
 The order came so *very* late, and one young person's ill,
 But by working all the night, milady, you will have your ball-dress still."

Milady's dress came home in time, and joyously she wore
 The flowing lace and furbelows that swept along the floor.

No thought of toilworn milliners
 Could fill a mind so gay as hers,
 When gleaming in the dazzling light,
 Her diamonds shone so rare and bright.
 And sweetest flowers bloomed on bosoms young and fair,
 While strains of merry music were floating through the air.

"Do not wake me in the morning—let me sleep till mid-day's past
The cotillon was so endless that I'm tired out at last.
There's a breakfast, too, at Four at the Duke of Fattenmarrow's,
And a concert in the evening at Lady Pluman Carrow's."
So upon her lace-trimmed pillow Milady laid her head,
And the kindly God of Slumber closed his wings above her bed.

But whilst she's rolling slowly along Pleasure's easy road,
There are eight-and-twenty dressmakers in her Magazin de Modes;
Eight-and-twenty English girls with faces thin and wan,
Stitching the seams of ladies' skirts, and sewing the roses on:
Thinking of the sunshine that does not shine for them,
And of the pleasant summer air, as they turn the endless *hem*.

"Oh, Anna, take this velvet train, and plait the gathers in,
My fingers tremble so, I cannot hold a needle or a pin;
The room is turning round with me, and all your faces seem
As if I did not see them really, but only in a dream."

They worked throughout the weary day—worked through the summer night,
On beauteous dresses, pink and blue, soft violet and white,
For a Drawing-room would be held next day, and all the ladies chose
To wear on that occasion their very best new clothes.

They had no time for resting, for a smile or for a sigh,
For ladies must be decked, though dressmakers may die;
And the morning sun was gleaming on the last fresh-finished gown,
Ere the fifty-six poor trembling hands could lay their needles down.

The grateful darkness came at last, and wearily they stole
To claim of blessed Slumber their wretched nightly dole,
In the room where eight-and-twenty girls, all closely packed together,
Lay panting for their breath in the sultry summer weather.

"Anna! my work is nearly done," one pale-faced victim sighed;
"Sit near me, dear, and please to tell my mother how I died.
I shall never see her face again—I wish I'd never come
To learn to be a milliner, so far away from home.
I try to think of God, dear, to think about my sins,
But everywhere I seem to see the needles and the pins,
And all the ladies' silks keep rustling round my bed—
It will be nice and quiet, dear, when I am lying dead."

They watched beside the patient girl as the short night waned away,
Watched her till the distant east was faintly streaked with grey;
They did not think her near her end—they had been so often ill—
But only *very* tired—she lay so white and still.

That day when loud the signal rang for work to be begun,
The eight-and-twenty tired girls were ready—*all but one!*
But she had gone, whilst others slept, where there is endless day,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and tears are wiped away!

THE SHADOW OF ASHLYDYAT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

PART THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

I.

COMMOTION AT ASHLYDYAT:

A FEW days went on, and they wrought a rapid change in Mrs. George Godolphin. She grew weaker and weaker: she grew—it was apparent now to Mr. Snow as it was to Margery—nearer and nearer to that vault in the churchyard of All Souls'. There could no longer be any indecision or uncertainty as to her taking the voyage: the probabilities were, that before the ship was ready to sail all sailing in this world for Maria would be over. And rumours, faint, doubtful, very much discredited rumours of this state of things, began to circulate in Prior's Ash.

Discredited because people were so unprepared for it. Mrs. George Godolphin had been delicate since the birth of her baby, as was known to everybody, but not a soul, relatives, friends, or strangers, had cast a suspicion to danger. On the contrary, it was supposed that she was about to depart on that Indian voyage: and ill-natured spirits jerked up their heads and said it was fine to be Mrs. George Godolphin, to tumble upon her legs again and go out to lead a grand life in India, after ruining half Prior's Ash. How she was misjudged! how many more unhappy wives have been, and will be again, misjudged by the world!

One dreary afternoon, as the dusk was coming on, Margery, not stopping, or perhaps not caring to put anything upon herself, but having hastily wrapped up Miss Meta, went quickly down the garden path, leading that excitable and chattering demoiselle by the hand. Curious news had reached the ears of Margery. Their landlady's son had come in, describing the town as being in a strange commotion in consequence of something which had happened at Ashlydyat. Rumour set it down as nothing less than murder; and according to the boy's account, all Prior's Ash was flocking up to the place to see and to hear.

Margery turned wrathful at the news. Murder at Ashlydyat! The young gentleman was too big to be boxed or shaken for saying it, but he persisted in his story, and Margery in her curiosity went out to see with her own eyes. "The people are running past the top of this road in crowds," he said to her.

Not in "crowds," certainly. Tongues are exaggeratory as rumour is false. When Margery reached the top of the road, several idlers undoubtedly were hastening past in the direction of Ashlydyat, but not so very many. Margery, pouncing upon one and upon another, contrived to obtain a pretty correct account of the actual facts.

For some days past, workmen had been employed, digging up the

Dark Plain by the orders of Lord Averil. As he had told Cecil weeks before, his intention was completely to renovate it; to do away entirely with its past ill character and send its superstition to the winds. The archway was being taken down, the gorse-bushes were being uprooted, the whole surface, in fact, was being dug up. He intended to build an extensive summer-house where the archway had been, and to make the plain a flower-garden, a playground for children when they should be born to Ashlydyat: and it appeared that in digging that afternoon under the archway, the men had come upon a human skeleton, or rather upon the bones of what had once been a skeleton. This was the whole foundation for the rumour and the "murder."

As Margery stood, about to turn home again, vexed for having been brought out in the cold for nothing more, and intending to give a few complimentary thanks for it to the young man who had been the means of sending her, she was accosted by Mr. Crosse. That gentleman, whose residence was situated about three miles from Prior's Ash, had been living at it since his return, the night you saw him coming from the rail when he was met by Charlotte Pain. He had been frequently at Ashlydyat, had been a closer friend of Thomas Godolphin's than ever; but not the slightest notice had he taken of George or his wife. His opinion of George was about as bad as it could be, and he did not seek to conceal it. How he would have reconciled himself to meet him at the funeral it is impossible to say, but circumstances prevented Mr. Crosse's attendance at it. For a day or two before Thomas Godolphin's death and a week after it, he was laid up with gout, and unable to leave his house. Now he was out again.

"How d'ye do, Margery?" he said, lifting up Meta at the same time to kiss her, for the young lady had been an uncommon favourite of his in the old days at the bank, and he used to lavish presents upon her, just for the sake of watching her delight at their reception. "Are you going up to Ashlydyat with the rest?"

"Not I, the simpletons!" was Margery's free rejoinder. "I'll be bound it's nothing but the bones of some poor old donkey that they've found—the animals used to stray sometimes on to the Dark Plain. And me to have been brought out from home by their folly, leaving my mistress all alone!—and she's not in a state to be left."

"Is she ill?" asked Mr. Crosse.

"Ill!" returned Margery, not at all pleased at the question. "Yes, sir, she is ill. I thought everybody knew that."

"When does she start for India?"

"She don't start at all. She'll be starting soon for a place a little bit nearer. Here! you run on and open the gate," added Margery, whisking Meta from Mr. Crosse's hand and sending her down the lane out of hearing. "She'll soon be where Mr. Thomas Godolphin is, sir, instead of being marched off in a ship to India," continued the woman, turning to Mr. Crosse confidentially.

He felt greatly shocked. In his own mind, he, as many others, had associated Maria with her husband, in regard to the summer's work, in a lofty, scornful, hold-myself-off sort of way: but it did shock him to hear that she was in fear of death. It is most wonderful how our feelings towards others soften, when we find they and their shortcomings are about to be taken from us to a more merciful Judge.

"But what is the matter with her, Margery?" Mr. Crosse asked; for it happened that he had not heard the ominous rumours that were beginning to circulate in Prior's Ash.

"I don't know what's the matter with her," returned Margery. "I don't believe old Snow knows it, either. I suppose the worry and misfortunes have been too much for her; that she couldn't bear up again 'em. They fell upon nobody, unless it was Mr. Thomas Godolphin, as they have fell upon her, and she's just one to break her heart over 'em. She and him have been expiating another's folly: he is in his grave, and she's a going to it."

Mr. Crosse walked mechanically by the side of Margery down the lane. It was not his way, and perhaps he was unconscious that he took it; he walked by her side, listening.

"He'll have to go by himself now—and me to have been getting up all my cotton gowns for the start! Serve him right! for ever thinking of taking out that dear little lamb amid elephants and savages!"

Mr. Crosse was perfectly aware that Margery alluded to her master—his own *bête noire* since the explosion. But he did not choose to descant upon his gracelessness to Margery. "Can nothing be done for Mrs. George Godolphin?" he asked.

"I expect not, sir. There's nothing the matter with her that can be laid hold of," resentfully spoke Margery, "no malady to treat. Snow says he can't do anything, and he brought Dr. Beale in the other day: and it seems he can't do nothing, either."

Meta had gained the gate, flung it open in obedience to orders, and now came running back. Mr. Crosse took her hand and went on with her. Was he purposing to pay a visit to George Godolphin's wife? It seemed so.

It was quite dusk when they entered. Maria was lying on the sofa, with a warm woollen coverlid drawn over her. There was no light in the room save that given out by the fire, but its blaze fell directly on her face. Mr. Crosse stood and looked at it, shocked at the ravages; at the tale it told. All kinds of unpleasant pricks were sending their darts through his conscience. He had been holding himself aloof in his assumed superiority, his haughty condemnation, while she had been going to the grave with her breaking heart.

Had she wanted things that money could procure? had she wanted *food*? Mr. Crosse actually began to ask himself the question, as the wan aspect of the white face grew and grew upon him: and in the moment he quite loathed the thought of his well-stored coffers. He remembered what a good, loving, gentle woman this wife of George Godolphin's had always been, this dutiful daughter of All Souls' pastor: and for the first time Mr. Crosse began to separate her from her husband's misdoings, to awake to the conviction that the burden and sorrow laid upon her had been enough to bear, without the world meting out its harsh measure of blame by way of increase.

He sat down quite humbly, saying "hush" to Meta. Maria had dropped into one of those delirious sleeps: they came on more frequently now, and would visit her at the dusk hour of the evening as well as at night: and the noise of their entrance had failed to arouse her. Margery, however, came bustling in.

"It's Mr. Crosse, ma'am."

She partially awoke. Only partially: turned on the pillow, opened her eyes, and held out her hand. He leaned over her, and spoke in a very kind voice as he took it.

"I am so sorry to see you like this, Mrs. George Godolphin. I had no idea you were so ill. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"If I could pay Mrs. Bond," she answered. "She is so poor! If I could but pay her before the ship sails!"

Mr. Crosse saw the state of things instantly—that she was under the influence of some vivid dream. Margery spoke in a louder key, and advanced to shake up the sofa pillow. "You'd be better sitting up, ma'am. It's Mr. Crosse: don't you know him? Me and the child met him out there, and he come in with us to see you."

It had the desired effect, completely arousing her: and Maria, a faint hectic of surprise coming into her cheeks, sat up and let him take her hand. "I am glad to have the opportunity of seeing you once again," she said.

"Why did you not send and tell me how ill you were?" burst forth Mr. Crosse, forgetting how exceedingly ill such a procedure would have accorded with his own line of holding aloft in condemnatory superiority.

She shook her head. "I might, had things been as they used to be. But people do not care to come near me now."

"And it was not your fault!" cried Mr. Crosse in his heat, in his self-reproach.

"No, it was not my fault," she sadly answered, believing he had spoken it as a question. "I knew nothing about it any more than the greatest stranger. The blow fell upon me as startlingly as it fell upon the rest."

"I am going in the ship, Mr. Crosse. I am going to ride upon an elephant and to have parrots. I'm going to take my dolls."

He laid his hand kindly upon the chattering child: but he turned to Maria, his voice dropping to a whisper. "What shall you do with her? Shall you send her out without you?"

The question struck upon the one chord of her heart that for the last day or two, since her own hopeless state grew more palpable, had been strung to the utmost tension. What was to become of Meta—of the cherished child whom she must leave behind her? Her face grew moist, her bosom heaved, and she suddenly pressed her hands upon it as if they could still its wild and painful beating. Mr. Crosse, blaming himself for asking it, blaming himself for many other things, took her hands within his, and said he would come in and see her in the morning, she seemed so fatigued then.

But, low as the question had been put, Miss Meta heard it; heard it and understood its purport. Rely upon it, children understand far more than we give them credit for. She entwined her pretty arms within her mamma's dress as Mr. Crosse went out, and raised her wondering eyes.

"What did he mean? You are coming too, mamma!"

She drew the little upturned face close to hers, she laid her white cheek upon the golden hair. The very excess of pain that was rending

her aching heart caused her to speak with unnatural stillness. Not that she could speak at first: a minute or two had to be given to master her emotion.

"I am afraid not, Meta. I think God is going to take me.

The child made no reply. Her earnest eyes were kept wide open with the same wondering stare. "What will papa do?" she presently asked.

Maria hastily passed her hand across her brow, as if that recalled another phase of the pain. Meta's little heart began to swell, and the tears burst forth.

"Don't go, mamma! Don't go away from papa and Meta! I shall be afraid of the elephants without you."

She pressed the child closer and closer to her beating heart. Oh the pain, the pain!—the pain of the parting that was so soon to come! How she beat down its outward signs, how she continued to speak calmly, surprised herself.

"Meta, darling, I think I have lately been getting in spirit nearer and nearer to God—as Uncle Thomas got near to Him; and I see things in a different light from what I had used to see them. I do not suppose you will go out now; but if you should, God will take care of you amidst the elephants and all other dangers. I am asking Him always; and I know He will take charge of you here Himself, and bring you to me when your life is over. There are times, Meta, as I lie here alone, when God seems to be quite close to me; and I have learnt that there is no friend on earth like Him. Meta! when my heart is ready to break at leaving you, it is He who whispers to me that I may trust all to Him. He is listening to me now, darling; He is quite close; He sees every one of your tears; He knows that I can scarcely say this to you for my aching pain, and He will be a more loving protector to my little motherless girl than I could have been. I shall be up there in heaven, waiting for you and looking down upon you, and God will be taking care of you on earth."

Meta turned her eyes to the uncurtained window, looking up to the winter evening sky. "Has heaven got windows?" she asked.

"I think it has. I think that God lets us look down on the dear ones we have left.—At least—at least—it is pleasant to think so when we are about to leave them. Meta, darling, it can do you no harm to think so. When mamma shall be gone to that better place, and you are left alone here, you can look up often and think of the time that you will be going there. It will soon come."

Perhaps it was as well that they were interrupted: these moments are too painful to be much prolonged. Meta was sobbing with all her might, when her attention was diverted by a clash and dash at the gate. A carriage had bowled down the lane and drawn up at it, almost with the commotion that used to attend the dashing visits to the bank of Mrs. Charlotte Pain. A more sober equipage this, however, with its mourning appointments, although it bore a coronet on its panels. The footman descended to open the door, and one lady stepped out of it.

"It is Aunt Cecil," called out Meta.

She rubbed the tears from her pretty cheeks, her grief forgotten, child-like, in the new excitement, and flew out to meet Lady Averil.

Maria, trying to look her best, rose from the sofa and tottered forward to receive her. Meta was pounced upon by Margery and carried off to have her tumbled hair smoothed; and Lady Averil came in alone.

She threw back her crape veil to kiss Maria. She had come down from Ashlydyat on purpose to tell her the news of the bones being found: there could be little doubt that they were those of the ill-fated Richard de Commins, which had been so fruitlessly searched for: and Lady Averil was full of the excitement. Perhaps it was natural that she should be, being a Godolphin.

"It is most strange that they should be found just now," she cried; "at the very time that the Dark Plain is being done away with. You know, Maria, the tradition always ran that so long as the bones remained unfound, the Dark Plain would retain the appearance of a graveyard. Is it not a singular coincidence—that they should be discovered at the moment that the Plain is being dug up? Were Janet here, she would say how startlingly all the old superstition is being worked out."

"I think one thing especially strange—that they should not have been found before," observed Maria. "Have they not been searched for often?"

"I believe so," replied Cecil. "But they were found under the archway, immediately under it: and I fancy they had always been searched for in the Dark Plain. When papa had the gorse-bushes rooted up they were looked for then in all parts of the Plain, but not under the archway."

"How came Lord Averil to think of looking under the archway?" asked Maria.

"He did not think of it. They have been found unexpectedly; they were not being searched for. The archway is taken down, and they were digging the foundation for the new summer-house, when they came upon them. The grounds of Ashlydyat have been like a fair all the afternoon with people running up to see and hear," added Cecil. "Lord Averil is going to consult Mr. Hastings about giving them Christian burial."

"It does seem strange," murmured Maria. "Have you written to tell Janet?"

"No, I shall write to her to-morrow. I made haste down to you. Bessy came over from the Folly, but Lady Godolphin would not come: she said she had heard enough in her life of the superstition of Ashlydyat. She never liked it, you know, Maria; never believed in it."

"Yes, I know," Maria answered. "It would anger her when it was spoken of. As it angered papa."

"As George used to pretend that it angered him. I think it was pretence, though. Poor Thomas never. If he did not openly accord belief to it, he never ridiculed. How are your preparations getting on, Maria?"

Maria was going across the room with feeble steps to stir the fire into a blaze. As the light burst forth, she turned her face to Lady Averil with a sort of apology.

"I do not know what Margery is about that she does not bring the lamp. I am receiving you but poorly, Cecil."

Cecil smiled. "I think our topic, the superstition of Ashlydyat, is best discussed in such light as this, than in the full glare of lamp-light."

But as Lady Averil spoke she was looking earnestly on Maria. The blaze had lighted up her wan face, and Cecil was struck aghast at its aspect. *Was* it real?—or was it but the effect cast by the shade of the firelight? Lady Averil had not heard of the ominous fears that were growing ripe, and hoped it was the latter.

"Maria! are you looking worse this evening? Or is the light deceiving me?"

"I dare say I am looking worse. I am worse. I am very ill, Cecil."

"You do not look fit to embark on this voyage."

Maria simply shook her head. She was sitting now in an old-fashioned elbow-chair, one white hand lying on her black dress, the other supporting her chin, while the firelight played on her wasted features.

"Would the little change to Ashlydyat benefit you, Maria? If so, if it would help to give you strength for your voyage, come to us at once. Now, don't refuse! It will give us so much pleasure. You do not know how Lord Averil loves and respects you. I think there is no one he so respects as he respects you. Let me take you home with me now."

Maria's eyelashes were wet as she turned them on her. "Thank you, Cecil, for your kindness: and Lord Averil—will you tell him so for me—I am always thanking in my heart. I wish I could go home with you; I wish I could go with a prospect of its doing me good; but that is over. I shall soon be in a narrower home."

Lady Averil's heart stood still and then bounded on again. "No, no! Surely you are mistaken! It cannot be."

"I have suspected it long, Cecil! but since the last day or two it has become a certainty, and even Mr. Snow acknowledges it. About this time yesterday, at the dusk hour, he was sitting here, and I bade him not conceal the truth from me. I told him that I knew it, and did not shrink from it; and therefore it was the height of folly for him to pretend ignorance to me."

"Oh, Maria! And have you no regret at leaving us? I should think it a dreadful thing if I were going to die."

"I have been battling with my regrets a long while," said Maria, bending her head and speaking in a low, subdued tone. "The leaving Meta is the worst. I know not who will take her, who will protect her: she cannot go with George, without—without a mother!"

"Give her to me," feverishly broke from the lips of Lady Averil. "You don't know how dearly I have ever loved that child. Maria, she shall never know the want of the good mother she has lost, so far as I can supply your place, if you will let her come to me. It is well that the only child of the Godolphins—and she is the only one—should be reared at Ashlydyat."

Of all the world, Maria could best have wished Lady Averil to have Meta: and perhaps there had been moments when in her troubled imagination she had hoped it would be so. But she could not shut her eyes to its improbabilities.

"You will be having children of your own, Cecil. And there's Lord Averil!"

"Lord Averil is over-indulgent to me. I believe if I wished to adopt half a dozen children, he would only smile and tell me to get a large nursery for them. I am quite sure he would like to have Meta."

"Then—if he will—oh, Cecil, I should die with less regret."

"Yes, yes, that is settled. He shall call and tell you so. But—Maria—is your own state so certain? Can nothing be done for you?—nothing be tried?"

"Nothing, as I believe. Mr. Snow cannot find out what is the matter with me. The trouble has been breaking my heart, Cecil: I know of nothing else. And since I grew alarmed about my own state, there has been the thought of Meta. Many a time I have been tempted to wish that I could have her with me in my coffin."

"Aunt Cecil! Aunt Cecil! How many summer-houses are there to be, Aunt Cecil?"

You need not inquire whose interrupting voice it was. Lady Averil lifted the child on her knee, and asked whether she would come and pay her a long, long visit at Ashlydyat. Meta replied by inquiring into the prospect of swings and dolls'-houses, and Cecil plunged into promises as munificently as George could have done.

"Should George not be with you?" she whispered, as she bent over Maria previous to leaving.

"Yes, I am beginning to think he ought to be now. I intend to write to him to-night: but I did not like to disturb him in his preparations. It will be a blow to him."

"What! does he not know of it?"

"Not yet. He thinks I am getting ready to go out with him. I wish I could have done it!"

No, not until the unhappy fact was placed beyond all doubt would Maria disturb her husband. And she did it gently at last. "I have been unwilling to alarm you, George, and I would not do it now, but that I believe it is all too certain. Will you come down and see what you think of me? Even Mr. Snow fears there is no hope for me now. Oh, if I could but have gone with you! have gone with you to be your ever-loving wife still, in that new land!"

Lord Averil came in while she was addressing the letter. Greatly shocked, greatly grieved at what his wife told him, he got up from his dinner-table and walked down. Her husband excepted, there was no one whom Maria would have been so pleased to see as Lord Averil. He had not come so much to tell her that he heartily concurred in his wife's offer with regard to the child, though he did say it, say that she should be done by entirely as though she were his own, and his honest honourable nature shone out of his eyes as he spoke it, as to see whether nothing could be done for herself, to entreat her to have further advice called in.

"Dr. Beale has been here twice," was her answer. "He says there is no hope."

Lord Averil held her hand in his, as he had taken it in greeting; his grave eyes of sympathy were bent with deep concern on her face.

"Cecil thinks the trouble has been too much for you," he whispered. "Is it so?"

A streak of hectic came into her cheek. "Yes, I suppose it is that. Turn on which side I would, there was no comfort, no hope. Throughout it all, I never had a friend, save you, Lord Averil: and you know, and God knows, what you did for us. I have not recompensed you: I don't see how I could have recompensed you had I lived: but when I am gone, you will be happy in knowing that you took the greatest weight from one who was stricken by the world."

"And it did not save you!" he wailed.

"No, it did not save me. It saved me from trouble, but not, you see, from death. It must have been God's will that it should not."

"You have been writing to George?" he observed, seeing the letter on the table. "But it will not go to-night: it is too late."

"It can go up by to-morrow's day mail, and he will get it in the evening. Perhaps you will post it for me as you walk home: it will save Margery's going out."

Lord Averil put the letter in his pocket. He stood looking at her as she lay a little back in her easy-chair, his arm resting on the mantelpiece, and curious thoughts passing through his mind. Could he do nothing for her?—to avert the fate that was threatening her? He, a nobleman, rich in wealth, happy now in the world's favour; she, going to the grave in sorrow, it might be in privation—*what* could he do to help her?

There are moments when we speak out of our true heart, when the conventionalism that surrounds the best of us is thrown aside, all deceit, all form forgotten. Lord Averil was a good and true man, but never better, never truer than now, when he took a step forward and bent to Maria.

"Let me have the satisfaction of doing something for you! let me try and save you!" he implored in low earnest tones. "If that may not be, let me help to lighten your remaining hours. How can I best do it?"

She held out her hand to him; she looked up to him, the gratitude she could not speak shining from her sweet eyes. "Indeed there is nothing now, Lord Averil. I wish I could thank you as you deserve for the past."

He held her hand for some time, but she seemed weak, exhausted, and he said good night. Margery attended him to the outer gate, in spite of his desire that she should not in the cold air, which seemed to threaten snow.

"Your mistress is very ill, Margery," he gravely said. "She seems to be in danger."

"I'm afraid she is, my lord. Up to the last day or two I thought she might take a turn and get over it; but since then she has got worse with every hour. There's some folks as can battle out things, and some folks as can't: she's one of the last sort, and she has been tried in all ways."

Lord Averil dropped the letter into the post-office, looking mechanically at its superscription, George Godolphin, Esquire. But that he was preoccupied with his own thoughts, he might have seen by the

very writing how weak she was, for it was scarcely recognisable as hers. Very very ill she looked; as if the end were growing ominously near; and Lord Averil did not altogether like the tardy summons which the letter would convey. A night and day yet before he could receive it. A moment's commune with himself, and then he took the path to the railway station to the telegraph-office, and sent off a message:

"Viscount Averil to George Godolphin, Esquire. Your wife is very ill. Come down by first train."

II.

NEWS FOR ALL SOULS' RECTORY.

THE snow came early. It was nothing like Christmas yet, and here was the ground covered. The black skies had seemed to threaten it the previous night, but people were not prepared to find everything wearing a white aspect when they rose in the morning.

Have you forgotten that long room in All Souls' rectory, its three windows looking on the garden; at one of which windows Mrs. Hastings once stood, complaining to the rector that David Jekyl did not sweep the dead leaves from the garden paths? You may look at almost the same scene now, save that the signs of winter instead of autumn are on the ground. Mrs. Hastings is not there, but the rector and David Jekyl are. The rector is shivering over a handful of fire in the room, and David outside is sweeping the snow from the paths.

When poverty comes in at the door, sickness very frequently creeps in after it. Whether it was that (though perhaps the word poverty is not precisely the correct one to apply to All Souls' rectory), or whether it was the grief which the summer and George Godolphin had brought them, certain it was, that both Mr. and Mrs. Hastings had been for some time ailing. Mrs. Hastings had been urged by some friends, residing about forty miles off, to visit them for a little change; it would set her up for the winter, they urged; and she had at length yielded, and went to them about three days ago. She should remain but a few days, she said; for she could not afford to be away from Maria in the last week or two of the latter's stay at Prior's Ash. No sooner had Mrs. Hastings left, than it appeared to be the rector's turn to get ill: an influenza cold, which had been hovering over him, grew worse. His own private opinion was, that he had laid its foundation at Thomas Godolphin's funeral, when he had stood bareheaded in the drizzling rain, and that it had since been smouldering within him.

He sat over the fire, shivering and shaking. It was not the substantial fire that you see in a grate where circumstances are easy and coals plentiful; but a very sparing fire indeed; and the rector now extended his hands to the blaze, and now turned his grey face to glance out at David Jekyl. He had persisted in doctoring his cold himself, but it seemed to get no better, and Rose had at length prevailed on him to send for Mr. Snow.

Rose was an efficient mistress of the house in the absence of her mother. Capability nearly always comes with the necessity for it: and it was proving so in the case of Rose Hastings. They kept but

one servant now, and many household duties fell to Rose's share; she taught the little Chisholm girls, and kept them as quiet as she could. It was hard that these troubles should have fallen on the rector in his old age: his home made into a school, his household deprived of most of its comforts, his sons and daughters' prospects destroyed. Isaac was toiling at his clerkship in London, Reginald in his hard life at sea, Harry as an usher in a school. Perhaps the only one to whom it had made no daily home difference was Grace. You may have thought him an unchristian minister, in saying he could not bring his mind to forgive George Godolphin, but I think a great many more of us, ministers or not ministers, would have said the same, not being hypocrites.

Mr. Hastings sat over the fire, dreamily watching David Jekyl, awaiting the visit of Mr. Snow, and thinking his own thoughts. David had got a bit of crape on his old felt hat for his recently interred father: perhaps the officiating at the old man's burial, and standing in the bleak churchyard—though it did not either rain or snow—had not mended the rector's cold. He might have procured a friend to take the service for him, but Mr. Hastings was one who would never shrink from his duty so long as there was a possibility of his performing it. The crape on David's hat led the rector's thoughts to the old man, and thence to the deprivation brought to the old man's years, the loss to the sons, through George Godolphin. How many more, besides poor old Jekyl, had George Godolphin ruined!—himself, that reverend clergyman, amongst the rest!

"A good thing when the country shall be rid of him!" spoke the rector, in his bitterness. "I would give all the comfort left in my life that Maria, for her own sake, had not linked her fate with his! But that can't be remedied now. I hope he will make her happier there, in her new home, than he has made her here!"

By which words you will gather that Mr. Hastings had no suspicion of the change in his daughter's state. It was so. Lord and Lady Averil were not alone in learning the tidings suddenly; at, as may be said, the eleventh hour. Maria had not sent word to the rectory that she was worse. She knew that her mother was absent, that her father was ill, that Rose was occupied; and the change from bad to worse had come upon herself so imperceptibly, that she saw not its real danger—as was proved by her not writing for her husband. The rector, as he sits there, has his mind full of Maria's voyage and its discomforts: of her changed life in hot India: and he is saying to himself that he shall get out in the afternoon and call to see her.

The room faced the side of the house, but as Mr. Hastings sat he could catch a glimpse of the garden gate, and presently he saw the well-known gig stop at it, and the surgeon descend.

"Well, and who's ill now?" cried Mr. Snow, as he let himself in at the hall-door, and Rose advanced to meet him. "Mrs. Hastings is not back, is she, Miss Rose?"

"It is papa who is not well, Mr. Snow. He is very poorly. I wished him to send for you yesterday, but he would not."

Mr. Snow went into the room and took a seat in front of the rector, examined into his ailments, and gossiped at the same time, as was his wont; gossiped and grumbled.

"Ah; yes; just so: feel worse than you have felt for twenty years. Well, Mr. Hastings, you have only yourself to thank. If you won't keep yourself in health, you can't expect health to keep with you of its own accord."

"How am I to keep myself in health, more than I do?"

"How! Why, by taking care of yourself; by living a little bit up to the mark. Here have you been putting yourself upon half diet: what can you expect but that any little ailments will find you out, when you have not strength to throw them off?"

"I have not put myself upon half diet," said Mr. Hastings.

"Pooh! As if I didn't know! You take as much as you want to eat perhaps in quantity, but in quality—what d'you say to that? You used to drink a glass of good ale with your dinner and a glass of good wine after it, and your table was in accordance with such moderate luxury: now it's cold mutton and small-beer. What do you expect can come of it, I say? A man may go through life without these things and be in perfect health; but a man who has been accustomed to take them cannot leave them off with impunity when he gets to your years."

"Suppose he is forced?—as I am. You know what I have to do now with my income, Snow, just as well as I know it. Necessaries we must have; luxuries for us are over. It is of no use talking nonsense or reverting to old times: I can hardly make both ends meet. The breaking of that bank was a comprehensive calamity, and I only suffer with the stream. Some are worse off than I."

"You had better go to bed and stop there till you are better, and live upon water-gruel the while," retorted Mr. Snow. "Where's the use of sending for me if you won't do what I tell you?"

"I'll take some wine if it is necessary now, if you mean that: but as to taking it as a regular beverage two or three glasses a day, it's out of the question. I happened to be just out of wine when that shock came, and to purchase a fresh stock is beyond me. Good wine demands its own price, and the bad is good for nobody, sick or well. Many a time have I given a bottle from my cellar to a poor sick man, that he might not poison himself with the cheap rubbish sold out in pints to the poor."

Nobody knew that better than the surgeon. He had given his advice and medicine; the rector his wine and his counsel. Neither of them could look back on his life, and reproach himself with not having done his duty.

"I suppose you are not serious in your advice about my going to bed," resumed the rector. "Because I shall not take it. I am not so ill as all that comes to; and I shall want to go out this afternoon."

"In this snow!"

"It does not snow now. I don't think it will snow again to-day. And weather does not hurt me; I am accustomed to be out in it."

"Why, you have just told me that you think you caught this cold over Mr. Godolphin's grave!"

"I think I did. I felt it coming on in my head the next day. I could not read the service in my hat, Snow, over *him*, and you know the rain was falling. Ah! there was another sufferer! But for the

calamity that fell upon him, he might not have gone to the grave quite so soon."

"He felt it too keenly," remarked Mr. Snow. "And your daughter—there's another sad victim. Ah me! sometimes I wish I had never been a doctor, when I find all I can do in the way of treatment come to nought."

"If she can only get well through the fatigues of the voyage, she may be better in India. Don't you think so? The very change from this place will put new life in her."

Mr. Snow paused. "Of whom are you speaking, Mr. Hastings?"

"Of my daughter," was the answer, slight surprise in the tone. "George Godolphin's wife."

The truth flashed on the mind of the surgeon—that Mr. Hastings was as yet in ignorance of Maria's state of danger: and flashed with pain. Of course it was his duty to enlighten him, and he would rather have been spared the task. "When did you see her last?" he inquired.

"The day Mrs. Hastings left. I have not been well enough to go out much since. And I dare say Maria has been busy."

"I am sorry then to have to tell you that she has not been busy; that she has not been well enough to be busy. She is much worse."

There was a significance in the tone that spoke to the father more effectually than any words could have done. He was silent for a full minute, and then he rose from his chair and walked once up and down the room before he turned to Mr. Snow.

"The full truth, Snow. Tell it me."

"Well—the truth is, that hope is over. That she will not very long be here. I had no suspicion but that you knew it."

"I knew nothing of it; none of us knew of it. When I and her mother were with her last; it was, I tell you, the day Mrs. Hastings left; Maria was talking of going back to London with her husband the next time he came down to Prior's Ash. I thought her looking better that morning; she had quite a colour; she was in good spirits. When did you see her?"

"Now. I went up there before I came down to you. She gets worse and worse with every hour. Lord Averil telegraphed for George Godolphin last night: I met him coming to inquire after her, and he told me so."

"And I have not been informed of this!" burst forth the rector. "My daughter dying—for I infer no less—and I to be left in ignorance!"

"Nay," said Mr. Snow, "I tell you I did not suppose but you were aware of it. I know you, or some of you, are often there."

"But it happens—it just happens that none of us have been there since my wife's departure," returned Mr. Hastings, his tone changing to a wail. "Rose could not well get out, and I have been ill. I never cast a thought to her being worse. Why did she not send us word? What can Margery be about?"

"Understand one thing, Mr. Hastings—that until this morning, we saw no fear of *immediate* danger. Lord Averil says he suspected it last night; I did not see her yesterday in the afterpart of the day. I have known some few cases precisely similar to Mrs. George Godol-

phin's; where danger and death seem to have come suddenly on together."

"And what is her disease?"

The surgeon threw up his arms. "I don't know—unless the trouble has fretted her into her grave. Were I not a doctor, I might say she had died of a broken heart, but the faculty don't recognise such a thing."

Half an hour afterwards, the Reverend Mr. Hastings was hanging over his daughter's dying bed. A dying bed, it too surely looked; and if Mr. Hastings had indulged a gleam of hope, the first glance at Maria's countenance dispelled it. She lay wrapped in a shawl, the lace border of her nightcap shading her delicate face and its smooth brown hair, her eyes larger and softer and sweeter than of yore.

They were alone together. He held her hand; in his, he gently laid his other hand on her white and wasted brow. "Child! child! why did you not send to me?"

"I did not know I was so ill, papa," she panted. "I seem to have got so much worse this last night. But I am better than I was an hour ago."

"Maria," he gravely said, "are you aware that—that you are in a state of danger?—that death may supervene?"

"Yes, papa, I know it. I have seen it coming a long while: only I was not quite sure."

"And, my dear child, are you——" Mr. Hastings paused. He paused and bit his lips, gathering firmness to suppress the emotion that was rising. His calling made him familiar with death-bed scenes; but Maria was his own child, and nature will assert her supremacy. A minute or two and he was himself again: not a man living was more given to reticence in the matter of his own feelings than the rector of All Souls': he could not bear to betray emotion in the sight of his fellow-men.

"Are you prepared for death, Maria? Can you look upon it without terror?"

"I think I am," she murmured. "I feel that I am going to God. Oh, papa, forgive, forgive me!" she exclaimed, bursting into tears of emotion as she raised her arms to him in the moment's excitement. "The trouble has been too much for me; I could not shake it off. All the sorrow that has been brought upon you through us, I think of it always: my heart aches with thinking of it. Oh, papa, forgive me before I die! It was not my fault; indeed I did not know of it. Papa"—and the sobs became painfully hysterical, and Mr. Hastings strove in vain to check them—"I would have sacrificed my life to bring good to you and my dear mamma; I would have sold myself, to keep this ill from you!"

"Child, hush! There has been nothing to forgive to you. In the first moment of the smart, if I cast an unkind thought to you, it did not last; it was gone almost as soon as it came. My dear child, you have ever been my loving and dutiful daughter. Maria, shall I tell it you?—I know not why, but I have loved you better than any of my other children."

She had raised herself from the pillow and was clasping his hand to her bosom, sobbing over it. Few daughters have loved a father as

Maria had loved and venerated hers. The rector's face was preternaturally pale and calm, the effect of his powerfully suppressed emotion.

"It has been too much for me, papa. I have thought of your trouble, of the discomforts of your home, of the blighted prospects of my brothers, feeling that it was our work. I thought of it always, more perhaps than of other things; and I could not battle with the pain it brought, and it has killed me. But, papa, I am resigned to go: I know that I shall be better off. Before these troubles came, I had not learned to think of God; and I should have been afraid to die."

"It is through tribulation that we must enter the Kingdom," interposed the calm, earnest voice of the clergyman. "It must come to us here in some shape or other, my child; and I do not see that it signifies how, or when, or through whom it does come, if it takes us to a better world. You have had your share of it: but God is a just and merciful judge, and if He has given you a full share of sorrow, He will deal out to you His full recompense."

"Yes," she gently said, "I am going to God. Will you pray for me, papa?—that He will pardon me and take me for Christ's sake. Oh, papa! it seems—it seems when we get near death as if the other world were so very near to this! It seems but such a little span of time that I shall have to wait for you all before you come to me. Will you give my dear love to mamma if I should not live to see her, and say how I have loved her: say that I have but gone on first; that I shall be there ready for her. Papa, I dare say God will let me be ever waiting and looking for you all."

Mr. Hastings turned to search for a Book of Common Prayer. He saw Maria's on her dressing-table—one which he had given her on her marriage, and written her name in—and he opened it at the "Visitation of the Sick." He looked searchingly at her face as he returned: surely the signs of death were already gathering there!

"The last Sacrament, Maria?" he whispered. "When shall I come?"

"This evening," she answered. "George will be here then."

The Reverend Mr. Hastings bent his eyebrows with a frown, as if he thought—But no matter. "At eight o'clock, then," he said to Maria, as he laid the book upon the bed and knelt down before it. Maria lay back on her pillow, and clasping her hands upon the shawl which covered her bosom, closed her eyes to listen.

It was strange that even then, as he was in the very act of kneeling, certain words which he had spoken to Maria years ago, should flash vividly into the rector's mind—words which had referred to the death of Ethel Grame.

"The time may come, Maria—we none of us know what is before us—when some of you young ones who are left, may wish you had died as she has. Many a one, battling for very existence with the world's carking cares, wails out a vain wish that he had been taken from the evil to come."

Had the gift of prevision been on the rector of All Souls' when he spoke those words to Maria Hastings? Poor child! lying there now on her early death-bed; with her broken heart! The world's carking cares had surely done their work on Maria Godolphin!

JOHN LORD CARTERET (EARL GRANVILLE).

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

MR. DISRAELI, in one of those politico-historical reviews, or critical summaries, with which it was his wont to intersperse the Coningsby series of fictions, commences an elaborate paragraph with the statement, that when the fine genius of the injured Bolingbroke, the only peer of his period who was educated, and proscribed by the oligarchy because they were afraid of his eloquence, "the glory of his order and the shame," shut out from Parliament, found vent in those writings which recalled to the English people the inherent blessings of their old free monarchy, and painted in immortal hues his picture of a patriot king,—the spirit that he raised at last touched the heart of Carteret, born a Whig, yet sceptical of the advantages of that patrician constitution which made the Duke of Newcastle, the most incompetent of men, but the chosen leader of the Venetian party, virtually sovereign of England.

"Lord Carteret had many brilliant qualities: he was undaunted, enterprising, eloquent; had considerable knowledge of continental politics, was a great linguist, a master of public law; and though he failed in his premature effort to terminate the dogship of George the Second, he succeeded in maintaining a considerable though secondary position in public life."*

A still more popular writer, not of fiction, pictures Granville to more unqualified advantage. No public man of that age, says Macaulay, had greater courage, greater ambition, greater activity, greater talents for debate, or for declamation. And the same historian affirms of "Lord Carteret, afterwards Earl Granville," that no public man had such profound and extensive learning; that he was familiar with the ancient writers, and loved to sit up till midnight discussing philological and metrical questions with Bentley; that his knowledge of modern languages was prodigious; the privy council, when he was present, needing no interpreter, since he spoke and wrote French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, German, even Swedish. He had pushed his researches into the most obscure nooks of literature. He was as familiar with Canonists and Schoolmen as with orators and poets. He had read all that the universities of Saxony and Holland had produced on the most intricate questions of public law. "With all this learning, Carteret was far from being a pedant. He was not one of those cold spirits of which the fire is put out by the fuel. In council, in debate, in society, he was all life and energy. His measures were strong, prompt, and daring, his oratory animated and glowing. His spirits were constantly high. No misfortune, public or private, could depress him. He was at once the most unlucky and the happiest public man of his time.

"He had been Secretary of State in Walpole's administration, and had acquired considerable influence over the mind of George the First. The other ministers could speak no German. The King could speak no Eng-

* Sybil; or, the Two Nations, ch. iii.

lish. All the communication that Walpole held with his master was in very bad Latin. Carteret dismayed his colleagues by the volubility with which he addressed his Majesty in German. They listened with envy and terror to the mysterious gutturals which might possibly convey suggestions very little in unison with their wishes.* Their uneasiness and jealousy almost went the length of the Chamberlain's conviction, in Shakespeare,

—If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Anything on him, for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in his tongue,—†

the German tongue to wit; for, *hier sprecht Mann deutsch*.

Such a man as Robert Walpole was not likely to put up with such a colleague as Carteret, whom his Majesty therefore had to dismiss. The Opposition gained a leader thereby. Walpole falling, Carteret rose again. For some months he was not only chief Minister, but, as Macaulay says, sole Minister. "He gained the confidence and regard of George the Second. He was, at the same time, in high favour with the Prince of Wales. As a debater in the House of Lords, he had no equal among his colleagues. Among his opponents, Chesterfield alone could be considered as his match." Another and earlier Edinburgh Reviewer shows that although Henry Pelham was nominally at the head of the Government, Earl Granville, who had, as Lord Carteret, accompanied the King to Hanover in May, 1743, obtained entire possession of his master's confidence, by entering into all his German politics; so that on their return to England in November, the consciousness of royal favour made him treat his colleagues with an overbearing haughtiness and contempt, which even the mean and timid spirit of the Pelhams could not endure. "Pitt distinguished himself by the eloquence and virulence of his declamations" against the Minister, whose imperiousness at length so disgusted his coadjutors, while the "wildness and rashness of his measures alienated the nation," that in the November following (1744) the whole Cabinet Council, with a few exceptions, having previously made their bargain with the Opposition, in which they had the start of Lord Granville, joined in a remonstrance to the King, insisting that he must either part with his favourite or with them. This intimation was equally disagreeable to the King and to the Heir-Apparent, who, agreeing in nothing else, had equal confidence in Lord Granville. Most unwillingly his Majesty at length consented to the change required of him, and this without a particle of confidence in the Ministers that succeeded Granville—namely, Chesterfield, Sandwich, the Duke of Bedford, George Grenville, Lyttleton, Bubb Dodington, &c.,—who appear, indeed, to the reviewer, to have been "altogether unworthy of their situation"—a more inglorious period of our annals being scarcely to be found, than from the fall of Lord Granville to the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle:—defeats and disasters abroad—rebellion and discontent at home—no concert or activity in the Government; while the King, led in secret by Granville, thwarted his Ministers at every step, and openly and ostentatiously gave his countenance to their

* Macaulay in *Edinburgh Review*, Oct., 1833.

† King Henry VIII., Act III. Sc. 2.

enemies.* Since Granville was turned out, writes Smollett, a quarter of a century after that event, there has been no Minister in this nation worth the meal that whitened his periwig.† Chesterfield was Granville's enemy; but that did not prevent the politest of peers thus writing to his son: "They say Lord Granville is dying. When he dies, the ablest head in England dies too, take it for all in all."‡ And yet, upon the whole, this Minister was, as a Minister, quite signally and memorably a failure.

It was, by Macaulay's account, purely from confidence in his talents and in the royal favour, that Granville neglected all those means by which the power of Walpole had been created and maintained. Accordingly, while his head was full of treaties and expeditions, of schemes for supporting the Queen of Hungary and for humbling the House of Bourbon, he contemptuously abandoned to others all the drudgery, and, with the drudgery, all the fruits of corruption—leaving to the Pelhams the patronage of the Church and of the Bar, as a trifle unworthy of his care. "The parliamentary influence of the two brothers became stronger every day, till at length they were at the head of a decided majority in the House of Commons. Their rival, meanwhile, conscious of his powers, sanguine in his hopes, and proud of the storm which he had conjured upon the Continent, would brook neither superior nor equal." He encountered the opposition of his colleagues, not with the fierce haughtiness of the first Pitt, or the cold unbending arrogance of the second, but with a gay vehemence, a good-humoured imperiousness, that bore everything down before it. The period of his ascendancy was known by the name of the "Drunkard Administration;" and the expression was not altogether figurative. His habits were extremely convivial; and champagne probably lent its aid to keep him in that state of joyous excitement in which his life was passed.

"That a rash and impetuous man of genius like Carteret, should not have been able to maintain his ground in Parliament against the crafty and selfish Pelhams, is not strange. But it is less easy to understand why he should have been generally unpopular throughout the country. His brilliant talents, his bold and open temper, ought, it should seem, to have made him a favourite with the public."

But the explanation is ready to hand, on Macaulay's own showing: the people had been bitterly disappointed, and Granville had to face the first burst of their rage.§ "It was Carteret's misfortune to be raised to power when the public mind was still smarting from recent disappointment. The nation had been duped, and was eager for revenge. A victim was necessary, and on such occasions the victims of popular rage are selected like the victim of Jephthah." That is to say, the first person who comes in the way is made the sacrifice. Absurd expectations had been raised in the country by the invectives of the Opposition against Walpole. Once oust Sir Robert, and corruption would cease, trade revive, and all go well. Sir Robert was ousted; but things improved not a whit by the change,

* See *Edinburgh Review*, vol. xxxvii. pp. 31-3 (1822).

† Humph. Clinker.

‡ Chesterfield to his Son, Dec. 13, 1762.

§ "His close connexion with Pulteney, now the most detested man in the nation, was an unfortunate circumstance. He had, indeed, only three partisans, Pulteney, the King, and the Prince of Wales, a most singular assemblage."—Macaulay's Crit. and Hist. Essays, II. 139. Fourth edit.

and exasperated expectants vented on Carteret their wrath at bitterly foiled because ludicrously exaggerated expectations.

The present Earl Stanhope, who speaks admiringly of Granville's natural gifts and remarkable acquirements—saying, for instance, that he was qualified to lecture upon public law; that he might have taken his seat in a synod, and taught the Canonists; yet that in public life no rust of pedantry ever dimmed his keen and brilliant intellect; that in debate, his eloquence was always ready, always warm, and has even been blamed for the profusion of ideas which crowded it; and that whereas men of letters are generally, in council, bewildered by too nice a balance of opposite advantages, Carteret, on the contrary, was always daring and decisive;—Earl Stanhope, who accords all this amount of praise, and more, to the brilliant politician, is still free to assert that Carteret neither fills, nor deserves to fill, any very high niche in the Temple of Fame. What the noble historian complains of is a want of consistency, not in his principles, but in his efforts and exertions. The complaint is that Carteret would be all fire to-day, all ice to-morrow; that he was ready to attempt anything, but frequently grew weary of his own projects, and seldom took sufficient means to secure their accomplishment. "Ambition generally ruled him, but the mastery was often disputed by wine. Two daily bottles of Burgundy made him happy in himself, and independent of state affairs. Seldom granting a kindness, and as seldom resenting an injury, he was incapable both of firm friendship and settled animosity—not above revenge, but below it. At the most critical period of his life, when, on the fall of Walpole, he had become chief Minister, and was driven from office by a combination formed partly of his own pretended friends, even then, says a contemporary, he showed no anger or resentment, nor, indeed, any feeling except thirst. A careless, lolling, laughing love of self; a sort of epicurean ease, roused to action by starts and bounds—such was his real character. For such a man to be esteemed really great, he must die early! He may dazzle as he passes, but cannot bear a close and continued gaze."* That Granville, at any rate, did dazzle as he passed, though he did not die early, is a common-place in every History of the Eighteenth Century.

Horace Walpole, in his *Memoirs*, after passing in review all the great men whom England had produced within his memory, concludes by saying, that in genius none of them equalled Lord Granville. It has been noted, indeed, of Horace Walpole, that he speaks less bitterly of Carteret than of any public man of that time, Fox, perhaps, excepted; which is the more remarkable, because Carteret was one of the most inveterate enemies of Sir Robert.

True, that Horace is for ever quoting the three bottles to which the Minister is daily addicted. But neither does he ignore the wit and spirit of this wine-bibbing lord. "He is never sober; his rants are amazing; so are his parts and spirits."† Again: "Don't take me for a partisan of Lord Granville's because I despise his rivals; I am not for adopting his measures; they were wild and dangerous: in his single capacity, I

* History of England from the Peace of Utrecht, vol. ii. ch. xii.

† Walpole to Mann, Nov. 30, 1743.

think him a great genius ; and without having recourse to the Countess's* *translatable* periods, am pleased with his company. His frankness charms one when it is not necessary to depend upon it ; and his contempt of fools is very flattering to any one who happens to know the present [Pelham] ministry."†

Alike in verse and in prose, in studied pamphlet and in familiar epistle, Swift recognises freely and proclaims emphatically the genius of Granville. None of those, the Dean calls him,

Who owe their virtues to their stations,
And characters to dedications :
For, keep him in, or turn him out,
His learning none will call in doubt ;
His learning, though a poet said it
Before a play, would lose no credit ;
Nor Pope would dare deny him wit,
Although to praise it Phillips writ.
I own he hates an action base,
His virtues battling with his place ;
Nor wants a nice discerning spirit
Betwixt a true and spurious merit ;
Can sometimes drop a voter's claim,
And give up party to his fame.‡

But why "I own"? as though reluctantly, and against the grain? Because Carteret was now Viceroy in Ireland ; and was not Swift the writer of the *Drapier's Letters*? Hence the Dean professes to distinguish the man from the minister—Carteret from the Lord-Lieutenant, and, doing

——the most that friendship can,
I hate the viceroy, love the man.

Seven years later, Carteret himself, in the postscript of a letter to the Dean, declares that when people asked him how he governed Ireland, his answer was that he pleased Dr. Swift. That Dr. Swift was pleased, witness his "Vindication of his Excellency John Lord Carteret," which abounds with such passages as this: "I have it from good hands that when his excellency is at dinner with one or two scholars [such as the Dean of St. Patrick's] at his elbow, he grows a most insupportable and unintelligible companion to all the fine gentlemen round the table:"—or again: "To this another misfortune was added, that it pleased God to endow him with great natural talents, memory, judgment, comprehension, eloquence, and wit:"—and again: "I cannot deny that his excellency lies under another great disadvantage ; for with all the accomplishments above mentioned, adding that of a most comely and graceful person, and during the prime of youth, spirits, and vigour, he has in a most unexemplary manner led a regular domestic life."§ Witness, too, the Dean's various poetical "pieces" in his lordship's praise, especially that entitled "The Birth of Manly Virtue," which fairly avers that

* Lady Pomfret (a blue), mother of his second wife, the Lady Sophia Fermor (a beauty).

† Walpole to Mann, Feb. 1, 1745.

‡ A Libel on Dr. Delany, &c. 1729.

§ A Vindication, &c. 1730.

The wondering world, where'er he moves,
 With new delight looks up and loves;
 One sex consenting to admire,
 Nor less the other to desire.

There may seem a shade of mistrust in what Swift writes to Pulteney of him in 1737: "Learning and good sense he has to a great degree, if the love of riches and power do not overbalance;"* but that, upon the whole, Carteret pleased Dr. Swift, who can gainsay? Could Jonathan have lived to see, or rather (for he was yet alive in 1745) to observe, how gaily this aspirant to power could relax his hold of it, he must have envied a temperament so unlike his own.

The world has seen some pitiful instances of Ministers retiring from office with querulous reluctance, and remaining out of place extremely in the dumps. It has also seen numerous and pleasant instances of Ministers retiring with cheery good humour, and taking to private life with unaffected relish and self-gratulation. Sancho Panza begs the Don his master, then in a fit of the *dismals*, on no account to forget that a brave man bears misfortune with a buoyant heart. Look at *me*, cries the squire. You saw me go laughing to take possession of that grand government they gave me of a certain Isle. I am now the poor body-man of a poor battered knight. But I laugh just as much as before, signor; for I have no notion of letting my good humour depend on the caprices of the jade you call Fortune. A sound Horatian maxim, Sancho; and one that the Carterets and Melbournes have known as well as yourself how to put in practice.

And it is pleasant to see philosophy of that kind honestly put in practice. Maurepas, who was exiled from Court to his estate for a matter of five-and-twenty years, after having been Minister and before he became Minister again, edified Montesquieu himself by his *légèreté* and joyous manners. "Le maître de la maison," writes Montesquieu, at the close of an eight days' visit, "a une gaieté et une fécondité qui n'a point de pareille. Il voit tout, il lit tout, il rit de tout, il est content de tout, il s'occupe de tout. C'est l'homme du monde que j'envie davantage: il a une caractère unique." Carteret impressed not a few of his admiring intimates in a not unlike manner,—especially those who had shared office with him; though some among them might incline to class him with that rather too "genial" Earl of Norwich, celebrated in Clarendon, who says of him, that the earl was fitter to draw colleagues together "by his frolic and pleasant humour, which reconciled people of all constitutions wonderfully to him, than to form and conduct them towards any enterprise. He had always lived in the Court in such a station of business as raised him very few enemies; and his pleasant and jovial nature, which was everywhere acceptable, made him many friends, at least made many delight in his company."† The "very few enemies" made at Court may be awkwardly inapplicable to Carteret; but the "at least" of the last sentence redeems the resemblance.

When Francis Horner visited Henry Erskine, in 1812, then retired from the bar, and living among the plantations he had been rearing for

* Swift to Pulteney, March 7, 1737.

† Clarendon, History of the Rebellion, book

the last twenty years, and boasting that he had thrown away the law like a dirty clout, and had forgotten it altogether, "It is delightful," writes Horner, "to see the same high spirits which made him such a favourite in the world, while he was in the career of ambition and prosperity, still attending him after all the disappointments that would have chagrined another man to death: such a temper is worth all that the most successful ambition could ever bestow."*

It is pleasant to mark Lord Teignmouth on returning a third time from India to his native land, ex-vice-roy this time, falling into the routine of common duties, and of common pleasures, with the ease of a man who had taken no delight in the pomp or in the exercise of power;—becoming eminent at the Quarter Sessions, thinning out his shrubberies, visiting at country-seats and watering-places, and, in short, living the life "so pleasant in reality, so tedious in description, of a well-educated English gentleman."†

So it is to observe Lord Althorpe's deportment on losing office in 1832—his resignation under that calamity being specially commended by Lord Cockburn‡ to the notice of those who think the loss of political power the greatest of all misfortunes. Here is the Lord-Advocate's description of the goings-on of his chief at this juncture. "Lord Althorpe has gone through all this with his characteristic cheerfulness and courage. The day after the resignation he spent in a great sale garden, choosing and buying flowers, and came home with five great packages in his carriage, devoting the evening to studying where they should be planted in his garden at Althorpe, and writing directions and drawing plans for their arrangement. And when they came to summon him to a council on the Duke's giving-in, he was found in a closet with a groom, busy oiling the locks of his fowling-pieces, and lamenting the decay into which they had fallen during his ministry."§

Nor be Lord Melbourne forgotten, in *his* fall. "I met Lord Melbourne at Lady Holland's a day or two after he ceased to be prime minister," writes C. R. Leslie, the artist. "He was as joyous as ever, and only took part in the conversation respecting the changes in the Royal household (which were not then completed) to make everybody laugh."||

To Sir Robert Walpole's honour it is recorded, that he retired, after more than twenty years of power, with a temper not soured, with a heart not hardened, with simple tastes, with frank manners, and with a capacity for friendship. So Macaulay¶ writes of him. But a far more lively picture is that the same writer gives of Carteret under similar circumstances. Carteret was driven from office. He shortly afterwards made

* F. Horner to his Sister, Sept. 9, 1812.

† Sir James Stephen.

‡ Life of Jeffrey, vol. i. p. 332.

§ F. Jeffrey to H. Cockburn, May 21, 1832.

|| There was more than a dash of Carteret's easy, jovial temperament in Lord Melbourne. On the occasion referred to by Mr. Leslie, a lady who was present observed, "I hear that —," naming a duke of not the most correct habits, "is quite scurrilous at not getting an appointment."

"It serves him right," said Lord Melbourne, "for being a Tory. None of these immoral men ought to be Tories. If he had come to me I would not have refused him."—Memoir of C. R. Leslie, vol. i. p. 169.

¶ Essay on Walpole's Letters to Mann.

a bold, indeed a desperate, attempt to recover power. The attempt failed. And "from that time he relinquished all ambitious hopes, and retired laughing to his books and his bottle." No statesman, indeed, Macaulay affirms, ever enjoyed success with so exquisite a relish, or submitted to defeat with so genuine and unforced a cheerfulness.

Writing in the early days of the Pelhamite administration, Horace Walpole observes, that "If my Lord Granville had any resentment, as he seems to have nothing but thirst, sure there is no vengeance he might not take! So far from contracting any prudence from his fall, he laughs it off every night over two or three bottles."* Within twelve months, the Pelhams had to resign office, and Granville was immediately summoned to resume his place. He assented with a will; but the odds were against him. An Opposition majority in both Houses (a plague of both your Houses!) was more than he could quite face; and so the Pelhams were reinstalled with all the honours. It is in reference to this political crisis that Walpole writes: "Lord Granville is as jolly as ever; laughs and drinks, and owns it was mad, and owns he would do it again to-morrow." But Horace adds, that it would not be quite so safe to try it soon again, —the triumphant party not being at all in the humour to be turned out every time his lordship had drunk a bottle too much; "and that House of Commons that he could not make do for him, would do to send him to the Tower till he was sober."†

Once more did Granville return to office—the colleague of his old enemies—in 1751, as President of the Council, under Henry Pelham as Prime Minister. It was specially to gratify the king that this else impracticable appointment was made. But, as Earl Stanhope observes, the post of President is not farther removed in importance from the seals of Secretary than the Earl Granville of 1751 had declined from the bold and buoyant Carteret of former days. "His convivial habits had blunted the edge of his fine understanding, and his shattered health required repose, while his impaired estate stood in need of the emoluments of place. He had lost his spirit, his eloquence, his activity, nay, even—which so often survives them all—his ambition. His chief delight was now to enliven the council-table by his sallies of wit; and he remained during the rest of his life, though in office, the mere spectator of others' greatness—the mere ghost of his own."‡

We must not take leave of him without glancing at the matrimonial engagements by which he attracted so much attention at the time. His first wife, the "plump Carteret," as Walpole loved to call her, was all the rage in Ireland, if not in England, for her grace and beauty. But it was his second wife, Sophia, that chiefly occupied the tongues of persons of quality and the pens of ready letter-writers—the Lady Marys and the Horace Walpoles through whom we know her. It was quite a sensation match, this of so brilliant a Minister with so beauteous a maid.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who professes herself very well acquainted with the bride, Lady Sophia Fermor, having lived two months in the same house with her, declares her to have few equals in beauty, or graces, and says, "I shall never be surprised at her conquests." Mr.

* Walpole to Mann, March 4, 1745.

† Same to Same, Feb. 14, 1746.

‡ Lord Mahon's *Hist. of Engl.*, vol. iv. ch. xxxi.

Wortley seems to have imparted to his lady-wife his impression that Carteret, in contracting this marriage, was greedy of an heir; but Lady Mary "thinks too well" of his lordship's understanding to suppose he could expect his happiness from things unborn, or place it in the chimerical notion of any pleasure arising to him, from his name subsisting (perhaps by very sorry representatives) after his death. "I am apt to imagine he indulged his inclination at the expense of his judgment; and it appears to me the more pardonable weakness."* In short, Lady Mary appears convinced that Carteret married out of pure gaiety of heart; and probably she would have thought that Chaucer's lines on January's nuptials might apply without much qualification to so jovial a hale elderly Benedick:

And certeynly I dar right wel say this,
Ymeneus, that god of weddyng is,
Seigh never his lif so mery a weddid man.†

It was well-nigh twenty years previously that Lady Mary, alluding to the redundancy of ballads, songs, panegyrics, &c., that Ireland was then producing, had written to her sister Mar, "So powerful is the influence of Lord Carteret's wit, and my lady's beauty,‡ the Irish rhyme that never rhymed before."§

It is only another of Carteret's vigorous measures, quoth my Lord Chesterfield, when the fair Sophia was wooed and won. Who do you think is going to marry Lady Sophia Fermor? breaks out Horace Walpole in a breathless missive to Mann:—"Only my Lord Carteret!—this very week!—a drawing-room conquest. Do but imagine how many passions will be gratified in that [the bride's] family! her own ambition, vanity, and resentment—love she never had any; the politics, management, and pedantry of the mother [Lady Pomfret], who will think to govern her son-in-law out of Froissart [whom her ladyship had translated]. Figure the instructions she will give her daughter!"|| Next epistle reports not the least news but—O saving clause!—*but* that my Lord Carteret's wedding has been deferred on Lady Sophia's falling dangerously ill of a scarlet fever; but they say it is to be next Saturday. She is to have sixteen hundred pounds a year jointure, four hundred pounds pin-money, and two thousand of jewels. "Carteret says he does not intend to marry the mother [Lady Pomfret] and the whole family. What do you think my lady intends?"¶ Some eleven months after which last epistle of Walpole, that Complete Letter-writer meets the Granvilles at a ball, and dances one dance with Sophia,—the precautionary Pomfret restricting her, *pour cause*, to one. "I went for a little while, little thinking of dancing. I asked my Lord Granville why my lady did not dance? 'Oh, Lord! I wish you would ask her; she will with you.' I was caught, and did walk down one country-dance with her; but the prudent *Signora-madre* would not let her expose the young Carteret any farther."** About the same time my Lady Granville went to a private masquerade at the Venetian ambassadress's, "dressed like Imoinda and handsomer than one of the houris," where she excused herself from

* Lady M. W. Montagu to Mr. Wortley, May 8, 1744.

† The Marchaundes Tale.

‡ Frances, his first wife, died 1743.

§ Lady Mary Wortley to the Countess of Mar, 1725.

|| Walpole to Mann, March 22, 1744.

¶ Same to Same, April 2, 1744.

** Same to Same, March 4, 1745.

dancing with the Prince of Wales, alleging the critical state of her health. Horace must have hugged himself on this invidious distinction in *his* favour.

So much for two of Carteret's matches. Nearly a decade later, when the peer must have been in his grand climacteric, we find gossip-greedy Horace meditating another marriage for him—of course an unequal match in *some* salient point. "Since I came to town, I hear that my Lord Granville has cut another colt's tooth—in short, they say he is going to be married again; it is to Lady Juliana Collier, a very pretty girl, daughter of Lord Portmore; there are not above two or three-and-forty years' difference in their ages, and not above three bottles difference in their drinking in a day, so it is a very suitable match! She will not make so good a Queen as our friend Sophia, but will like better, I suppose, to make a widow. If this should not turn out true, I can't help it."* It did not turn out true. Lady Juliana married, six years later, a plain Wiltshire esquire. And within two months of his thus publishing the bauns of marriage, Horace had to forbid them; which he does in this curt style: "The match for Lord Granville, which I announced to you, is not concluded: his flames are cooled in that quarter as well as in others."† From which time forth, indeed, Granville is never again rememberably mentioned in the Horatian correspondence,—with the exception of one brief allusion to his declining office in 1755.

As we opened this paper with referring to the estimate set on Carteret by a Right Honourable novelist and sometime Cabinet Minister of our own day, so will we close it by citing one, in sonorous verse, by, if not a poet, at any rate another ex-Cabinet Minister, and Right Honourable novelist too.

Having metrically meted out their dues to Pulteney, "the Martial of debate," and Hortensian Chesterfield, with "Thyrsus sword in classic wreaths conceal'd," Sir Edward Lytton thus disposes of their contemporary, John Earl Granville:

High above each in genius, love, and fire,
With mind of muscle which no toil could tire,
With lips that seem'd like Homer's gods to quaff
From nectar-urns the unextinguish'd laugh,
Frank with the mirth of souls divinely strong,
CARTERET's large presence floats from out the throng.
What earlier school this grand comedian rear'd?
His first essays no crowds less courtly cheer'd.
From learned closets came a sauntering sage,
Yawn'd, smiled, and spoke, and took by storm the age:
Who that can hear him, and on business, speak,
Would dream he lunch'd with Bentley upon Greek,
And will to-night with Hutcheson regale on
The feast of Reason in the tough *το κάλον*.
With what rich spoils the full life overflows;
His genius gilds, because his nature glows;
Call it not versatile, but, like the sun,
Fix'd and the same whate'er it beams upon;
Fix'd and the same not less because it calls
Colour from things on which, as light, it falls.‡

* Walpole to Mann, April 27, 1753.

† Same to Same, June 12, 1753.

‡ St. Stephen's, pp. 30-1.

WASHINGTON IRVING. A THIRD VOLUME.*

EVEN if the appearance of a third and—as we supposed—concluding volume had not reminded us that our previous notice had necessarily been incomplete, we might have recurred to the Life and Letters of Irving for the mere pleasure of contemplating a character so beautiful in itself, and for the gratification of tracing a career of deserved success.

We left him at that happy period in an author's life when, instead of having to seek a publisher, he is himself sought after; when, instead of having what he has written examined with reluctance and distrust, his works are grasped at, unseen; and when he is never so welcome a visitor to Albemarle-street or the Row as when he enters their sacred precincts encumbered with a roll of MS.

But he had still much to overcome. Though he had adopted literature as his profession—as the means on which he depended to secure a competent support in after-life both for himself and for the least fortunate of his brothers, whom he had kindly determined to make the sharer of his own brighter prospects—and though he was conscious of the powers he possessed, their exercise was not always under his control. There were long intervals when he was unable to apply himself to composition. His faculties seemed prostrate. He mentions this himself, more than once, in his letters and diaries.† Sometimes it was mere nervousness. “I have, at times,” he says, “a kind of horror on me, particularly when I wake in the mornings, that incapacitates me for almost anything. It is now passing away, and in a day or two I hope I shall be quite over it. It has prevented me from pursuing anything like literary occupation. I am aware,” he continues, “that this is all an affair of the nerves, a kind of reaction in consequence of coming to a state of repose after so long moving about, and produced also by the anxious feeling on resuming literary pursuits. I feel like a sailor who has once more put to sea, and is reluctant to quit the quiet security of the shore.” And two years later: “A night of broken sleep,” he writes, “and uneasy thoughts—nervous in the morning, but excitable—scribbled a little on Essays—got extremely excited. Mr. Guestier came in and sat some little while—found afterwards that I could not write.”

He had also to contend with physical suffering. For some time a complaint in his ankles was attended both with pain and lameness. Every kind of bath, and various remedies, were tried to remove it; and at last, like Sir Abel Handy's fire, it appears to have “gone out of itself.” Exercise, change of air and diet, and the “refreshment of spirit incident to travel,” seemed to have principally effected his cure.

* The Life and Letters of Washington Irving. Edited by his Nephew, Pierre M. Irving. Vol. III. (advertised as the concluding volume). London: Bentley. 1863.

† My mind is “worn as bare as a market-place.” “I have not been able to apply myself.” “If I can get my pen to work.” “At home—trying to write.” “I have done nothing with my pen since I left you” (nine months previous)—“absolutely nothing!” “I have been visited by a fit of sterility for this month past,” are phrases continually recurring both under pleasant and painful circumstances.

In addition to his other annoyances—though no man was so unlikely to have made an enemy—he had an anonymous tormentor in America, by whom every scrap of adverse criticism or unpleasant remark that appeared in print was indefatigably transmitted to him. It is difficult to account for so persevering a malignity, or to imagine so base a type of human nature. “Even *you* have enemies,” said one of his correspondents, “and who, then, can escape?”

But altogether his career was a happy one. He was surrounded by attached and distinguished friends: every new work proved a success: and he had a munificent and solvent publisher. When once roused to exertion he wrote freely and rapidly. In the days of their first intimacy, Moore says of him, “He has been hard at work writing lately; in the course of ten days has written about one hundred and thirty pages of the size of those in the ‘Sketch Book;’ this is amazing rapidity.” “Sometimes,” says his biographer, “he would write all day and until twelve at night; in one instance his note-book shows him to have written from five in the morning until eight at night, stopping only for meals.” Longfellow has recorded of the time he first knew him, in Spain, when he was engaged upon the “Life of Columbus:” “One summer morning, passing his house at the early hour of six, I saw his study window already wide open. On my mentioning it to him afterwards, he said, ‘Yes, I am always at my work as early as six.’ Since then I have often remembered that sunny morning and that open window, so suggestive of his sunny temperament and his open heart, and equally so of his patient and persistent toil, and have recalled those striking words of Dante—

Seggendo in piuma,
In fama non si vien, nè sotto coltre;
Senza la qual, chi sua vita consuma,
Cotal vestigio in terra di se lascia
Qual fummo in aere ed in acqua la schiuma.”

Words which we willingly add to our quotation for the pleasure of also adding the poet’s exquisite translation of them:

Seated upon down,
Or on his bed, man cometh not to fame;
Withouten which, whose life consumes,
Such vestige of himself on earth shall leave
As smoke in air and in the water foam.

To the proofs we have given of his application it may only be necessary to add that his abridgment of “Columbus,” presented as a free gift to Mr. Murray, was “finished in nineteen days.”

After an interval of more than two years, “Bracebridge Hall” was succeeded (in 1824) by the “Tales of a Traveller.” Murray offered twelve hundred guineas for them without seeing the MS. “I confess,” says Irving, in reply, “your offer is a liberal one, and made in your own gentleman-like manner, but I would rather you should see the MS. and make it *fifteen hundred*.” and to this his publisher assented. The tales remind us of some of his earliest writings in their resemblance to Goldsmith, and contained, as he said himself, some of the best things he had written; but we doubt whether a repetition of these short papers would have taken the same hold upon the public as had been taken by the

"Sketch Book" and "Bracebridge Hall;" and it was fortunate, therefore, in every way, that another volume of essays, more, however, of a didactic character than any he had previously written, was entirely laid aside for subjects of biography and romance connected with the history and traditions of Spain.

His attention was first directed to the "Life of Columbus" by a suggestion made to him by Mr. Everett, the American minister at Madrid, that he should undertake a translation of "Navarrete's Voyages of Columbus." Though engaged upon the essays, he readily adopted the task proposed as "just the kind of employment he would wish for his spare hours," and he wrote about it to Murray. The great bookseller, however, was then absorbed in his projected newspaper. "Pray Heaven," wrote Irving, "he may not go into the *Gazette*, instead of publishing one;" and (as those who remember that famous project are well aware) he had nearly done so. Both Croly and Disraeli were of its staff; they were high metttled, but neither of them was likely to have gone well in harness;* the whole edifice collapsed, and its projector was luckily just in time to save himself from its ruins. After more than usual delay he intimated through Mr. Leslie that he would gladly have received "anything of original matter" from Irving as "certain of success," but Navarrete's work "might be very interesting or it might be very dry," and he declined treating for it till he could see it. His recent misfortune and the aspect of the times had made him cautious.

In the mean time Irving had arrived at Madrid, and had taken apartments under the same roof as the American consul Mr. Rich, described by him as "one of the most indefatigable bibliographers in Europe." His collection was invaluable in everything connected with the early history of America, and when his distinguished countryman discovered the treasures it contained, and found that Navarrete's work was "rather a mass of rich materials for history than a history itself," the translation of it was abandoned, a higher theme presented itself, and, laying aside all other matter, he devoted his whole attention to a "Life of Columbus." In eighteen months it was finished.

The disposal of the copyright was entrusted to Colonel Aspinwall, the American consul at London. Murray was delighted with the work. He declared that it was "beautiful, beautiful; the best thing its author had ever written." And he showed the sincerity of his admiration by making it his own for three thousand guineas.

Alas! that this magnificent sum should have been sunk by the successful author in dry-goods and Bolivar mining shares!

He had been so harassed and made miserable by the termination of his first mercantile-adventures; he had felt so bitterly the humiliating ordeal of bankruptcy; and had declared so firmly that "no hope of gain, however flattering, would tempt him again into the cares and sordid concerns of traffic," that we little expected to see him re-embarking in transactions for which he was wholly unfitted, either by the necessary talent or information. Yet in little more than two years after the painful process

* We do not know whether it was of one of these that Mr. Murray used to say, "When I thought he was writing a leading article, I found him hanging over his wife while she sang some of his own poetry to the music of a pianoforte."

that had freed him from his commercial embarrassments in Liverpool, he was investing ten thousand dollars (upwards of two thousand pounds) in steam navigation between Rouen and Havre. Five years later he was making shipments to America; and about the same time he took fifty shares in "the Bolivar copper mine," considering them as "a permanent investment," which was to give him "a very pretty little sum annually." The steam-boats and the shipments were kindly intended to give employment and subsistence to his brother Peter. For the steam-boat enterprise he thought him "particularly adapted by the turn of his mind and his personal activity," and it was to "pay him largely." Their brothers in America seemed to think differently: so much so that they dishonoured the bills drawn for Peter's share of the investment, and Washington had to provide funds for the whole. With many estimable qualities his partner seems to have been as little a man of business as himself. From time to time the steam-boats are mentioned: never satisfactorily: they went on

Per lo più peggiorando;

but the loss they ultimately involved is not recorded. On the Bolivars he continued to pay call after call, in what he himself terms "indignation and irritation of spirit," till having gone as far as thirty pounds each, he "preferred to forfeit the shares rather than submit to further exactions of the kind," sinking in these and in the shipments "more than the entire profits of the English edition of the 'Life and Voyages of Columbus.'"

But his power of production seemed at this time inexhaustible: the "Tales of the Alhambra," the "Companions of Columbus," the "Conquest of Granada," and his other Legends of Spain, brought him fresh supplies; and, through the zealous exertions of his brother Ebenezer and his friend Brevoort, he had made satisfactory arrangements, for all that he had written, with publishers in America.

The period upon which we are dwelling, from the first appearance of "Bracebridge Hall," till his return to America, embraces about ten years, chiefly passed—and sometimes most happily—on the Continent: more than three of them in Spain.

At Paris—amongst other distinguished persons—he became acquainted with Moore and Canning. "You keep excellent company in Paris," writes Brevoort, "Anacreon Moore, and Mr. Canning; these are names that set one's blood in motion." He felt, however, that the vocation he had chosen did not permit a life of idleness. Somewhat later he undertook, for Galignani, the editorship of a collection of "British Classics." For this he was to receive two hundred and fifty francs a volume. He wrote for it the prospectus, and the "Life of Goldsmith;" and was about to collect materials for biographies of Rogers and Campbell, when the project was, for some reason, abandoned. Almost everything from his pen—important or unimportant—has come down to us, except the translation of a French law book, undertaken when he was only five-and-twenty, and in conjunction with a Counsellor Caines, for a publisher in New York. We have an anecdote connected with it, which is probably worth more than the work itself. A Boston critic had said, at the time it appeared, that "the translator knew very little French, and still less English." "Seeing there were two of them," Mr. Irving remarked to his

employer, "he would divide the blame between them—he would plead guilty to an imperfect knowledge of French, while Caines could confess to an ignorance of English." This was something like Pitt's division of the wine and the headache.

The winter and spring of 1822 he passed at Dresden, in intercourse with the best society it contained. With one family—nobly connected, and whose tastes were akin to his own—he was so intimate, and so happy, that it seems scarcely possible he should have escaped heart-whole. He was also well and kindly received at court, and it was at a period when some of the younger branches of the Royal House of Saxony were pre-eminently distinguished for their cultivation of literature. His stay at Dresden was, in many ways, amongst his happiest recollections. Of the enjoyment he had in travelling he often speaks; and speaks eloquently. "With all my ailments and my lameness, I never," he says, "have enjoyed travelling more than through these lovely countries." [He was then on his way to Heidelberg, in 1822.]

I do not know whether it is the peculiar fineness of the season, or the general character of the climate, but I never was more sensible to the delicious effect of atmosphere; perhaps my very malady has made me more susceptible to influences of the kind. I feel a kind of intoxication of the heart, as I draw in the pure air of the mountains; and the clear transparent atmosphere, the steady, serene, golden sunshine, seems to enter into my very soul. There seem to be no caprices in this weather. Day succeeds day of glorious sunshine. The sun rises bright and clear, rolls all day through a deep blue sky, and sets at night without a cloud. There are no chills, no damps; no sulky mist to take one by surprise, or mar the enjoyment of the open air.

He enjoyed the Alhambra still more. Its associations, its tranquillity and repose, its connexion with the subjects upon which he was then employed, made it more congenial to his habits and disposition than any place he lived in while in Europe.

It is impossible (he writes to one of his friends) to contemplate this delicious abode and not feel an admiration of the genius and the poetical spirit of those who first devised this earthly paradise. There is an intoxication of heart and soul in looking over such scenery at this genial season. All nature is just teeming with new life, and putting on the first delicate verdure and bloom of spring. The almond-trees are in blossom, the fig-trees are beginning to sprout; everything is in the tender bud, the young leaf, or the half-open flower. The beauty of the season is but half developed, so that while there is enough to yield present delight, there is the flattering promise of still further enjoyment. Good Heavens! after passing two years amidst the sun-burnt wastes of Castile, to be let loose to rove at large over this fragrant and lovely land! what a fulness of pure and healthful pleasure gushes into the heart; and how do we look back with distaste upon the pale and artificial life of the city, and wonder how we could have condemned ourselves to its formal and frivolous routine.

He often dwells upon the time he passed at the Alhambra as "a kind of Oriental dream." He was enamoured of its traditions, and the seclusion that enabled him to study them undisturbed was itself a charm. As he looked from his lofty hermitage upon the plains below, the perfume of orange-flowers came wafted from the groves and gardens of the old Moorish palace which lay in front of his windows; and there was "nothing but the sound of water, the humming of bees, and the singing of nightingales, to interrupt the profound silence of his abode." It was

a luxury to wander in summer through its marble courts, or listen to the refreshing murmur of its fountains, or gaze at night upon a landscape made delicious by the brightness of the moon. He left it with deep regret; and its pleasant recollections became "a joy for ever."

But even here he was not altogether without society. The Duke de Gor, the most important person, in every way, in the neighbourhood of the Alhambra, obtained his cordial intimacy; gave him free access to his own curious library, and obtained for him the same unrestricted use of the old library of the Jesuits of the university; and he had also a visit, amongst others, from his friend Prince Dolgorouki, a young Russian diplomatist, who had made his acquaintance at Madrid, and was warmly and lastingly attached to him.

Before entering Spain he had requested Mr. Everett, the American minister at its court, to make him an attaché to the embassy. But this (as in many other instances amongst his countrymen) was merely for travelling purposes. On the election, however, of General Jackson to the presidency, when he had made Mr. McLane his minister at the court of St. James's, he was induced to honour literature by appointing Irving as Secretary of Legation. He did not hear of it with unalloyed pleasure. "So goes this mad world," he writes to an acquaintance; "honours and offices are taken from those who seek them and are fitted for them" (alluding to Mr. Everett having been superseded at Madrid), "and bestowed on those who have no relish for them." He accepted it because it seemed to be the wish of his friends, but "I only regret," he adds, "that I had not been left entirely alone, and to dream away life in my own way." "My only horror," he says, in writing to his brother Peter, "is the bustle and turmoil of the world—how shall I stand it after the delicious quiet and repose of the Alhambra?" He had already seen most that was desirable in London society, and its harassing life of hurry and excitement had become distasteful to him.

The appointment also interfered with his intended return to America. He had now been fourteen years in Europe, and his long absence from his native country had been made a reproach. By his anonymous tormentor it had often been painfully brought before him. The death of his mother, in 1817, had first lessened the attractions of home; but, at a later period, his pursuits had kept him from it, rather than his inclinations. He explains his position reasonably and feelingly in a letter to Brevoort in 1821, and in addressing him six years afterwards he adverts to it still more seriously. When assured by his friend that these attacks were the mere effusions of personal spleen and envy, "I confess to you," he replies, "though I would not confess it to the world, the idea that the kindness of my countrymen toward me was withering, caused me for a long time the most dreary depression of spirits, and disheartened me from making any literary exertions;"—and it is certain that he was never entirely freed from this painful apprehension till his cordial reception on going back to New York convinced him it was groundless.

Early in October, 1829, he arrived in London. While he had resided there at former periods some of his most valued friends had been Scott, and Moore, and Rogers, and some of his most intimate were his countrymen Leslie, Alston, and Newton. After the conflict that has been so fatal to her progress and civilisation, we may ask, in sadness, when will America

again produce such men as these? They have all left names that will be remembered, and it is interesting to trace their early efforts—as we trace them in many of these pages—and to see them cheering each other to exertion as they moved onward to their fame. Irving had already been received in other circles. He had been the welcome guest of Lord Spencer at Wimbledon, and of Mr. Hope at Deepdene. His present position as Secretary of Legation, and for a short time as *chargé d'affaires*, gave him access to royalty itself. No American minister was ever better received in England than Mr. McLane. He became a favourite with William IV. from the moment he discovered that, like himself, the minister had been a sailor. His secretary also was liked by the sovereign, and became intimate with the royal dukes, and we have some amusing anecdotes of the court of our sailor-king.* But the privileged writer never records a word that could pain or compromise any one.

It is not all his countrymen who have equally restrained themselves. Perhaps the greatest sinner in this respect was our once pleasant contributor, Mr. N. P. Willis. For a time he caused an outcry in the *coteries* that was deafening, and was assailed with a virulence of condemnation that nearly deprived him of the social advantages he had previously acquired. Few men, and assuredly few Americans, were ever so *repandu* in circles of society so immeasurably beyond those to which they originally belonged. He came amongst us under very advantageous circumstances. Travelling on the Continent as an attaché to one of the American embassies, he had formed some valuable acquaintance amongst our wandering aristocracy; his exterior was agreeable, his conversation amusing, if not remarkable for thought or information, and he rarely failed in making a favourable impression; but, as many will remember, from the moment his "Pencillings by the Way" appeared in print, he was as much abused as he had previously been run after and admired. Yet he was not the first or least pardonable offender of the kind. There had already been a signal instance of drawing aside the veil that is usually held sacred, in "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk;" and some of those who had themselves sinned in the same way, too readily joined in the outcry against Willis.

Irving remained amongst his friends in England long enough to have a parting interview with the noble being whom he regarded as "only second to Shakspeare," when Scott passed through London on his way to Italy in 1831. It was a sad meeting, and was their last.

On the 20th of September he retired from the legation; but he still prolonged his stay; paid his visit to Newstead Abbey; and, embarking from Havre, arrived in New York on the 21st of May, 1832.

"His reception was most cordial." He describes himself as overwhelmed with welcomes, as finding himself "continually in the midst of old associates, who, thank God, have borne the wear and tear of seventeen years surprisingly, and are all in good health, good looks, and good cir-

* When John Randolph, whose peculiarities of person and dress were as remarkable as his powers of oratory, attended the levee, in an awkward suit of black, with white stockings, "Irving," said the Duke of Sussex, with his thumb reversed over his right shoulder, and moving it significantly up and down, half suppressing a laugh at the same time, "who's your friend Hokey Pokey?"

circumstances;" and "this (he continues), with the increased beauty and multiplied conveniences and delights of the city, has rendered my return home wonderfully exciting. I have been in a tumult of enjoyment ever since my arrival; am pleased with everything and everybody, and as happy as mortal being can be."

Even the ordeal of a public dinner—which he always dreaded—was passed through pleasantly. The chair was filled by Chancellor Kent, the eminent jurist, who thirty years before had prophesied the early death of him whose health he now gave as "Our illustrious guest, thrice welcome to his native land." Irving made one of the longest speeches he ever accomplished. He alluded with much feeling to the reports maliciously conveyed to him of his having lost the good opinions of his countrymen, and he contrasted them with the affectionate reception he had met with: and in an assembly of nearly three hundred persons, amidst vehement and continued cheering, he is described by Newton (who was in New York at the time) to have "not only got on well, but with real eloquence."

At length we enter upon the *third* volume, which has appeared after repeated announcements and delays. Taken by itself it has somewhat disappointed us. It does not conclude the work as it was originally meant to do. There are still thirteen years to be recorded. All that relates to Irving himself is as interesting as ever; but there is too much of Spanish affairs, and of the friends with whom he was most intimate when at Dresden. It commences with part of 1832, when his renewed enjoyment of the scenery familiar in his youth was intense. Some of it—as the "veritable haunts of Rip van Winkle;" a story published twelve years previously—he saw for the first time. Of a tour through the western part of the State of New York, he says it "has thus far been through a continued succession of beautiful scenes; indeed the natural beauties of the United States strike me infinitely more than they did before my residence in Europe. . . . We are enjoying as pure and delightful breezes as I did at the Alhambra. The murmuring of the neighbouring falls lulls me to a delicious summer nap,* and in the morning and evening I have glorious bathing in the clear waters of the little river. In fact, I return to all the simple enjoyments of old times with the renovated feelings of a school-boy, and have had more hearty home-bred delights of the kind since my return to the United States than I have ever had in the same space of time in the whole course of my life."

It was then that he also determined to extend his travels "beyond the bounds of civilisation," into the far West; in company with one of the commissioners appointed by the American government to treat with the Indians. He relished this wild life exceedingly, with all its hardships and adventures. For weeks he was almost always on

* One of his peculiarities was a habit of dozing after dinner, even in society. We do not say so merely from Mr. Grattan's account, in "Beaten Paths," that "Irving, as usual with him at a dinner-party, fell asleep in his chair"—we find it recorded, in many passages in these volumes, and sometimes by himself. When an eminent writer upon political economy mentioned at table that he went to bed early and rose rather late, "I suppose," said one of those present, "you read or think in bed." "No, indeed," replied the philosopher, "I go to bed to sleep, and I get as much of it as I can." After these examples let no one be ashamed of sleep. From Sancho Panza to Coleridge we have its praises.

horseback, and his course was not entirely without "the dignity of danger." "We have encamped," he writes to his sister, "almost every night, except when we stopped at the missionary establishments scattered here and there in this vast wilderness. The weather has been beautiful. We have encountered but one rainy night and one thunderstorm. I have found sleeping in a tent a very sweet and healthy kind of repose, and have been in fine condition." . . . "I am completely launched in savage life, and am likely to continue in it for some weeks to come. I am exceedingly excited and interested by this wild country, and the wild scenes and people by which I am surrounded."

We are now (he writes to her later) on the borders of the Pawnee country, a region untraversed by white men, except by solitary trappers. We are leading a wild life, depending upon game, such as deer, elk, bear, for food; encamping on the borders of brooks, and sleeping in the open air under trees, with outposts stationed to guard us against any surprise by the Indians. We shall probably be three weeks longer on this tour. Two or three days bring us into the buffalo range, where we shall have grand sport hunting. We shall also be in the range of wild horses. I send this letter by a party of men who have to return to escort two or three sick men who have the measles and fevers. The rest of the camp is well, and our own party in high spirits. I was never in finer health or enjoyed myself more, and the idea of exploring a wild country of this magnificent character is very exciting.

To the impressions then made we are indebted for the "Tour on the Prairies," and for his effective use of the materials confided to him for "Astoria" and "The Adventures of Captain Bonneville." The "Alhambra" had appeared in America about three weeks after his return home in 1832. He had now chosen subjects more connected with his native land: desirous, perhaps, to show his countrymen that his sympathies and associations were not entirely European. "Astoria" came before him in a very business-like form. The wealthy citizen of New York, from whose name the title of the work was taken, had an accumulation of papers connected with his commercial enterprises in the Far West, which he was desirous of having put into an enduring form, and with his usual sagacity he addressed himself to the best writer his country had produced. Mr. Astor was one of the men—of whom the United States in their brighter days produced several—whose minds the accumulation of wealth expands instead of contracting. He provided liberally for the literary labour he was imposing: Mr. Irving's nephew, and present biographer, received three thousand dollars for arranging the multifarious documents; they were both of them the frequent guests of Mr. Astor at his delightful residence near New York—"that admirable place for literary composition"—and the profits of the work were to be the property of Irving himself. He received 500*l.* from Bentley for the English copyright, and about 900*l.* more in America for the right of publishing five thousand copies. He had previously published, through Murray (in 1835), the "Crayon Miscellany," including, besides his "Tour," the descriptions of "Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey," and "Legends of the Conquest of Spain." The times were unfavourable to the usual liberality of Albemarle-street. Yet from these and the continued sale of his former works he was receiving abundantly, had he known how to keep it. He entered into the land speculations that were the *manie*

of his countrymen on his return home; his money was often either lost or locked up; he almost dreaded being in want; and it was through the good management of his biographer that a few hundred dollars were occasionally recovered. "The income," he writes to a friend in 1843, "which I used to derive from farming out my writings has died away, and my moneyed investments yield scarce any interest. However," he adds—with the usual buoyancy of his genial nature—"thank God, my health, and with it my capacity for working, are returning. I shall soon again have pen in hand, and hope to get two or three good years of literary labour out of myself. Times are improving in America, and with them may improve the landed property which I hold." A year later he writes: "I have a letter from Pierre M. Irving, giving me a very satisfactory statement of my affairs, which he has managed with great judgment;" and soon afterwards, under the influence both of reviving health and spirits, "I am terribly afraid," he tells his niece, "my purse will get ahead of me under Pierre's accumulating management, and I shall grow rich and stingy. However, I'll have a 'hard try' for the contrary." Before we come to this we have other incidents to mention.

It was unfortunate that his means should have become cramped at the very moment when he had embarked in the rather costly amusement of building. While revisiting the scenery that was endeared to him by his earliest recollections, he had fixed upon a piece of ground near the well-remembered "Sleepy Hollow," as the place of his future residence. It was on the banks of the Hudson—as we need scarcely say—and became the pleasant home of "Sunnyside"—first called "Woolfert's Roost"—to which, for the remainder of his life, he was almost passionately attached. The purchase, consisting of about ten acres, was completed early in 1835.

It is a beautiful spot (he says, in a letter written at the time), capable of being made a little paradise. There is a small stone Dutch cottage on it built about a century since, and inhabited by one of the Van Tassels. I have had an architect up there, and shall build upon the old mansion this summer. My idea is to make a little nookery somewhat in the Dutch style, quaint but unpretending. It will be of stone. The cost will not be much. I do not intend to set up any establishment there, but to put some simple furniture in it, and keep it as a nest to which I can resort when in the mood.

It would have been very unlike him, however, if he had thought of himself alone. His brother Ebenezer and his girls were to make it their rural retreat; and when, "like all meddlings with stone and mortar," it had taken larger dimensions, he destined it to be the dwelling-place in old age both of himself and his brother Peter, for whose coming he anxiously wished and waited.

In 1821 he had lost his brother William, who had been a "father to them all," and, since his return to America, his brother John, who for twenty years had honourably filled the position of first judge of the Court of Common Pleas for the city and county of New York, had sunk prematurely under the weight of his duties; and three months later (only two years after he had rejoiced in welcoming the long-suffering invalid to his home) Peter also died. This was a "great bereavement."

Every day (he writes to his sister, Mrs. Van Wart), every hour, I feel how completely Peter and myself were intertwined together in the whole course of

our existence. Indeed, the very circumstance of our both having never married bound us more closely together. The rest of the family had married and had families of their own to engross or divide their sympathies, and to weaken the fraternal tie; but we stood in the original unimpaired relation to each other, and in proportion as others were weaned away by circumstances, we grew more and more together. I was not conscious how much this was the case while he was living, but now that he is gone, I feel how all-important he was to me. . . . Since our dear mother's death, I have had no one who could so patiently and tenderly bear with all my weaknesses and infirmities, and throw over every error the mantle of affection. I have been trying of late to resume my pen, and by engaging my mind in some intellectual task to keep it from brooding over these melancholy themes; but I find it almost impossible. My literary pursuits have been so often carried on by his side, and under his eye. I have been so accustomed to talk over every plan with him, and, as it were, to think aloud when in his presence, that I cannot open a book, or take up a paper, or recal a past vein of thought, without having him instantly before me, and finding myself completely overcome.

Sunnyside was now to become the constant home of his remaining brother "Ebenezer and his girls;" and how much they added to his own happiness may be seen in the affection with which he constantly speaks of them. They made the place he had chosen still more dear to him. "My return to the cottage," he says, after a brief absence, "was a return to peace and tranquillity of mind;" it was his "dear bright little home;" and when away—as he soon was doomed to be—for years, he was constantly longing to be back. His anxiety was to pass as much as possible of "the evening of his days" amongst his "relations and friends at sweet little Sunnyside." "It seems," he writes to one of them, "as if I did not half enough appreciate that home when I was there, and yet I certainly delighted in it. . . . I sometimes catch myself calculating the dwindling space of life that's left to me, and almost repining that so much of the best of it must be passed far away from all that I hold most dear and delightful." "I thought of you all at dear little Sunnyside on Christmas-day. Everything concerning [it] is interesting to me. My heart dwells in that blessed little spot, and I really believe that when I die I shall haunt it." And he looks to the happy time when he should hasten back to his cottage, "where I have but to walk in," he says, "hang up my hat, kiss my nieces, and take my seat in my elbow-chair for the remainder of my life."

He had fixed his heart upon it almost as early as Pitt had longed, when "bird-nesting in the woods of Holwood," to call the place his own.* In the "Sketch Book"—for which some of the American materials were doubtless gathered on his first sail up the Hudson in 1800, or when he explored "the recesses of Sleepy Hollow with his gun" in 1798—he describes the locality as "in the bosom of one of those spacious coves which indent the eastern shore . . . at that broad expansion of the river denominated by the ancient Dutch navigators the Tappaan Zee;" and he adds, "If ever I should wish for a retreat whither I might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remnant of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley." He found it so: and we have felt justified in dwelling so long upon a

* Lord Bathurst's account. Recollections of S. Rogers.

spot which, to men of letters, will hereafter become the object of a pilgrimage.

He had lived there not six years, when, with a unanimity that did honour to his countrymen in power, he was appointed United States ambassador to Spain. He had resisted previous attempts to induce him to enter into political life; and, gratifying as the present appointment must have been to his ambition, and as a proof of public estimation, it is doubtful whether he would have yielded to the wishes of his friends if the temptation had not presented itself at a time when the emoluments of office became an acceptable addition to his income.

The same demonstrations of attachment and respect that had been made on his return in 1832 would have been repeated on his departure for Madrid; but he had always shrunk from these public displays. In reply to a request that he would deliver an introductory address at the opening of the Boston Lyceum for the winter of 1837, "I have delayed," he writes, "replying earlier, in the hope that I might prevail upon myself to accept so very flattering and gratifying an invitation; but I regret to say that a shrinking repugnance to everything calculated to bring me personally before the public eye, has, by unwise indulgence, grown upon me to such a degree as to be, I fear, absolutely insurmountable." There is no gift, he adds, that he more envies and admires; but, not possessing it, he can only offer his grateful acknowledgments for the high proof which the requisitionists had given him of their esteem. A similar feeling induced him again to decline the honour intended for him, though as his excuse, in replying to the invitation, he now pleaded that preparations on the eve of departure for a post of untried responsibility left him neither leisure nor the frame of mind that was necessary to participate in the festivity proposed. He had made an exception, not long before, when asked to preside at the dinner given to Dickens; but he predicted that he should never get through it, and on proposing the toast of the evening, he reminded his friends near him, as he prematurely resumed his seat, "There! I told you I should break down, and I've done it." Yet what he said was loudly applauded. His voice was pleasant; all that he managed to remember was sure to be good; and the health of Dickens as "the guest of the nation," even from the lips of a much worse speaker, would have been vehemently cheered.

On his way to Spain he again visited England. This was in 1842, when we saw him for the *last* time. He was cordially welcomed by his old friends, and took up his abode in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey as the guest of the late Mr. James Bandinel of the Foreign-office: "A peculiar character, a capital scholar, a man variously and curiously informed, of great worth, kindness, and hospitality," as many who, like ourselves, have enjoyed his society, can also testify. "How strange," writes Irving to his sister, Mrs. Paris, "it seems to me that I should thus be nestled quietly in the very heart of this old pile that used to be so much the scene of my half-romantic, half-meditative haunts, during my scribbling days. It is like my sojourn in the halls of the Alhambra. Am I always to have my dreams turned into realities?" When he contrasted his position then, with his miserable days of mercantile life in Liverpool, he might rather have taken his realities for dreams. He was received with every consideration at the English court. On the incidents of his

life at that time we have no longer space to dwell ; but from his account of his attendance at the levee we are tempted to give his description of our Queen. "She is certainly," he says, "quite low in stature, but well formed and well rounded. Her countenance, though not decidedly handsome, is agreeable and intelligent. Her eyes light blue, with light eyelashes ; and her mouth generally a little open, so that you can see her teeth. She acquits herself in her receptions with great grace, and even with dignity." In after times, when portraits are appealed to with doubtful and conflicting results, this passage will be received as matter of authentic history. He also describes the Queen's grand fancy ball, which was given in the same season, as "in splendour and picturesque effect" beyond "any courtly assemblage he had ever witnessed or could imagine."

His residence at Madrid was during the troubled and uncertain times when the ministry of Epartero was overthrown by Narvaex—himself to be in his turn overthrown—and while the queen was yet a minor. He brings its events very clearly before us. No letters he ever wrote are more interesting than those describing the court at Barcelona ; or the one which he addressed from Madrid to his friend Prince Dolgorouki, who like himself had risen in diplomatic rank, and was then the Russian minister at Naples.

He had twice been obliged to quit his post, for a time, and to visit Paris on account of his health. The annoying malady, from which he had suffered years before, had again tormented him, and it seemed to be aggravated by mental application or excitement. He gladly, therefore, heard that the resignation he had sent in had been accepted. After waiting some time for the arrival of his successor—a gentleman rejoicing in the truly American name of "Mr. Romulus M. Saunders"—he presented his letters of recal, had a very gratifying audience of leave, and on the 18th of September, 1846, he once more landed in America, and hastened to Sunnyside. "The impatient longing of his heart was gratified, and he found himself restored to his home for the thirteen years of happy life still remaining to him."

Here his biographer abruptly leaves him. From the getting up of this portion of the volume, and from the unexplained delay in its publication, we are induced to suppose that Mr. Pierre M. Irving, like many others, must have been with the Army. The remaining eighty pages, as we have already intimated, consist of memoranda by the family with whom Irving was most intimate at Dresden. We must confess that they are not much to our taste. Some of them have a certain interest ; but we cannot think it well that the object of an unrequited affection should herself—even vicariously—put it upon record for publication.*

It is scarcely probable that the concluding volume will furnish matter for another notice. The events of his life which remain to be related

* At the close of these appended memoirs, Mrs. Fuller quotes some verses which she says were written by Mr. Irving in her "scrap-book, when he was in London in 1842;" though he declared that it was "impossible to be in a less writing mood." No one will believe that Irving would have given the verses of another as his own ; but the lines quoted by Mrs. Fuller form one of the graceful sonnets of Sir Egerton Brydges. They were translated into Latin by Archdeacon Wrangham, some years before the time referred to.

must necessarily be few. He had still, however, important work in hand. With the generous impulse of his nature, and under representations that were somewhat overcharged, he had relinquished his "History of the Conquest of Mexico" to Mr. Prescott, who had already gained a name "on both sides of the Atlantic by his 'History of Ferdinand and Isabella.' " There is no doubt that he afterwards regretted having done so, and was conscious that there were few subjects he could himself have more successfully treated;* but he was the last man who would have wished to recal an act of kindly feeling, even had it been possible. He adopted, in place of the "Mexico," a "Life of Washington;" his last extensive work, and the principal occupation of his remaining years. The subject had suggested itself in 1829. It was commenced in 1841.

We could make endless extracts from the pages before us; but the work itself is easily accessible. We will therefore content ourselves with merely referring to such passages—and they are many—as his meeting with Rogers in Paris (p. 251); the anecdote of Lord Aberdeen (ib.); his vivid sketches of scenery; his description of the Herrnhuters (397-8); or the account of his own feelings (307-9). "This," he says, in one part of it, "is my sixty-second birthday. I recollect the time when I did not wish to live to such an age, thinking it must be attended with infirmity, apathy of feeling, peevishness of temper, and all the other ills which conspire to 'render age unlovely;' yet here my sixty-second birthday finds me in fine health, in the full enjoyment of all my faculties, with my sensibilities still fresh, and in such buxom activity that on my return home yesterday from the Prado, I caught myself bounding up-stairs three steps at a time, to the astonishment of the porter, and checked myself, recollecting that it was not the pace befitting a Minister, and a man of my years. If I could only retain such health and good spirits, I should be content to live on to the age of Methuselah."

When he touches—which is rarely—upon the less pleasant subject of politics, he does not express any very great admiration of the practical working of democracy in America. "You are right," he says, in one of his letters to his brother Peter, "in your conjectures that I keep myself aloof from politics. The more I see of political life here, the more I am disgusted with it. There is such coarseness, and vulgarity, and dirty trick mingled with the rough and tumble contest, [that] I want no part or parcel in such warfare." It is also curious to see him almost unconsciously recording the preparations of the Southern States for secession as far back as *thirty* years since, when he was passing through them as part of a tour. The future was so clearly foreshadowed, that on his friend the Governor of South Carolina giving him a "warm invitation to 'come soon,' and see him again," "Oh, yes," was the playful but suggestive reply, "I'll come with *the first troops*;" and "I confess," he says, writing from Washington, on his way home, "I see so many elements of sectional prejudice, hostility, and selfishness stirring and increasing in activity and acrimony . . . that I begin to doubt strongly of the long existence of the general Union." We should be glad if the *end* of the contest could be as plainly seen.

His personal character has, we believe, been truly drawn by the friends with whom he passed so much of his time when at Dresden.

* See the *Life*, &c., vol. iii. pp. 103-113.

Mrs. Fuller describes him—in the style she loves—as “thoroughly a gentleman, not merely externally in manners and look, but to the innermost fibres and core of his heart. Sweet-tempered, gentle, fastidious, sensitive, and gifted with the warmest affections, the most delightful and invariably interesting companion, gay and full of humour, even in spite of occasional fits of melancholy, which he was, however, seldom subject to when with those he liked—a gift of conversation that flowed like a full river in sunshine, bright, easy, and abundant.”* At a later period, when in London, “he was still (she says) the same: time changed him very little. His conversation was as interesting as ever; his dark grey eyes still full of varying feeling; his smile half playful, half melancholy, but ever kind. All that was mean, or envious, or harsh, he seemed to turn from so completely, that, when with him, it seemed that such things were not. Nature in her sweetest or grandest moods pervaded his whole imagination, and left no place for low or evil thoughts; and when in good spirits, his humour, his droll descriptions, and his fun, would make the gravest or the saddest laugh.”†

He showed a noble trait of feeling in his conduct towards Moses Thomas, an American publisher. Irving had been liberally treated by him when his own prospects were overclouded. Thomas was now suffering from reverses, and Irving was making arrangements for the American edition of his “Sketch Book.” “*I wish expressly*” (he writes to his brother) “*Moses Thomas to have the preference over every other publisher.* I impress this upon you, and beg you to attend to it as earnestly as if I had written three sheets full on the subject. Whatever may have been his embarrassments and consequent want of punctuality, he is one who showed a disposition to serve me, and who did serve me in the time of my necessity, and I should despise myself could I for a moment forget it. Let him have the work on better terms than other publishers, and do not be deterred by the risk of loss.”

The writer of such a letter may fairly be numbered among those who, happily for themselves, have qualities that make us think better of human nature.

It is with some reluctance that we quit the subject. With a few exceptions, we feel indebted to his biographer for what he has already done; and we shall be glad if he can find similar materials for another volume.

* Vol. ii. p. 102. Mrs. Fuller was the Emily Foster of his supposed attachment.

† Vol. iii.

STRATHMORE;

OR, WROUGHT BY HIS OWN HAND.

A LIFE ROMANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GRANVILLE DE VIGNE," &c.

PART THE THIRD.

I.

THE KISMET THAT WAS WRITTEN ON A MILLEFLEURS-SCENTED NOTE.

"Meurice's, Paris.

"MY DEAR ERROLL,—To keep faith with you, I must tell you that I have seen Lady Vavasour! Rather, to speak more properly, have heard her, for she was masked, and I saw nothing except, what I freely confess to be, as lovely a mouth and chin as the devil ever gave his special aides-de-camp, the daughters of Eve, for a weapon of laughter and a tool of perdition. I met her at Madame de Luilhier's bal masqué, and she has her full share of Eve's curiosity; for though, to my certain knowledge, I have never seen her before, nor she me, she informed me of everything about myself, and a little more besides! She repeated one of the old White Ladies chronicles—where the deuce could she get hold of it?—and was up to some diplomatic tricks, whose juggling we all thought had been done strictly *in petto*. I suppose the Nazarenes, who lie in the lap of the titled Dalilah, let her coax their secrets out of them. The ass that Samson in all ages ought to smite is Himself! You will think her divine, I dare say; fascinating I can very well believe that she is, by the wiles she tried upon me to-night; and she's gifted with the sex's true genius for tantalising. I like nothing I have heard of her, and I should say it is particularly lucky the Marquis is of elastic conjugal principles! I never remember seeing him, do you? I don't envy him his wife, though I admit she is half a sorceress, and has a very pretty mouth; but it is a mouth that would whisper too many infidelities to please me, were I *he*! What the deuce are you doing with yourself? Carlton tells me you said 'you were going out of town—*c'était tout*.' Out of town in June! You surely are not turning pastoral, and getting *entêté* of provinciality? The Beau Sabreur a Strephon! What a vision! I dare say a woman's at the bottom of it; but Aspasia was always your game, not Phillis, except, indeed, with that mysterious White Ladies inamorata, whom you wouldn't be chaffed about. But it can't be she, because *that* love's twelve months' old now to my knowledge, and must have been rococo long ago. I will pique Lady Millicent till she badgers you out of your secret. Good night, old fellow. I shall be heartily glad to see you again. When will it be? Can't you run over here? I expect I shall get the French Derby, though Lawton's confounded love of a close finish lost me the English one. The betting's quite steady here on Maréchale, always five to one. I shall start him for the St. Leger, and send him over to Maldon to train through August and September. Nesselrode's a good second. They don't offer freely at all on Tambour, and I half think

he'll be scratched. The Abbey's at your service, of course, as it always is, to fill as you like for the First. You will oblige me very much by keeping the old place open, and knocking over the birds, whether I come or not.

"Yours as ever,

"CECIL STRATHMORE."

Strathmore, having written those last words as the morning sun streamed in through the persiennes of his bedchamber, addressed his letter to Major Erroll, 19A, Albermarle-street, London (where that debt-laden Sabreur had a suite of rooms, dainty and luxurious enough to domicile Lady Millicent), and lying back in his chair, put his Manilla between his lips, stirred the chocolate Diaz had placed at his elbow, and sat thinking, while the smooth Albanian moved noiselessly about, laying out the clothes that might be needed through the day, polishing an eye-glass, rubbing up a diamond, refilling a bouquet-bottle, or performing some other office of valetdom. Carelessly and cavalierly as he had dismissed the domino blanc in the letter he had just been writing, the tantalising mystery of the night before was not so easily to be dismissed from his memory. Lady Vavasour! For once Strathmore's keen penetration and diplomatist acumen were baffled and at fault; he could fathom neither the means nor the motive of the dazzling Peeress's interest in, and attack upon him. How could a woman, whom he had perpetually missed, and never met during the five years that she had sparkled through society, know him, as he would have taken his oath his oldest friend could not do, and photograph his character with a realistic accuracy that he himself, limning it from analysis, could barely have attained?

The belle Marquise lying back in her fauteuil, gazing dreamily and nonchalantly at herself in the mirror, with her shining hair falling over her arm, and a smile of superb consciousness on her rich curling lips, might have exercised a mesmeric power of will the night before, so persistently had she haunted him from the time that he saw the last flutter of the snowy folds of her domino. Is there any electro-biology so potent as beauty? A vague prejudice had associated Lady Vavasour in his eyes with a dangerous and disagreeable aroma; he had mistrusted, without knowing her, this woman who fooled fools at her will; she had been a *mésalliance*, and he abhorred *mésalliances*; she was a Creole, and he detested Creoles; she was a coquette, and he was always impatient of coquettes. If Strathmore had ever wasted his hours in imagining an ideal mistress (which he most assuredly never did), his ideal would have, probably, clothed itself in some form, pure, stainless, lofty, of a soilless honour, and a grave and glorious grace, such as Hypatia, when the sunlight of Hellas fell on her white Ionic robes, and her proud eyes glanced over the assembled multitudes. This malicious mask, this tantalising clairvoyante, was certainly of an order its direct antipodes! But despite all that, perhaps because of it, Lady Vavasour, seen yet unseen, unknown yet knowing so much, haunted him, piqued him, usurped his thoughts; and when a woman does that, what use is it for any man to send her to the deuce, to consign her to the devil? Heaven knows, not one whit! Anathema Maranatha only incenses the sorceress, and the more she is exorcised the more she persists.

To dismiss her troublesome memory, he took up one out of a pile of letters Diaz had placed on a salver beside him. It was a delicate cream-coloured Millefleurs-scented billet, fragrant with the odour of the boudoir, breathing of a buhl writing-case, and a gemmed penholder, and white jewelled fingers ; it was only a note of invitation, pressingly worded, and signed Blanche de Ruelle-Courances, asking him to join the party gathered at her château of Vernonceaux, now that Paris was growing empty and detestable, and the country and the vine-shadows à la mode. The Comtesse de Ruelle was a charming leader of his own set, English by birth and tint, Parisienne by marriage and habit ; there was no more agreeable place in Europe to visit at than Vernonceaux, and she always had about her as amusing and as *chic* a circle as the fashion of the two nations afforded. He read the note ; not inclined to accept the invitation, but intending to go across the Kohl, in common with most other European dips and décorés, to the pet Bad of ministers and martingales, congresses and *coups de bonheur*, Chevaliers of the order of honour and Congresses of the order of industry, king-like Greeks and Greek-like kings. His weighing of the merits of Baden v. Vernonceaux, and fifty other places open to him, was interrupted by Diaz approaching him from the ante-room :

" M. le Comte de Valdor demande si milord est visible ? "

Strathmore looked up, setting down his chocolate :

" To him—oh yes ! Show M. le Comte up here, if he have no objection. "

The Albanian withdrew (Diaz was soft, sleek, noiseless as a panther, and obeyed implicitly—four inestimable qualities in a valet, a wife, or a spy !), and, in a few minutes, ushered Valdor in ; a very young man, not more than four or five-and-twenty, slight, graceful, animated, delicately made, the beau-ideal, as he was the descendant, of those who turned back their scented ruffles, and shook the powder from their perfumed locks, as they went out with a mot on their lips to the fatal *charette* while the tocsin sounded.

" Valdor, très cher, forgive my receiving you *en négligé*, " laughed Strathmore. " We don't stand on ceremony with one another. I'm later than usual, and you are earlier. It isn't twelve, is it ? "

Valdor looked at his little jewelled watch, the size of a fifty-centième, and answered a trifle *à tort et à travers* as he sank into a dormeuse, and played with *Galignani*.

" If you come out at noon like this, Valdor, you'll soon lose your reputation ; you'll tan your skin, disenchant your lady worshippers, and sink among the ordinary herd, who are deep in business before we've had our coffee, and trade in their coupons before we've thought of our valets, " laughed Strathmore, noticing his unusual absence of manner, for Valdor was generally the most insouciant of *blondins*, and boasted that he never reflected but on two subjects—the fit of his gloves, and the temperature of his eau-de-Cologne bath.

Valdor laughed too, and stroked his moustaches with a hand as small and as delicate as that which the White Domino could boast.

" It is horribly early ; friends are great bores in the morning ; nobody's mot's good till the luncheon wine has washed it ; indeed, I don't

think a decent thing's ever said before dinner. I'm sure Horace himself was prosy before he had sat down to the *cæna*; wit must have starved of famine on a date! I owe you fifty excuses, Strathmore, for intruding so soon, but—I wanted to see you alone."

"I'm most happy to see you, my dear fellow. If you are going to be unamusing, it's the prerogative of friendship to prose, as of marriage to bore one you know; every virtuous thing is dull; a preacher and a prig from time immemorial!" said Strathmore, *feuilletonnant* the dainty paper of the Millefleurs-scented note. "What's the matter, Valdor—anything? Are you ruining yourself for Viola Vé, like Caderousse? Has Nesselrode gone lame? Has some *brave du roture* been copying your liveries, or has some ugly Serene Princess fallen in love with you, and left you vacillating between the horrors and the honours of the *liaison*? What is it, eh?"

"Only this—once for all, I'm ashamed to say I must keep in your debt a little longer——"

"That all!" cried Strathmore, stopping him before he could finish the sentence. "My dear fellow! never trouble your head about such a trifle; I had forgotten it, I assure you; oblige me by doing the same."

Valdor shook his head, the colour in his face deepening, as he tossed the *Galignani* with the nervous gesture of a man embarrassed and mortified:

"I can't forget so easily; I would not if I could. You are too generous, Strathmore; you lend to men who have nothing. I never dreamt I should be unable to pay you; I made sure that by this time—but Lascases refuses to renew my bill; I cannot get money anywhere just yet, and——"

Strathmore stopped him with a gesture, and stretched out his hand; he liked young Valdor, and his own wealth, as I have said, he held in superb disdain, save in so far as it conduced to Power. He gave freely and royally; evil there might be in his nature, but not a touch of meanness; at that time he would have succoured his darkest foe from his purse; the virtues, as the errors of this man, were all naturally in extreme; petty things were not alone beneath him, but impossible to him.

"You would get into Lascases's debt to get out of mine? For shame! Trust your friend rather than that beggarly Jew, surely! You will repay it when you can, that I am certain of; meantime, give me your honour you will never renew the subject unless I do. It was a trifling affair, and you were most welcome to it!"

As he spoke, the generous smile, which gave much of sweetness to his face, came on it, softening what was dark, relaxing what was cold; and Valdor, as his hand closed on Strathmore's, saw all that was best, all that was most attractive, in a nature that was an enigma in much even to itself. He spoke a few hurried words of thanks; he, a *bel esprit* of the salons and the circles, was now at a loss for speech—now that he *felt*; and Strathmore stopped him once more.

"Not a syllable more about it! If ever the time come that I have to ask *you* to do anything, I know you will do it for me—*c'est assez*. Are you going to Vernonçaux this year, Valdor?"

He spoke carelessly, laughingly, to cover whatever embarrassment the

other might feel in accepting his generosity; he little foresaw what the service would be that he would call on his debtor to render him.

"You are? Well! there isn't a more charming *châtelaine* than Blanche anywhere. She invites me, but I shall go to Baden after the race-week," went on Strathmore, brushing a fly off the rose Cashmere sleeve of his dressing-gown. "I shall meet Arrelío there, and you get a man's meaning out of him in chit-chat as you never do in a conference. If congresses were held *en petit comité*, with a supper worthy Carême, they might come to something, instead of ending, as they always do now, in cobwebs and in moonshine. Why do the English always get cheated and fooled in a European congress, I wonder? Not because they *can't* lie, it is the national *métier*. Because they lie too much and too barefacedly, I think; and no *gobemouche* is ever tricked into even suspecting them of—the truth! A wise man never lies; I don't mean because he's moral, but because he's judicious: 'On peut être plus fin qu'un autre, mais pas plus fin que tous les autres.' Somebody always finds out a falsehood, and, once found out, your credit's gone! I say, Valdor, do you know my compatriote, Lady Vavasour?"

"Lady Vavasour? Bon Dieu! I think I do! What a cold-blooded question to ask anybody in that indifferent way! Who doesn't know her, rather?"

"I don't. What sort of woman is she?"

"Peste, mon cher, you ask a folio. I couldn't tell you. She is divine——!"

"Divine? Well! 'a woman is a dish for the gods if the devil dress her not,' Shakspeare says; but I think the devil generally has the dressing, and serves up sauce with it so very piquante that it's all but poison; it's a dish like mushrooms, dainty but dangerous; with the beau sexe as with the fungi, it's fifty to ten one lights on a false one, and pays penalty for one's appetite! Is she a malicious woman, your divinity?"

"Malicious? No! Malice is for *passées* women, pinched, sallow, and hungrily jealous; for dowagers who nod their wigs over whist and their neighbour's character; for *vieilles filles* who vacillate between sacraments and scandals! Malice is a vinegar thing that belongs to a 'certain age!'—it has nothing to do with her. She's a little tantalising, if you like——"

"Distinction without a difference! I thought she was! And a coquette?"

"To the last extent!"

Strathmore laughed:

"To the *last*! I dare say!—when women once pass the boundary line they generally clear the ramparts. I suppose the Marquis gives the latitude he takes—just, at any rate. We're not often so on those points; we take an ell, but we don't give an inch. That's the beauty of vesting our honour in our wives; it's so much easier to forbid and dragonise another than ourselves! What a droll thing, by the way, it is, that an English-woman piques herself on being *THOUGHT* faithful to her husband, and a Frenchwoman on being thought *unfaithful*; their theory's different, but their practice comes to much the same thing!"

"They're like schismatics in the Churches, they split in semblance and on a straw's point, but, *sous les cartes*, agree to persecute and agree to

dupe! As for Lord Vavasour, he's a detestable gourmand, invents sauces, bores you horribly, and has but one virtue—a great conjugal one!—he never interferes with his wife! He's a semi-sovereign with a lot of parasites, a mauvais sujet with a *ton-de garrison*, and just brains enough to be vicious without enough to be entertaining."

"A very general case, my dear fellow! Vice is very common, and wit is very scarce; fifty men make mischief to one that makes mots. We can fill our cells with convicts, but not our clubs with *causeurs*. I wonder governments don't tax good talk; it's quite a luxury, and they might add *de luxe*, since so many go without it all their lives, in blessed ignorance of even what it is! Where does your belle Marquise go this year? I suppose you know all her movements? She must be leaving now."

"Peste! don't you know? I thought you were asked to Vernon-ceaux?"

"Well! if I be, what has that——"

"To do with it? She is going there too. She leaves Paris to-day."

"There?" The word had a dash of eagerness in it, different to the uninterested, careless tone with which Strathmore had asked all his other questions.

"Yes. She and Madame de Ruelle are sworn allies; they are constantly together. Go there and you'll see her. Do, Strathmore; parole d'honneur she is worth the trouble. She is exquisite, and for you, you icicle, she can't be dangerous."

"Dangerous!" said Strathmore, with his most contemptuous sneer. "Thank God, no woman was ever yet dangerous to me; a man must be a fool indeed who is snared by the ready-made wiles of a coquette."

"Antony was no fool."

"No, but he was a madman, and that comes to the same thing; besides, Antony must have had very extraordinary tastes altogether, to be in love with a woman forty years old, and as brown as a berry."

"Yes," said Valdor, pathetically, "I do wish, for his credit, Cleopatra had been half her years, and a shade or two fairer. Actium would have been very poetic then."

"Poetic? Pitiably, if you like, as it is now. I say, Valdor—to go to a better theme—those steel-greys of Lee Vivian's went for nothing at the sale yesterday; they were splendid animals, and the pigeon-blue Arab mare was knocked down for five thousand francs! The wines will be worth bidding for, too; he had some of the best comet-hock in Paris. Poor fellow! one drinks his wines at his table one month, and discusses them in a catalogue the next. *Ans longa, vita brevis!*—one's connoisseurship survives one's friendship; Orestes must die, and Iolaüs must dine! Damon must go to the dogs, and Pythias must season his dishes! Because our brother's in the Cemetery, that's no reason why we should neglect our Cayenne!"

With which remark upon friendship, which was with him as much serious as satirical (since Strathmore was an egotist by principle and profession, habit and nature, and had never had any death touch him as he had never had any life wound round him), he began to discuss the news of the day with his guest, and it was not till Valdor had left that he

took up the letter from Vernonçaux again, and drew a sheet of paper to him to answer it now,—by an acceptance!

In the little Millefleurs-scented billet lay, unknown to its writer as to him, the turning-point of his life! God help us! what avail are experience, prescience, prudence, wisdom, in this world, when at every chance step the silliest trifle, the most common-place meeting, an invitation to dinner, a turn down the wrong street, the dropping of a glove, the delay of a train, the introduction to an unnoticed stranger, will fling down every precaution, and build a fate for us of which we never dream? Of what avail for us to erect our sand-castle when every chance blast of air may blow it into nothing, and drift another into form that we have no power to move? Life hinges upon hazard, and at every turn wisdom is mocked by it, and energy swept aside by it, as the battled dykes are worn away, and the granite walls beaten down by the fickle ocean waves, which, never two hours together alike, never two instants without restless motion, are yet as changeless as they are capricious, as omnipotent as they are fickle, as cruel as they are countless! Men and mariners may build their bulwarks, but hazard and the sea will overthrow and wear away both alike at their will—their wild and unreined will, which no foresight can foresee, no strength can bridle.

Was it not the mere choice between the saddle and the barouche that day when Ferdinand d'Orléans flung down on second thoughts his riding-whip upon the console at the Tuileries, and ordered his carriage instead of his horse, that cost himself his life, his son a throne, the Bourbon blood their royalty, and France for long years her progress and her peace? Had he taken up the whip instead of laying it aside, he might be living to-day with the sceptre in his hand, and the Bee, crushed beneath his foot, powerless to sting to the core of the Lily! Of all strange things in human life, there is none stranger than the dominance of Chance.

II.

THE WARNING OF THE SCARLET CAMELLIAS.

WHERE the grey pointed towers of the Château of Vernonçaux rose above the woods among the vine-shadows of Lorraine, the air seemed still perfumed with the amber, still echoing with the madrigals of Gentil-Bernard, still rustling with the sweep of robes à la Pompadour, still filled with the mots of *abbés galants*, and the laughter of pretty pagans of a century ago. For Vernonçaux was near to Lunéville—the Lunéville of Stanislas, of Voltaire, of la belle Boufflers, the *replica* of Versailles, the pleasant exile of forbidden wit, the Lunéville of a myriad memories!

Vernonçaux stood as secluded in its forests as the castle of the Sleeping Beauty—so tranquil and so shaded, that the gay sinners of Lunéville might have been chained there in enchanted slumber, like the Moorish court under the marble pavements of the Alhambra; but if, without, there was a sylvan solitude, broken but by the song of the vintagers or the creak of the oxen-drawn waggon; within, when the Comtesse de Ruelle went there for the summer months with a choice selection from her ultra-exclusive Paris set, there were as much luxury,

wit, and refined revelry as ever the Marquise de Boufflers, a hundred years before, had presided over at the little palace of Lunéville.

No sound broke the silence, save the ring of his horse's feet, as Strathmore drove the mail-phaeton that had been sent to meet him through the park to Vernonceaux, on his way to the visit for which he had abandoned Baden. There was not a thing in sight save the rich country beyond and the dense forest-growth about him, until, as a break in the wood brought into view the grey façade of the building, a riding party rode into the court-yard by opposite gates to those by which he would enter, looking like some court cavalcade of Watteau, some hunting group of Wouverman's, and breaking suddenly in with life, and colouring, and motion on the solitude of the landscape, as they were thrown out in strong relief against the ivy-hung walls of the château. "I'm in time for dinner," he thought, noticing how well one of the women rode who was teasing her horse with sharp strokes of her whip, and making him rear and swerve, before she sprang from the saddle: the distance was too far for him to make out who she was, and, as he dropped his eye-glass, he wished for a lorgnon.

The saddle-horses were being led off by their grooms, and the first dressing-bell had just rung, when he drove into the court-yard. At the moment of his arrival all the world was dressing, and Strathmore, as he went straight to his room, passing along the *Galerie des Dames*, consecrated from time immemorial to the repose of the beau sexe, heard a handsome *brune* coming out of one of the dressing-rooms say to another lady's-maid, apparently her sub-lieutenant in office, "*Va vite chercher les camellias roses, dans les serres chaudes. Madame désire des fleurs naturelles, c'est sa whim comme disent les Anglais. Ah ma foi!—qu'elle a des caprices, Miladi Vavasour!*"

This name was the first that he heard at Vernonceaux! As he heard it, Strathmore, the last man in the world who was ever troubled by regrets or haunted by forebodings, who ever descended to the weakness of vacillation, or paid himself so ill a compliment as to imagine any step he took, however great, however trivial, could by any possibility be *unwisely* taken, wished for the moment, on an impulse he could not have explained, that he had gone to Baden instead, and left the Mask unmasked, the White Domino unknown. It was the first time a woman had ever influenced him, and he resented the influence. His prejudice against Lady Vavasour came back in full force as he heard her maid order the fresh scarlet camellias! The flowers were harmless, surely, and yet (perhaps it was association with *La Dame aux Camellias*!) with them she reassumed a dangerous aspect, as of a sorceress unscrupulous in her spells, a coquette merciless in her wiles, a woman who lived upon vanity and adored but herself, a creature like the Japan lilac, lovely to look on, but to those who lingered near, who touched o. who played with her, certain destruction! By what force of argument he could not have told—trifles play the deuce with us, oddly sometimes, but by some irrepressible instinct, all his old dislike and mistrust of Lady Vavasour came back with that innocent and luckless hot-house order!

"Who are here, Diaz—do you know?" he asked the Albanian, as he dressed after his bath and a cup of coffee.

The inimitable *modus operandi* of that priceless person had mastered the whole visiting-list of Vernonceaux, though he had had, on the whole, but about three minutes to himself for the process.

"Marquis and Marchioness of Vavasour, please your lordship," began Diaz.

"A stupid pigeon and a clever snarer!" thought Strathmore, as he held out his wrist to have his sleeve-links fastened.

"Lady George Dashwood and her sister——"

"Pretty precisians, naughty as Messalina, who go to church, like Marguerite, to meditate on Faust!" reflected Strathmore.

"My Lord Viscount Blocquedde and M. de Croquis."

"One a fool, who writes slangy, burlesqued travels, that sell because hundreds in coronetted carriages drive up to his publisher's doors to get a copy in public and enjoy a laugh in private; and the other, a magnificent fellow, who'd have been fit company for Scipio at Linternum, but who can't send a sheet of copy to press without a 'caution' and a chance of Cayenne," thought Strathmore, perfuming his beard.

"Lady Fitzeden, my lord," pursued Diaz.

"Who gives ball-vouchers for other people's 'unimpeachability,' but couldn't on oath give one for her own!" reflected his master.

"Monsignore Villafôr and M. l'Abbé de Verdreuil."

"A brace of priests, who have intrigues and absolutions in their hands, make penitents and shrieve them, hide the *roué* under the *rochet*, and Cupid in the confessional. I know the race," thought Strathmore.

"M. le Vicomte de Clermont, Lord Arthur Legard, Colonel Dormer, and M. de la Rennecourt," pursued Diaz, in profound ignorance of his master's mental commentary.

"Very good fellows all of them; dress better than they talk, shoot with truer aim than they think, bore one rather at everything but billiards, and bestow more on their hair than on the brains underneath it, *comme il faut* but common-place," said Strathmore to himself, with the contempt of a clever man for men who are only educated, of an ambitious man for men who are only *à la mode*, of a man who but makes society his stepping-stone for men who never see or soar beyond it.

"Madame de Saint-Claire, H.S.H. Hélène of Mechlin, and Lord and Lady Beaudesert, are here too, my lord," added the Albanian, closing the list. "I think that is all—all I have heard of at present, at least."

"A *bas-bleu* as mathematical and material as Madame du Châtelet, a babyish blonde with a mushroom royalty and a nursery lisp; a dashing brunette who smokes cigarettes and has led the Pytchley. Well, there will be change, at any rate. Blanche hasn't sorted her guests as she sorts her embroidery silks, in shades that suit; however, good contrasts are effective sometimes. There's nobody I don't know, except the priests and the Vavasours. That's a bore; new acquaintances are much pleasanter than familiar ones; the varnish is fresh, and the gilding is bright, and the polish is smooth, and you only just touch the surface with friends an hour old. Nothing wears so badly, and stands the microscope so ill as Humanity. I suppose because we are all sham to one another, and *les hommes se haïssent naturellement*; so the electro comes off, and the hatred comes out, when we've been some time together,"

thought Strathmore, as he left his room to go to the drawing-rooms. No one was yet down when he was ushered into the salons, and he threw himself down on a dormeuse with his back to a window opening on the terrace, playing idly with the snowy curls of a little lion-dog, who, recognising him, leapt on his knee, shaking its silver bells in a joyous welcome. Strathmore did not care about animals—in truth, I don't think he cared much about anything except—himself! Not that he was an egotist in any petty sense of the word; he would have shrouded no man's light, profited at no man's cost, taken no man's right, but he was self-sustained and self-absorbed; keen personal ambitions were dominant in him, pure personal interests alone occupied him, and the instincts and weaknesses—kindlier if you like, but more general and less viril of most men—had no part in him. He was kind to a dog, for instance, because it was helpless, and he would have disdained to be otherwise; but to care for a dog's fidelity, to regret a dog's death as he had known Erroll do, were utterly incomprehensible to him.

He sat there some few moments listlessly twisting the ear of the Maltese, while the clock on the console near gently ticked away the time, and pointed to a quarter to nine; he did not hear a step approach towards the back of his chair from the terrace behind, he did not turn and see a figure that stood just within the window betwixt him and the faint evening light.

"Bon jour, Lord Cecil! Are you meditating on the Gitana prophecy, or on the Domino Blanc—which? Or is the Voltura affair absorbing you, pray, to the utter exclusion of both?"

That light, *méchante* voice that had mocked him from the mask struck on his ear like the gay, sudden chime of some silvery bell, and for once in his life Strathmore started! As he rose and swung round; the night under the Czeschen limes came back swiftly and vividly to his memory;—how had that voice failed to recal it before?

With the scarlet coronal of flowers on her lovely amber hair, and the light of a sunny laughter beaming in her eyes; framed between the gossamer lace and brodered azure silk of the curtain draperies; a form bright and brilliant and richly coloured as any picture of Watteau's, thrown out against the purple haze of the air, and the dark shadows of evening that were veiling the landscape beyond; there stood the blonde aux yeux noirs of the Vigil of St. John, the White Domino of the fête à la Régence—Marion Marchioness of Vavasour! Strangely enough, he had never even by a random thought connected the two as one. Involuntarily, unwittingly, he stood a moment dazzled and surprised, looking at the delicate and glittering picture that was before him, painted in all its dainty colouring on the sombre canvas of the night; and she laughed softly to herself,—for one brief instant she had startled him from his self-possession. She guessed rightly, that no woman before her had ever boasted so much.

Then Strathmore bent to her with the soft and stately courtesy for which his race of steel had ever been famed—the velvet glove that they habitually wore over their gauntlets of mail.

"I merit a worse fate than the Gitana predicted me, for my blindness in not recognising the veiled picture by its eyes, in not knowing no two

voices could have a music so rare! May I ask to be forgiven, though I can never forgive myself?"

She smiled as she gave him her hand:

"You may. You rendered me too daring and too generous a service, Lord Cecil, for me not to forgive you weightier offences than that. I am your debtor for a heavy debt—the debt of my life saved! Believe me, I am very grateful."

The words were few and simple; a young girl out of her convent could not have spoken more earnestly and touchingly than the woman of the world; where more florid, profuse, eloquently-studied words would have been set aside by him as the conventional utterances of necessity, these charmed and won him, these rang on his ear with the accent of truth.

"To secure so high a price as your gratitude most men would have perilled much more than I did," he answered her. "But I had not then the incentive that would tempt the world to any madness at Lady Vavasour's bidding. I had not seen what I rescued, I did not know whom I served!"

She looked up at him from under her black silken lashes as she sank into the chair he wheeled to her, and smiled.

"You compliment charmingly, Lord Cecil (you remember, I suppose, that I said I liked bonbons), but then, how much is true? You are a diplomatist; it is your habit to speak suavely and mean nothing, it is the *spécialité* that will get you the Garter and give you an Earldom."

"Lady Vavasour—by everything I have heard of her—can surely never mistrust her own power to convert the most sceptical, and do with all men what she would?"

Her attitude, as she sank down into the chair, had all the soft Odalisque-like grace with which he had first seen her lying amongst her cushions on the bench of the Bohemian boat; and he confessed to himself that this matchless and dazzling beauty, at once poetic and voluptuous, at once gifted with the loveliness of the *sérail*, and the tournure of the salons, might well play with men, and make their madness at its will.

"Ah!" she laughed—her airy, silvery laugh!—"but I do not profess to deal with people who desire age and despise love; they are not in my experience, or my category. I shall be a long while before I credit any compliment from you, *mon ami*. Did I not show you how well I knew your character at the *bal masqué*? Was it not sketched, now, as accurately as any one of La Bruyère's?"

"It was, though it was not drawn altogether *en beau*. It was so accurate that it flattered me even by its unflattering points, since it showed that I must have been a subject of interest and of study to my unerring *clairvoyante*."

A momentary blush tinged her cheek, making her loveliness lovelier, and not escaping Strathmore, though he knew how *grandes dames* can blush, as they can weep at their will when they need it to embellish their beauty, too well to be much honoured by it. She looked at him with the same glance that had flashed through her mask.

"Not at all! You are much too vain! I only wanted to puzzle you. If my shafts hit home, it was chance, not effort. Hearsay and penetration

made my clairvoyance, as they make all. You were no stranger to me by name. I had heard plenty of you from others; though we had never happened to meet till that night in Bohemia. Come! tell me the truth. Do you not think it a terrible escapade to have travelled alone, at night, in that *inconséquent* manner, with only my maid?"

"I think it a '*caprice d'une belle dame*,' which became her far better than the common-place and the conventional, which have nothing in common with her," smiled Strathmore. And for once he paid a compliment that was sincerely meant! "But why did you so cruelly refuse me your name, and condemn me to pursue '*un ombre, un rêve, un rien*,' in seeking to see again the phantom which had flashed on me, when, had I but known *whom* I sought, all Europe would have guided me to its idol?"

"Very gracefully asked, indeed!" said Lady Vavasour, with a sign of her fan, made eloquent in her hand, as in the hand of a Gaditana of Cadiz. "But, first of all, you never pursued the phantom at all, *mon ami*. You don't do those things! I wasn't a state secret, and I didn't carry despatches: *seguitur*, you were courteous to me while we were together because you were well bred, and I was a woman; but you never thought twice about me after we parted, except just that night, when I left you behind to smoke and sleep under the pines, when, perhaps, you said to yourself, 'Blonde with dark eyes—unusual! Travelling alone too—very odd!' and then dismissed me to think of Prince Michel! Secondly, I refused you my name, because it was my whim to travel incognito; and down the river I dispensed with even my courier. I am as capricious as the winds, you know, and, like the winds, never change my caprices for any one's will!"

Before he could answer her the door of the salon was thrown open, and several people entered—his hostess among others, with that courtly, velvet-shod churchman, Monsignore Villafôr. Strathmore had to rise, and his place was taken by the priest, who was a courtier, a connoisseur, and a *coureur des ruelles*. The rooms filled; dinner was announced and served as the little chimes of the clock rang nine, and to Strathmore's lot fell Lady George Dashwood, whose soft platitudes had never seemed more wearisome to him than to-night, when they discoursed of chamber-music, old china, Maltese dogs, new fashions, Elzevir editions, and altar-screens, in the same unvarying and perfectly-bred monotone, which had much the same effect as if a humble-bee had been perpetually humming in the flowers of the *épergne* before him. At some distance from him—too great for any conversation with her—sat Lady Vavasour; and while keeping up his recitative with Lady George, Strathmore could not choose but look at her, could not choose but think of her—this woman who had been first so strangely thrown in his way, against whom he still felt an unconquerably stubborn prejudice, yet who exercised over him, when he was with her, a necromancy of air, of glance, of tone, that surprised him, incensed him, and yet beguiled him. Had he foreseen his future, he would have flung aside every thought of this bright, brilliant beauty, as he had flung aside her broided handkerchief into the bosom of the Czeschen peasant girl in Prague; but—could we foresee one step before another, would the lives of any one of us be blasted, blundered, full of bitterness, and of evil, as they are? Is

not the misery of every life due to the band that is bound fast on our eyes, which the wisest can do little to lift, which makes us feel our way blindly, uncertainly, erringly, stumbling at every step; which is never lifted, save when our faces are turned backwards, and we are bidden to look behind us at the land that we have quitted, which is sown thick with graves; and at the gates that are closed upon us, on which is written "Too Late?"

Amidst the hum of conversation, the bouquet of the wines, the fragrance of the exoties, the numberless murmurs of "Sauterne, monsieur?"—"Château Yquem?"—"Suprême de Volaille?"—"Macedoine d'Abri-cots?"—"Beignets d'Ananas." Strathmore throughout dinner let his thoughts be usurped by the dazzling face, with its amber hair drawn slightly back from the delicate temples, in masses and ripples of yellow gold, which was but tantalisingly visible to him through the clusters of gorgeous flowers, and behind the form of an alabaster Ariadne that intervened between her and himself. Is there any separation more exasperating than the length of a dinner-table? I don't believe the Hellespont was half so provoking! Leander could cross *that* if Hero didn't mind receiving him *au naturel*; but what man, pray, can move from his place at a dinner-party? He must say with Claude Frollo, "*Anakthe!*" submit, and sit where he's put!

Strathmore found the dinner an interminable bore, and felt his prejudice giving way; his judgment in no way swerved from his settled conviction that Lady Vavasour was vain, spoiled, dangerous, and a consummate coquette, bent upon conquest, and not over-careful of her character—a glance told him that; but the rich, glad, luxuriant music that he had heard from her lips under the lindens by the river-side, now sweet as a bird's carol, now sad as a miserere, seemed to ring in his ear again, and he caught himself thinking a poetic sentimentalism worthy of the Sabreur—that she must have some of that music in her soul! Against the White Domino, the malicious Mask, he would have been prepared and steelled; the bright Odalisque of the Moldau, the songstress of the Spring night, took him unawares, and disarmed him.

As the women rose at length and swept out of the great banquetting-hall, where Guises had feasted Valois, she had to pass his chair, the lace of her dress brushing his shoulder, the subtle fragrance of her hair wafted to him like the odour of some hothouse flower. As she did so, a bracelet of cameo dropped from her arm (*really* dropped, she was too highly finished a coquette to need any such vulgar and common-place ruses); and as Strathmore bent for it and fastened it again on her arm, he noticed how snow-white and polished the skin was, like the skin of the unguent-loving and delicate Greeks, and confessed to himself that the smile on those sweet, laughing lips was the loveliest a woman ever had at command.

"Merci! We leave you, *à l'Anglais*, to olives and repose, politics and cigarettes, solitude and slander. How you will pick our beauty to pieces and legislate for the nations! Adieu!" she whispered, as she passed onward.

"By George! they did not overrate her; and that fool is her husband! Faugh! it is Caliban wedded to Miranda!" thought Strathmore, as he poured some Johannisberg into his glass, looking across at the Marquis

of Vavasour. The epithet and the comparison were both somewhat overstrained, it must be admitted; but there are very few men, I think, who, admiring a beautiful woman, are not disposed to think her lord and master a contemptible fellow, and feel very much towards him as you may have felt on a still grey day in September, lounging along by the sunken fence of some splendid preserves of which you have not the *entrées*, looking at the cover and hearing the whirr of the birds, towards the owner, whoever he be, for whom the game's set apart. And when M. le Mari is a muff, or the owner no shot, your sense of injury is very naturally redoubled in both cases, and your animus increased. Envy is a quick match, easily lighted, and needs no spirit added to the wick to make it strike fire and flare into flame.

The Marquis was not a Caliban, and not a fool, though Strathmore, from the eminence of an acute, subtle, and brilliant intellect, chose to call him so. He was a short, plain, grey-haired little man, with small dark eyes, that leered and twinkled viciously; a very sensual mouth, a good deal of wickedness in the upper part of his face, and a good deal of weakness in the lower; a man specially to enjoy taking the world in meaty and slyly, yet a man not difficult to govern by any one who knew his weak points. He had not very many brains, and those he had had been spent chiefly in the study of Brillat-Savarin, and the elucidation in theory of new *plats* and sauces. He had taken no share whatever in public life, had lived chiefly abroad, was principally noted for his dinners, was considered rather an insignificant person by those who stripped him of his strawberry-leaves; but being a very great Personage to the world in general, had the kow-tow performed to him to any amount, threw his ermine over his emptiness, covered all canons with his coronet, and hushed all whispers with his wealth. He was the Marquis of Vavasour—had livings for which the ecclesiastical saints scrambled and truckled, granting him easy absolution for such superior adownsons, and presenting him with a brevet to heaven, as only a decent return for his rich presentations; he had a considerable amount of family patronage, the eighth cardinal virtue, for which a man will get loved more than for all the other seven put together; he had a title of the highest rank and longest date; therefore, though chiefly remarkable for gourmandise and a certain monkeyish malice, this inert, obstinate, sly, and rather demoralised gourmet gave the law, had the *pas*, and was held in high honour and distinction by all, save, indeed, by Strathmore, who thought again, as he looked at his lordship, "Faugh! it is Caliban wedded to Miranda!" It was the first time that Strathmore had ever thought a woman thrown away upon a man in marriage—ordinarily his opinion was precisely the reverse! But the Marquis *was* a provocative owner of anything half so lovely as Marion Lady Vavasour, though it must be confessed he was an easy one; the liberty he took he gave, he never crossed her caprices, and there were invariably between them that polite *bon accord*, that cool don't-careish, very-happy-to-see-you never-interfere-with-you sort of friendship which is the popular hue of "marriage in high life," and is decidedly the best and least troublesome it can wear. If you have to look long on *one* colour, let it be a well-wearing, never-dazzling *nuance*; if you have to run in leash, don't pull at the collar, it won't keep your companion from going her pace, and will

only gall your own throat for nothing. That discreet, tranquil "friendship" of the Vavasours is an admirable thing; it's like a well-bred monotone, or a well-bred man that smooths over all things and never makes a row. Galba, who shuts his eyes and shakes hands with Mæcenæ, is the wise fellow. Menelaus, who raves, can't rouse his friends in *our* day; he'll only get a sneering chuckle from them all, from Nestor in at Boodle's, to Amphimachus in at Pratt's, run the risk of a *Times* leader, which is our modern substitute for the pillory, and in lieu of Troy will only obtain a "Decree Nisi, with costs!"

III.

LA BELLE V. LA BELLE.

WHEN they entered the drawing-room, half an hour after, the first thing that met Strathmore's eyes was the woman who, more or less, had haunted his memory and excited his curiosity since the May night under the lindens, in the solitudes of Bohemia. Lady Vavasour was lying back in a dormeuse, glancing through George Sand's last novel; the full light from a chandelier above fell upon her, making the snowy camei dazzling, and the scarlet flowers glow; she looked like some rare and exquisite Sèvres figure as she sat there, with her cheek resting on her hand, and the lashes drooped over her eyes, the form perfect as a statuette of Coysvox, the colouring rich and delicate as an enamel of Fragonard. And yet—those cursed camellias! Was it the strange grouping of those scarlet flowers circling the dead gold of her hair that gave to her something startling with all her seductiveness, bizarre with all her beauty, dangerous with all her delicacy; something that made him involuntarily think of Lucrezia Borgia, Catherina Medici, Clytemnestra, Frédégonde, Olympia Mancini, Gunilda, in a pêle-mêle chaos of every divine demoniac, every fatal fascinatress that the world had seen since the world began; something which struck him with nothing less than aversion for the first moment that the glowing coronal on the amber hair met his eyes again; but which then forced him against himself into a dizzy, blind, breathless, admiration, such as no woman had ever wrung from him.

"That ever such beauty as this should belong to a creature good for nothing but to criticise sauces, smell the bouquets of wines, and gluttonise over green fat!" thought Strathmore, who held all gourmands in contemptuous disdain, and this one especial gourmand in particular, as he drew near her, and sank down in a low chair by her couch, regardless that Lady George looked chagrined, and that Lady Beaudesert had signalled him with her fan. The bright beauties of his set rather resented his sudden and immediate desertion to another standard.

"Lady Vavasour, may I not trust to hear to-night the voice whose music drove the nightingales to despair under the limes?" said Strathmore, as he sank into a low chair beside her, to the chagrin of Monsignore Villaffôr and a host of baser rivals.

She glanced at him under her silky lashes, and that under-glance was the most dangerous in the world.

"No! I sing to nightingales, but not to order, like a prima donna. The birds can appreciate me, the bores can't!" And her ladyship included,

in a disdainful sign of her fan, the men whom Strathmore in his pride had classified as "*comme il faut*, but common-place"—a classification, by-the-by, which would fit, I fear, most of the members of "good society."

"But you sang to ME, and you will sing to me again!" said Strathmore, with the calm, appropriative, Brummellian nonchalance of tone that women always like. Women love an autocratic ruler; even your imperious coquettes, believe me, feel the charm, though they won't, I dare say, often own to it!

"Do not be so sure of that! I am not Malibran, whom you can hear any night for five guineas, and I did not sing to *you* under the limes; you are infinitely too vain! I sang *pour m'amuser*, and to scandalise those English women who grumbled at the cucumber-soup, and thought me 'evidently not a proper person!' The English are born-travellers. I wonder why they think it necessary to make one of the *spécialités du voyage*, a compound of ice and acid for every stranger they meet?"

"Because suspicion and reserve are to us what their shells are to cocoanuts; they make a little kernel look big, and if there's emptiness inside, conceal it," laughed Strathmore. "But you are very cruel to charge me with vanity. If I be vain, have I not food for it in knowing that I am such a subject of interest to one whose tap from her fan is one of the *cordons d'honneur* of Europe, that she honoured me with studying my character, learning my preferences, and even making researches among my family legends? Lady Vavasour must not send me to Coventry when I remember the Domino Blanc!"

Her eyes laughed with malicious amusement.

"The Domino Blanc seems to have made a great impression on you, Lord Cecil! but only because she knew of the Voltura affair, and you are curious to know *how* she knew it. No woman ever makes you vain. What you are vain of are things like your conduct of the Murat entanglement, when your chief's *à propos* brain attack so obligingly left you alone to steer through the troubled waters. Now, confess me the truth, were you not glad when Lord Templetown had congestion just at that juncture?"

"I believe I was! If a military man's friend dies who had the step above him, his first thought is 'Promotion!—deucedly lucky for me!' His next, 'Poor fellow!—what a pity!' always comes two seconds after. I understand Voltaire. If your companion's existence at table makes you have a dish dressed as you don't like it, you are naturally relieved if an apoplectic fit empties his chair, and sets you free to say, '*Point de sauce blanche*!' All men are egotists; they only persuade themselves they are not selfish by swearing so so often, that at last they believe what they say. No motive under the sun will stand the microscope; human nature, like a faded beauty, must only have a *demi-lumière*; draw the blinds up and the blotches come out, the wrinkles show, and the paint peels off. The beauty scolds the servants—men hiss the satirists—who dare to let in daylight!"

She listened, and laughed her low, silver laugh. This was not the conversation with which her courtiers usually entertained her, but, if only as a novelty, she rather liked it.

"Quite true! It is only here and there a beauty like *myself* who can brave the noontide, and a man who, like *yourself*, can stand the

satire who dare to admit it as true. *I don't want rouge yet, and you don't want ruses yet; but I dare say we shall both come to them, and then we shan't like the blinds up better than any one else.*"

"Lady Vavasour needing rouge!—it is an impossible stretch of imagination. One cannot realise the doom of mortality thoroughly enough to picture that cheek of child-like bloom ever condescending to the aid of the dressing-box!" smiled Strathmore, his eyes dwelling on the bloom in question, that was softly faint, yet warmly bright, as the flush on a sea-shell.

"But a diplomatist needing ruses is not so difficult! You must condescend to the *blanc de perle* of the bureau—White Lies—or you will forsake your *métier*, or your *métier* you. If I can defy enamel, you won't be able to defy expediency, *mon ami*!"

Strathmore laughed:

"Enamelling is as much in favour in the cabinets as in the cabinets de toilettes, I admit, and is very useful in both. Nations suffer for the cost in the one, and husbands for the cost in the other! But, for myself, I don't think I shall ever use the *blanc de perle* you predict. I am of Talleyrand's way of thinking, that the able man disdains so clumsy a tool as falsehood. It is the weapon of the bungler, not of the master. Take refuge in falsehood, and you have dealt a trump into your enemy's hand that he can play against you whenever he likes. The most adroit falsehood is but thin ice that may break any day. The true art is to know how to hold truth, and—how to withhold it; but never to deal with anything else."

"Then you can never humour men, and never flatter them! How can power be obtained without?"

"By using them and ruling them. Men are the wise man's tools, to be commanded, not his mutinous crew, to be bribed and pampered!"

She looked at him as he spoke, and saw on his face the look of pitiless power, of imperious passion, of merciless will, that the Gitanas had seen as she studied it under the Bohemian stars—that all saw who looked at the portraits of the Norman Strathmores, when the western sun shone on them through the stained windows at White Ladies—and, while she was fascinated by it, thought to herself how she would soften it, subdue it, break it down beneath her hands, chain it there beneath her feet. Women delight to ponder how "the dove will peck the estridge;" and the keener and fiercer the hawk which is their quarry, the more they glory in blinding him with the dazzle of their silvery wings, and in disabling him with the music of their soft wood-notes! Shakspeare knew that women justified his metaphor, though falconer's lore might not!

"You are very secure of your future," she laughed, while the brilliant light above her head shone down on the waves of her amber hair, and the scarlet coronal that wound round them, in so startling and strong a contrast of colour—a contrast that no beauty less perfect, less delicate, less exquisitely tinted, could ever have borne. "Doesn't the Bohemian's prophecy make you tremble? How horrible it was!"

Strathmore laughed too, looking into the lustrous eyes flashing on him sweetly and softly as an Oriental's:

"Yes! she gave me plenty of melodrama for my money, but I don't see very well how it can come to pass. I'm not a hero of romance, with

a mysterious parentage or a hidden murder; I shan't make a double marriage, discover a family secret, or take anybody's life in hot or cold blood! All my actions are patent to the world; I fear I shall never do anything to merit Redempta's romantic prediction! But that reminds me, when you talked to me that night, you talked only in French, Lady Vavasour? I thought you were a Parisienne?"

"Of course you did. I would not give you a clue even to my country."

"Which was very cruel, madame! But, though you gave me no clue, you gave me a promise, and I must claim its fulfilment."

"I gave you one? Indeed! I have forgotten it, then. A year ago is an eternity to be called on to remember. Don't you like those Maltese dogs? I think they are such pretty snowy things."

"But I remember it," said Strathmore (indisposed to turn the conversation from himself to the lion-pups), with a smile that piqued his companion because she could not translate it. "It was, that when we met again you would thank me for my chivalry, as you honoured me by terming it, and would pay your debt—*comme je voudrais!* I am tempted to be an inexorable creditor!"

The lovely mouth made a *moue boudeuse*, but she gave him the look that she had given him under the lime in Bohemia—soft with all its coquetry, tender with all its dazzling brilliance.

"I dare say! Well! what would content you?" she laughed, softly stirring her fan, while its motion floated the subtle fragrance of her hair to him when he leant towards her.

It was a dangerous question for such lips to put to any man! He could scarce have but one answer rise to his tongue within sight and touch of that tempting loveliness—an answer that could not be uttered in the salons of Vernonceaux, to the wife of a Peer, to Marion Lady Vavasour! Strathmore bent down towards her till his voice could reach her ear alone, his eyes darkening with that swift, instantaneous light which showed—to any woman—that the passions he disdained did but sleep, and might yet wake, like "giants refreshed from their slumber."

"Some day, perhaps, I may dare to tell you—not here, not yet!"

The words escaped him before he knew it. As the perfume of her hair reached him, as he met the glance of her eyes, as he looked on her delicate dazzling face where the light from the chandelier shone upon it, this woman's beauty captivated him against his will, and made the blood course quicker through his veins, as though he had drunk in the rich bouquet and the subtle strength of some rare ruby wine, warm from the purple clusters of the South. The faint rose-blush, that was the most dangerous of all Lady Vavasour's charms, since it was the one which flattered most, and most surely counterfeited nature, came on her cheek, and her eyes met his with a languid sweetness. It was the first whisper of the syren's sea-song, that was to lead by music unto wreck and death; it was the first beckoning of the white arms of Circe, that were to wreath, and twine, and cling, till they should draw down their prey beneath the salt waves flowing over the fathomless abyss whence there is no return.

Then with one of her rapid, coquettish mutations, one of those tanta-

lising *boutades* that were her most cruel and certain witcheries, she signed him away with a blow from her fan, and laughed lightly:

"Lord Cecil, I have talked to you alone for full ten minutes. I never give any one a longer monopoly. Surrender your place to Monsignore Villafôr, and let the world in to our conversation."

Strathmore leant back, and nestled himself more closely in among his cushions with calm nonchalance:

"*Pardon, madame!* Monsignore can seat himself, and a signal of your pretty toy will summon the world without my moving. I am very comfortable just now!"

She glanced at him with a sparkle of malicious amusement.

"You are piqued, mon ami, *already!*" she thought, with gratified triumph, as she arched her delicate eyebrows with provoking indifference, and signed Villafôr towards her. Dormer, Legard, and Rennecourt gathered about her dormeuse the instant the signal permitted them; and for any evidence she gave of remembering his presence, or even his existence, Strathmore might have utterly faded from her memory as she dispensed the mischievous mots, the moqueur smile, the silent, dangerous glances that were the war-weapons of the arch coquette whom Lord Vavasour had taken to himself.

She knew that no possible mode of action could have better impressed her on Strathmore's thoughts, the very annoyance it awoke in him with himself, retained her in his mind; the momentary tenderness that had gleamed in her eyes, succeeded by the tantalising indifference of her dismissal; he knew them well enough, they were the tactics of a coquette, and he hated coquettes, "women who live on the censuring of fools, and spend their time in fooling wise men;" he thought contemptuously, while without moving so as to give up his place to Villafôr, or any one else, he began to play *écarté* with the Vicomte de Clermont, at a table that stood at his elbow. Strathmore was specially fond of that little witching French game; he was one of the best players in Europe; he liked its tranquil, subtle finesses that were to be enjoyed without stirring from his dormeuse; he liked its keen excitement bought for a few Naps a side, and he was tenacious of his reputation in it. Clermont was almost the only member of the Paris Jockey Club who claimed to equal him, and their *écarté* was alwas a sharp contest of skill. Another time he would have gone farther out of reach of the babble of conversation round Lady Vavasour's sofa; now, Strathmore did not choose to let her think she could be any disturbing element at all. It was a dangerous neighbourhood for *écarté*, or any game that hung on skill, thought, and finesse, where every word of the silvery mocking voice was to be heard, where every echo of the airy laughter rang on his ear, where the fluttering motion of the fan, the gleam of her amber tresses, the glitter of the camei on an arm as white, as they, caught his eye every moment. But Strathmore invariably risked danger in little things as in great; he never avoided it, he always disdainfully and self-reliantly lingered in it; it was his strength or his weakness, whichever you like.

He played eight games as scientifically as though he had been in a card-room, with not another face to distract him from that of the king's he marked; and Lady Vavasour, glancing at him, began to doubt her own power. Strathmore leant back, his eyes fixed on the cards he held,

his interest centred in the game he played, and she might have been fifty leagues away for any sign she could discover that she disturbed him; the Voltura affair she *might* endure as a rival, states and princes were involved in that, but to be rivalled by *écarté*, by painted pieces of pasteboard and a few Naps a side!—never! She felt her character at stake—her vanity *was*. (There are plenty of people in this world, my good sirs, besides coquettes, who take the one thing for the other, and when they cry out their reputation's attacked, are in truth only snarling from their wounded conceit!) The eight games had been evenly won and lost, they were four all, and they began *la belle*; the Strathmores of White Ladies had never borne patiently to lose in anything, they were a race that dearly loved dominance, and took it *coûte que coûte* like imperious, unyielding Normans as they were; he did not choose that Clermont should beat him; this evening, in especial, defeat would have annoyed him unspeakably.

The luck of the cards had always been with the Vicomte, but Strathmore's play had more than balanced that; it was evident to all those who gathered near the *écarté* table that the game was in his hands. His hostess from a distance watched him over the top of her fan, while discoursing of turquoise *céladon* with H.S.H. of Mechlin; her name had some years before been entangled with his own in that gossip which is rife in those hotbeds of scandal, club-rooms and salons; the gossip had long given place to newer slander, yet the woman of the world could not wholly lose the tenderness that still clung about her heart for one whom she knew had never loved her—could not wholly keep down a sigh that rose to the lips, against which the gold-powdered down of her fan was pressed. The Marquis, lying half asleep, pondering on a new flavour for a salmi of woodcocks that he should have tried by his *chef* the first day of the season, looked through his shut lids at him with snarling envy. The Marquis always thought "*plus beau que moi—c'est un tort qu'il me fait!*" and the Catiline-like physique of Strathmore being specially his own antipodes, specially attracted his attention. "That man's like a Velasquez picture, but he'll do something bad some day," muttered Lord Vavasour, comforting himself with the detrimental rider with which we always qualify an admiration extorted from our envy. Most people in the room watched him as *la belle* began, catching the contagion of a skilfully-contested game, and the excitement of a chance so evenly poised that a single card would turn the scale.

Strathmore himself was entirely absorbed in it, entirely intent on it, keenly, eagerly, resolutely bent on winning. He would have lost fifty times the amount staked on it rather than have lost that game at *écarté*! He played indifferent cards with such superb skill, such matchless finesse, that *la belle* was all but won, when,—from where she sat near on her dormeuse, Lady Vavasour leant towards him to look over his hand to watch his triumph, the fragrance of her hair crossing him like the perfume of some exotic, her lovely lips, whose charm even he had admitted, so near his own that their breath fanned his cheek. He looked up and met her eyes; the dazzling beauty of this woman ran through his veins like subtle fire, and threw him off his guard, as though the air had been suddenly filled with the dreamy intoxicating odour of narcotic fumes, that bewilder the reason and charm while they weaken the senses. He played

inadvertently—the wrong card. The false step was not to be retrieved (what false step is?); it gave the game into Clermont's hands, and for the first time for years Strathmore lost at *écarté*.

For the instant, trifle though it was, he hated the woman who had unnerved him and fooled him, as passionately, as bitterly, as though the wrong card had been some stain on his honour, the lost game some indelible shame on his name! The bad play he had been betrayed into incensed him enough, but that she should have had this power over him incensed him far more.

"I compliment you on your skill, Clermont. You played admirably. You have beaten *me*! They won't believe it at the Jockey Club!" he said, laughing, as he leant back again among his cushions. His annoyance only showed itself in his eyes, that darkened with the swift anger of his pitiless race, though the rest of his face never changed.

"When I came to look on at your victory, it was very uncomplimentary to entertain me with a defeat. I thought you were the best *écarté* player in Europe," said Lady Vavasour, maliciously, with a slight shrug of her snowy shoulders, and as much tranquil unconcern as though she were innocent and ignorant of having done all the mischief.

"Lady Vavasour, from Paradise downwards feminine interference was never productive but of a losing game for man!" said Strathmore, in the tranquil *trainante* tones in which he always spoke his rudest things.

She laughed softly; it amused her; he had lost his game and she had won hers.

"*L'une belle te perdait l'autre, très cher,*" said Rennecourt to Strathmore, as they went to the smoking-room that night, when the women had deserted the drawing-rooms and gone to their chambers and their novels and their charming negligées in the *Galérie des Dames*.

Strathmore suppressed an impatient oath to himself; the libel, like most libels, was unpalatable because it was true. He hated the woman whose mere touch had so fooled him, and whose sway and whose spells, as he had seen her that night, he had been forced to confess the wildest rumours had not overdrawn. But for all that, though, he owed her his defeat at *écarté*, and loathed her sudden and subtle power over him; as he lay on the couch of the smoking-room that night, while Baden's favourites, new caprices of reigning lionnes, the hushed-up affair of the marked cards at Flora Dohla's, in which well-known names were involved, the *dernier debauché* of a Russian Prince, who was startling even Paris, were chatted over with the freedom that's only attained when the papooshes are on and the ladies are off, and is enjoyed like the ease of the dressing-gown after the restraint of the *grande tenue*; I think Strathmore felt a keener detestation still for his lordship of Vavasour and Vaux as he glanced at the Marquis (who, wrapped in his luxurious Cashmere robes, looked something like an over-fed monkey, grizzled with age and pampered with eating, as his eyes leered and twinkled at a *grivois tale*), and thought as he glanced, "Faugh! that Caliban to——!"

It was an envy and an impatience that many before him had smarted under, looking at her lord and master, so made and termed by marital right, and thinking of Marion Lady Vavasour.

TWICE SACRIFICED.*

FROM THE DANISH. BY MRS. BUSHBY.

PART THE FIRST.

I.

THE DREAMS OF YOUTH.

ABOUT three miles from Viborg lies the celebrated Hald. The palace upon the high hill, the lake slumbering beneath the ruins of the old baronial castle upon the island, the fresh luxuriant forest, make in combination a charming and romantic picture, which, placed as it were in a frame of dark brown heath-clad hills, forms a strong contrast to the monotonous, melancholy-looking plain, in the centre of which it appears like a beautiful flower in the dreary desert, suddenly and unexpectedly seen, and therefore the more highly appreciated.

One afternoon, in the spring of the year 1705, three persons were riding through the wood not far from Viborg. One was a young lady, by her side rode a gentleman who did not look much older than herself, and at some distance behind them a servant in a rich livery, embroidered according to the fashion of the time.

The young lady was very beautiful; the mild, calm expression of her countenance, the sweet, trusting glances from her large dark-blue eyes, disclosed one of those soft, feminine natures for which life should be all quiet and sunshine, because they bend and break beneath its storms.

The gentleman who rode by her side, as near as the horses could approach each other, wore the uniform of an officer. His features were expressive of courage, and talent, and all that freedom from care which is the happiest endowment of youth and inexperience.

The young lady was Jeanné Rysé, a daughter of the Baroness Rysenstein, in the district of Rive. The gentleman was her cousin, Captain Krusé. They were both returning from a visit to Major-General Gregers Daa, who two years before had purchased Hald, and built the handsome house upon the hill.

There was evidently a deeper feeling between Jeanné and the captain than merely cousinly regard; this was betrayed both by their very confidential conversation, by Jeanné's smile, and by the endearing glances that seemed to meet and answer each other. They loved each other; and they were laying plans for the future, as that afternoon they rode together through the wood. It was not of the present moment they were thinking—no, none but children and old people, the two at the extreme points of life—take pleasure in the present moment. Around them everything reposed in a deep and serene tranquillity; the clear, transparent air, the sun's rays gleaming through the foliage of the trees, the perfume of the flowers, the blackbird's flute-like song, all tended to increase the sense of happiness which pervaded both their hearts, that fresh young love that causes all the blossoms of the soul to expand.

* From a collection of short tales, in one volume, entitled "Haabløs,"—Hopeless.

"This evening," said Jeanné, "I will tell all to my mother; it appears to me that it would be wrong to conceal our wishes longer."

"Oh, let us wait," said he. "The confession will not augment our happiness."

"But it will indeed!" replied Jeanné. "My mother has hitherto always been my confidante in everything; it will distress her when she finds that I am concealing our attachment from her. Do not be afraid, dearest. She is so good, she has never thought of anything but my happiness, and she will undoubtedly give her consent to our engagement. I know perfectly well that my mother will refuse me nothing," she added, with a gay smile.

Krusé made no reply; they rode on for some time in silence side by side, while the same subject engrossed the minds of both, but there was a difference in the way they thought of it. He was thinking, as it is natural for men to do, only of his own happiness; Jeanné, on the contrary, of that which she hoped to be able to bestow upon him.

"What if your mother should disapprove of our marriage?" exclaimed Krusé, at length, after they had left the wood, and were riding towards Viborg, which was to be seen at a little distance.

"But she will not disapprove," replied Jeanné, decisively. "I know her too well. Still, happen what may, my friend," she said, as she stretched out to him a small, well-shaped hand, "we love each other, and we will *never* cease to do so. Is not this knowledge enough to induce you to overcome every obstacle?"

Krusé's answer was the same as has been given in similar cases from the time of the Deluge. Both forgot at that moment how long it is to — never!

On the same evening, about two hours later, Jeanné sat alone with the baroness in her private apartment, and confided to her the whole story of the attachment—indeed, the engagement between herself and Krusé. The elder lady listened patiently and attentively to the tale; her face wore its usual bland smile, her voice had its accustomed sweet and affectionate tone.

"I have long suspected these feelings on your cousin's side, my dear child," she said quietly, "but I did not suppose that you would admit having returned them without first making some communication to me."

"Oh, my own dearest mother!" cried Jeanné, in the most caressing manner, and in a beseeching tone, "you must forgive me!"

"There is nothing to forgive," replied the baroness. "What has happened has happened, and it appears to me there is nothing more to be said on the subject. I have known Krusé since he was a child; he is of a very amiable disposition and noble character, most gentlemanly and chivalric in all his actions. I also truly believe that he loves you, my darling Jeanné; who could do otherwise?"

And the mother leaned over the kneeling daughter, who had placed her hands upon her lap, and kissed her fair brow.

"But Krusé, notwithstanding all these excellent qualities, can never be your husband."

Jeanné uttered a faint shriek:

"Oh, mother, mother! What do you say?" she cried, in the greatest consternation.

"Listen to what I have got to say," continued the baroness, "and listen calmly. Krusé is poor; he has nothing except his pay as an officer, which is scarcely enough to meet the daily expenses of a gentleman. You, my dear child, are not rich either, as after my death your brother will inherit the property. It is only, therefore, by marriage that your future comfort can be secured. You have, naturally, never thought of all these circumstances. At your age the heart is swayed by happier interests; it is not until later that the prosaic part of life forces itself upon us, and awakens us from our dreams. But I—your mother—have well considered all this. While you have engaged yourself to your cousin, I have fixed upon another for you—another who, with the same chivalric character, unites better prospects for your future life. Yes, weep on, my darling girl! I understand your tears, for I have felt as you do, for I have loved as you do. When I was about your age I was much attached to a young nobleman, who was as poor as Krusé. My parents chose another for me, and I acknowledge now how fortunate it was that they were not influenced by my wishes. I judge by this—that the woman whom he afterwards married has led a very unhappy life."

Jeanné's face expressed the deepest grief while her mother was speaking; she wept, she wrung her hands, and at length she exclaimed:

"Oh, my dear mother! If you have considered what is best for me, have you not remembered that the fate for which you destine me will render me utterly miserable? It will be my death!"

"No, it will not, Jeanné! That is merely an idea peculiar to your age; people don't die so easily. Time is an excellent doctor for such wounds."

"Who, then, have you chosen for me?"

"Major-General Gregers Daa, of Hald. He was with me to-day when you were out riding with your cousin; he asked for your hand, and obtained my consent to your marrying him."

Major-General Gregers Daa was a tall, thin man, with a pallid face and very grave expression of countenance. His hair was beginning to turn grey, the numerous wrinkles on his expansive brow were perhaps as much the consequence of deep thought as of advanced age, for both of these despots impose their marks in the same mode.

Gregers had held an important post, and had won many laurels in the last war. At the cessation of hostilities which followed the peace of Travendal, he returned to Jutland, purchased Hald, and had the palace rebuilt. When these two events were completed, he had nothing before him but a quiet, monotonous life, without interest to himself, and without affording happiness to any one. The landed proprietors who were his neighbours found no pleasure in his society, for he was cold and reserved in manners. The poor lauded his charity and his munificent donations; but these, in accordance with the nature of the donor, were dictated more by a sense of duty than by any positive satisfaction he had in relieving distress. No one sought his friendship; indeed, it was rather avoided. In the lonely situation in which he was placed, he was poor—for even fortune becomes a burden in utter solitude. The present time offered nothing, the future seemed to promise nothing, and the past was the repository of no cherished recollections for him.

When Gregers returned from the war, and had ceased to fight foreign

foes, he found at home a still more obstinate foe to battle with, and that was *ennui*. A sister, much younger than himself, who had resided with him, and taken charge of his house, had died a few years before the date of the commencement of this story. He regretted her loss very much, and day by day he missed more and more the comforts a lady's taste and society had spread around him. It was about this time that he first met Jeanné Rysé, and the sight of her awakened emotions in his mind which he had never before known. He wished to have her in his lost sister's place; he wished to be her confidential friend, her counsellor, her companion, and, yielding to these growing wishes, he determined on asking from the baroness the hand of her daughter. He had, however, not the most remote idea of the wretchedness with which his proposals were to blast Jeanné's hitherto tranquil and happy existence.

He was wealthy; he was the last—the only survivor of his race. Both of these considerations had also some weight in Gregers's resolution, and had not less influence on that of the Baroness Rysé. But expediency and good intentions sometimes merge into wrong, especially when they forget to take into account the passions and the heart. This fault was committed both by Gregers and the baroness.

Eight days after her conversation with Jeanné, the Baroness Rysé's carriage was seen going towards the Hald, with running footmen before the horses, a coachman, and another servant, with powdered perukes; in short, with all that show and affectation of state which might lead the beholder to forget the Dutch plebeian Henrik Rysé, to whom the family owed their patent of nobility. The baroness herself was elegantly dressed; she was one of those old beauties on whose exterior the hand of taste must replace what time has stolen away.

Gregers Daa received the lady at the foot of the outside stairs in a garb which plainly showed he had not expected her visit at that moment. He led her with a bewildered air into his study, where, before her arrival, he had been occupied. Everything in this room bore witness to an old bachelor's uncomfortable home. An ancient-looking hound was stretched on the sofa, and gazed in evident astonishment at the intruder without vacating his place. The dust lay thick on the sills of the window, on the chairs, tables, and bookcases; the air was redolent of tobacco-smoke; books, plants, and weapons were lying in dire confusion about the room.

The baroness's ironical smile, and the somewhat sneering manner in which she glanced round at the various articles in the study, seemed to open Gregers's eyes to its untidy condition. He stammered an apology, and opened a door leading to a large room close by, but the lady declined entering it.

"Let us stay here," she exclaimed. "The one room is as good as the other for what we have to talk about."

She removed a bundle of papers from a high-backed easy-chair, placed herself in it, and motioned to Gregers to sit down also.

The sun was shining brightly through the window, the soft breeze was swaying the branches of a large elm-tree, with their fresh light-green leaves, backwards and forwards outside, the sparrows were chirping under the roof; farther off was heard the song of the larks as they soared over old

Buggé's Hald,* the ruins of which were to be seen from the window, and were glittering in the sun.

Presently the lady spoke.

"I come to you, general, on the same errand, relative to which you lately called on me, and I bring you my entire acceptance of the proposal you did me the honour to make respecting a marriage between you and my daughter."

Gregers Daa's tall figure drew itself up in military style; he bowed, and said:

"You have, then, communicated my wishes to your daughter, dear madam?"

"I did so on the very same day that you called on us."

"And she has no objection to pass her future life with an old man such as I am?"

"On the contrary," replied the baroness, quietly, and without the slightest hesitation, "she has many objections to it."

Gregers looked thunderstruck; he fancied he had not heard aright.

"My dear general!" said the baroness, with an insinuating smile, "the principal duty you and I owe to each other is sincerity, and I shall, therefore, venture to speak candidly to you. My daughter likes another—stay, do not interrupt me—I mean that she feels a great kindness for, and much interest in, a poor relation, who, so to speak, has grown up with her, and who has been the only one, until now, who could realise the visions every young girl's fancy is prone to create. But, good Heavens! what does that signify? At her age one loves the whole world, or rather, we really love only our own selves in every object which pleases our inclination. I have impressed on my daughter the necessity of giving up her foolish dreams, and of forsaking the world in which she has hitherto lived, to enter into another by your side."

"And was she willing to obey you?" asked Gregers, anxiously.

The baroness's cheerful smile partially chased away his fears:

"Willing!" she exclaimed. "Do you really think, my dear general, that I would wish to see you united to a lady who could not prove, by her obedience to her parent, that she would be able to obey her husband?"

"But as she already loves another, a younger man than I am, who, doubtless, is more able than I to comprehend and to share her sympathies, how can I expect her to love me?"

"Love you!" exclaimed the baroness, in evident surprise. "No—at least not at the present moment; she cannot be expected to do so, since she has, as yet, hardly the honour of knowing you. In regard to the future, it will altogether rest with yourself to call forth this love. Your superior

* Niel's Buggé, in Danish history generally called Ridder Buggé, the wealthy owner of the ancient castle of Hald, was on bad terms with King Waldemar Kristoffersen, to whom he would not yield allegiance. After it had been sought in vain to bring about a reconciliation at Slagelse, Ridder Buggé and two other noblemen, Otto Stigsen and Peter Andersen, were treacherously murdered when returning home from the meeting. Some burghers of Middlefort were blamed for this dark deed, but they were probably employed by persons in a higher station; at least, Waldemar found it necessary to clear himself from the suspicion of guilt by the oaths of twelve men.—TRANS.

character, and the mildness of manners I have remarked in you, will indubitably lead the dear child to the goal you desire. I say lead, not mould, because I know that a husband may easily lead his wife, but not easily gain his wishes by coercion. From my experience of the feelings of my own sex, I can affirm that, in most cases, gentlemen may obtain as much affection as they can desire; but they understand less how to awaken this affection than to retain it when once bestowed. It is an acknowledged fact, that though the man begins by showing the woman the first attention, it generally ends in her showing him the last."

Thus commenced a conversation, during the course of which the baroness succeeded in removing all the general's scruples. They afterwards proceeded to discuss the matter in question under another point of view—a view which appeared to the lady of very much more consequence than anything wherein feelings were concerned. The marriage settlements were skilfully introduced by the baroness, who evinced as much practical sense in this second portion of the conversation as in the first; while Gregers Daa, on his side, showed a degree of high-minded liberality which quite surpassed her most exaggerated expectation.

And thus was this marriage determined on, this bargain concluded, in which was bartered away a young girl's future happiness, to secure for her some insignificant worldly advantages. The sacrifice was accomplished with festive pomp, with flowers, smiles, and songs on one side, with smothered sighs and suppressed tears on the other. The same wedding-bells that rang to announce Gregers Daa's happiness rang Jeanné's freedom of soul and happiness into the grave.

The first few weeks after the wedding were spent in society, visiting, and all the round of amusements which it was more the fashion to offer to newly-married people at that period than in our days. Gregers objected to this dissipation in vain, the baroness insisted on it, and the complaisant son-in-law allowed her to take her own way. The Baroness Rysé hoped, by these means, to procure her daughter some diversion, which might lead her to *forget*: she had herself never felt any other than these small sorrows that vanish amidst wax-lights and noise in a ball-room; she could not, therefore, conceive that Jeanné might, indeed, be stupified by all the entertainments provided for her, but that solitude is the only comfort in deep sorrow, and the great physician for suffering.

Betwixt the mother and daughter, these such opposite characters, the principal difference was simply this—that the baroness thought only of marriage, and Jeanné of love.

As to the general, he found, to his great surprise, that all those feelings, so new to him, which had begun to be so softening and so pleasant, had suddenly changed their nature. That love, which had wiled his heart out of its accustomed torpor, which had come like a sunbeam on a late day in autumn, unexpectedly, and all of a sudden, had been as hastily enjoyed as if its loss were feared. He tried in vain to acquire the affection he coveted; but how could he think that an old man's measured and bashful love could be able to chase away the clouds of lassitude and grief which rested on Jeanné's beautiful but pale brow, or dislodge the remembrance of what she had lost by what she had won? When at last, after long and fruitless struggles, he perceived the impossibility of attain-

ing the desired object, which seemed always to draw back from him like the obscure and misty images on a wide heath, he shut himself up in his own study—but not with his former peace of mind; and he bore the marks of his internal battles in his hollow sunken cheeks and whitened hair. From this time forward Gregers endured his sorrows in silence, as Jeanné did hers: the only difference between them was—the cause of the unhappiness of each.

Thus passed some years: Gregers Daa felt that no blessing had attended his marriage. He was childless. There lay a little embalmed corpse in his family vault in the cathedral of Viborg, with an inscription full of grief on the lid of the coffin—that was his only child; it had died soon after its birth.

The only person who never appeared to remark the cold and comfortless terms on which Gregers and Jeanné lived was the baroness. She resided for some months every summer in her son-in-law's house at Hald, drove about in his carriage, received visits from all her acquaintances; in short, she seemed to be the real mistress of the mansion, exactly as on every alteration and improvement at Rysensteen she showed herself to have unlimited command over the general's money.

War at length broke out again, after the short and enforced peace Denmark had been obliged to put up with. King Frederick IV. had secretly entered into an alliance with Poland and Saxony against Sweden. Reventlow was fighting in Scania; shortly after was heard, for the first time, that one of the most ancient and most honoured names among the Danish nobility was coupled with a lost battle—a name from which heroism and victory, until then, had appeared to be inseparable. Jörgen Ranzau was defeated by Steenbock on the outside of the gates of Helsingborg, and the scene of war after that was removed into Germany. Gregers Daa was ordered to join the army. One evening in the month of November this intelligence reached Hald.

II.

THE FAREWELL.

GREGERS DAA received the letter when he was sitting in the same room as Jeanné. His pale cheeks flushed as he read it; Jeanné remarked his emotion. She sat working near the fireplace, and at a little distance from her was a third person, a guest that evening—this person was Captain Krusé.

After Jeanné's marriage he had often visited her at Hald, Gregers himself encouraged him to come, when he perceived that she seemed pleased to see him. He had not then the most remote idea of the engagement which had formerly existed between them.

"That letter seems to interest you," said Jeanné, turning towards the general.

"Yes—certainly!" replied Gregers. "I am called away to-morrow."

"Called away!" exclaimed at the same moment Jeanné and Krusé.

There was something in the tone of the captain's exclamation which seemed to displease the general; he knitted his brow, while he answered,

"I ought to have said that *we* are called away. I have just received an order for our regiment to join the army in Holstein immediately."

Jeanné uttered no exclamation. During the last two or three years she had acquired complete command over her feelings; her countenance remained calm, and did not betray the slightest sign of agitation.

Gregers relapsed into his former silence; he had returned to the place where he had before been sitting, by a table in a corner of the room, at a little distance from Jeanné, because, he said, the lights on her table hurt his eyes; from that place his look seemed to be fastened steadily upon the two others.

During the uncomfortable silence which now reigned in the drawing-room, were distinctly heard the wailing of the stormy wind, and the screech of the owls amidst the elm-trees on the outside of the windows.

Shortly after Gregers arose, took a candle, and left the room. Those who remained behind heard his steps becoming fainter and fainter as he traversed the long corridor which led to his study. When they were alone Jeanné let her work fall, and bending over the table covered her eyes with her hand. On raising her head again in a little time, she uttered a low cry, for Krusé was lying at her feet! She made a motion of her hand as if to bid him go, but the captain seized that soft white hand and pressed it to his lips, while he cast an indescribably beseeching look up at her.

"You have heard it," he whispered; "we must go—we shall part, for ever, perhaps—I must say a few words to you first. Meet me down yonder—only this once, this once—for the first and the last time!"

"No, no!" cried Jeanné, vehemently; "I have already refused this. Oh, go!—it would be wrong!"

"Oh, I pray you," he continued, in a still more touching and trembling voice, "do not refuse my petition! Are you afraid of me, Jeanné, though in all these long years I have shown how safe you are near me? Or are you afraid that your glance will fall on yonder wood, where, one afternoon, you promised to love me, where the sun shone, and the birds sang, while God received those vows which have since been so cruelly broken?"

Jeanné burst into tears. "But go—only go, unhappy one! Do you not hear? There is some one coming—it is my husband."

"Let him come, he is not my worst enemy at this moment."

Jeanné cast on him a sorrowful and reproachful look, but at the same time held out her hand to him. Krusé sprang up.

"Then you have some pity for all that I have suffered," he said; "and you will not let me go without one kind word at parting?"

She bowed her head almost imperceptibly, and yet it was sufficient for him; his eyes shone, his lips trembled, in his deep emotion.

When Gregers returned to the room, they were both sitting quietly and in perfect silence.

A few minutes afterwards, Krusé took leave, and rode away. Within an hour from that time, a youthful figure stole softly out of one of the side-doors which led from the apartments of the lady of the house down to the garden. She was wrapped in a large shawl, and moved slowly, and, as if unwillingly, onwards. Krusé hastened to meet her as she

entered the garden. Jeanné received him more coldly than she need have done after having consented to the interview. But he knew her so well he had expected nothing else.

"You desired me yesterday," he began, in a low and unsteady voice, "not to come up often to Hald, and were vexed at me this evening because I ventured to disobey your injunction. God is my witness, Jeanné, that it was my intention to have been guided by your commands."

"Why, then, did you come this evening?" she asked.

"Because I knew before the general did that we were to be ordered on immediate service, and I could not resist seeing you once more ere our departure."

"Would to God we had never met each other!" she whispered in a low sad voice. "It would have been better for us both."

"Oh, I entreat you," he said, with that irresistible tenderness which had always found its way to Jeanné's heart, "do not say that. I am going far away now, and your wish will be fulfilled; but why should you give me so sad a souvenir to take with me? It is probable, Jeanné, that I shall never return—indeed, it is almost certain, for on what account, or for whom need I seek to save my life?—but if I *do* return, should I be fated to live, will you then be less merciful than God, and deny me permission to visit you as hitherto? If you will only grant me leave to see you again, I shall never misuse that kindness by a word or a look of which you might disapprove; no sigh, no complaint shall betray to you what I suffer."

"Oh Heavens!" whispered Jeanné, "do I not suffer too myself, and do you not perceive that your presence here only prolongs a struggle under which it is certain that we shall both sink? What can you wish to know that you do not already know? What can you see here except that I am Gregers Das's wife?"

"Yes, it is true—too true!" he replied, scarcely above his breath. "Farewell! It is best that we should never meet again."

"Farewell!" replied Jeanné, in the same heartbroken tone. "But you will not thrust yourself needlessly in the way of danger. Do you hear?—you will not do that? Oh, you must not—you dare not!"

"I am weary of battling with my fate!"

"And I, too!" exclaimed Jeanné, bursting into tears.

There was a confession as well as a depth of sorrow in these words; he raised his head, grasped her hand, and carried it to his lips.

"Farewell!" he said—"farewell! God be with you, Jeanné!"

She left her hand in his, and whispered, "Farewell, until we meet again!"

"I may come, then!" he exclaimed joyfully.

"Since you threaten to throw your life away. But go now—leave me. Let me beg this of you."

Krusé knelt before her, whilst he kissed her hand and said:

"Put up a prayer for me, then I shall perhaps come back, and God may have compassion upon us both."

He sprang up and left her; a minute or two after, the clatter of his horse's hoofs were heard upon the other side of the garden fence.

Jeanné stood and listened.

At that moment Jeanné felt her hand seized, and the following words were uttered in a low, sad, scarcely audible tone :

"Put up also a prayer for me, Jeanné!"

She started back, and uttered a piercing shriek. A man stood before her, in whom she recognised Gregers Daa, whose countenance in the bluish moonlight looked even paler than usual, and whose smile was sweet, placid, and resigned as it had ever been.

Jeanné thought herself lost ; she fell at his feet, and stretched out her clasped hands towards him, while she exclaimed :

"Oh, forgive me! Do not condemn me. I am not so guilty as you must think—if you only understood me—if you only knew all——"

"Hush, my dear child!" whispered Gregers, in a voice that was full of grief, but mild and consoling. "Do not weep so bitterly ; I know all, and it is you who do not understand me. You have never understood me aright. Let us go in now."

He assisted the pale, trembling young woman up to her apartment, and then retired to his own study.

The next morning, Gregers, attended by his servant, had started on his journey before Jeanné was awake.

WE SPAKE OF MERRY DAYS.

BY FREDERICK ENOCH.

We spake of merry days of old,
Of days all mirth unshaded,
We laughed so free that none had told
But joy our thoughts pervaded ;
I know not if we laughed or wept,
It seemed so near together,
Like shine and cloud by breezes swept
In April's changeful weather.

We spake of merry days of old,
Child-days before we parted ;
So full of glee the tales we told,
We knew not tears had started :
But as the mirth was free of guile,
The tear was from repining,
So as it fell the heart the while
In light was gaily shining.

TIBERIUS AS MAN AND EMPEROR.

UP to the present day the whole school of historians, with the exception of a few only known to careful students of the history of imperial Rome, have agreed in passing a terrible sentence upon the second of the Roman Cæsars. Who does not shudder on hearing the name of Tiberius, and thinking of the frightful charges that have been brought against him of tyrannical cruelty, the most atrocious crimes, and the utmost contempt of human life? Only one man, whom we might expect as a contemporary to have the best information—we mean the historian Velleius Paterculus—is full of praise of the great emperor, but on that very account the reproach of servile flattery and fawning has constantly clung to him. The later chroniclers and historians incline much more decidedly to the opinion of Tacitus, who, with all the savageness of which he was capable, cannot depict Tiberius in sufficiently black colours, and this view has been handed down to ourselves through a lengthened series of historians. Milder judges recognise in Tiberius at least an enigma; an enigma, however, full of monstrosity, at the sight of which our human feelings start back in horror, a being of a chilling nature, which we are unable to explain, a terrible secret, the key of which is absent.

At the present time a German author of the best repute has undertaken to recover this key, and the result of his exertions is the conviction that, after the expiration of eighteen centuries, it is possible, by careful study of authorities, to penetrate more deeply into the character of the most enigmatical of all rulers, to comprehend and describe his development, life, and temperament more correctly, humanely, and justly than even a Tacitus was able to do only seventy years after his death. This author is the well known Adolph Stahr, and the fruits of his equally sharp-sighted and impartial inquiries now lie before us in a recently published work,* which deserves the highest recommendation to historical students, not only for its strictly scientific treatment, but also for its attractive style. With a zeal that honours him, Stahr claims the right, unquestionably conceded to poetry, of bringing the vacillating characters of history more closely to the heart, and expresses his firm conviction that the historian ought to possess the sure glance of the psychologist, and strive to form a comprehensible picture out of scattered and unconnected traditions. According to his judgment, then, which is based on the most careful study, Tiberius was a man more sinned against than sinning. Let us now proceed to see how he works this problem out.

Tiberius Claudius Nero, descended, both on the paternal and maternal side, from the haughty Sabine race of the Claudii, which had stood by the cradle of the Roman Republic, and in whose character pride, contempt of public opinion, and free thinking, formed the chief features, along with great martial and statesmanlike qualities,† was destined from the first year

* Tiberius. Von Adolph Stahr. Berlin: Guttentag.

† The cognomen of Nero, which many members of this tribe bore, was an old Sabine name of honour, and indicated brave decision and rapidity of judgment.

of his life, when his unprincipled father was wandering about Greece and Italy as a fugitive, to endure the most frightful perils and privations. But Augustus, before whose arms the father had fled, found at a later date the charms of his still youthful mother so irresistible that he induced the husband to surrender his wife: his passion was so unbounded that he at once took Livia into his house, although it was evident that she must be a mother in a few months, and Tiberius, in fact, soon after had a brother by the birth of Drusus. After the death of their father the two brothers grew up in the imperial palace, but the youth of Tiberius was gloomy and joyless. The separation of his parents, the early death of his father, the dislike shown him by his step-father, who preferred his own daughter, Julia, and even Drusus, to him, his doubtful position in the imperial family, in which suspicion followed his footsteps at an early period, were deeply stamped on his heart, and rendered the naturally shy lad serious and reserved. Even while a boy he was called, on account of his earnest and unyouthful manner, "the old one."

But little is known of his youth, but still his education and training must have been very careful, as his whole later conduct testifies: not one ancient witness, not even the neutral-tinted Tacitus, alludes to youthful excesses of any sort. On the other hand, we find the young prince at an early age displaying judicial and administrative abilities, defending foreign kings and cities in trials, providing for the requisite import of bread-stuffs to Rome, and sharply investigating the state of the slave barracks throughout the whole of Italy. At the age of nineteen he made his first campaign as tribune of war in Spain, five years later he restored King Tigranes of Media to his throne in the far east, and forced the Parthians to surrender the Roman standards they had taken from Crassus. When not quite six-and-twenty years of age, he undertook the government of the most valuable province of the empire, transalpine Gaul; a year later subjugated the savage robber tribes, the Rhoetians and Vindelici, in severe actions; then waged equally difficult and successful warfare with the Pannonians and Dalmatians, and subdued the formidable Taurisci. The princes of the Roman ruling family enjoyed no comfortable sinecures. Young Tiberius and his brother Drusus were compelled to expose their persons in return for their position, and they paid a full and glorious price in labour, toils, and dangers of every description. Up to his thirty-sixth year, Tiberius knew naught of permanent peace and the quiet enjoyment of leisure, for up to then hardly a year passed in which he was not engaged in the field, in the most widely distant provinces of the enormous empire. In the autumn of 745, or 8 B.C., Drusus, the successful conqueror of Germania, was attacked in that country by a mortal illness. Tiberius, who was fondly attached to his brother, hurried across the Alps in feverish haste, riding day and night with only one attendant, and on the other side of the mountains joined his dying brother, who had just sufficient consciousness left to order the legions to march out and meet the coming general with their standards, and salute him as Emperor. Drusus died in his arms. Tiberius accompanied his brother's corpse to Rome, walking before it throughout the whole journey in testimony of his sorrow, and delivered the funeral oration in the Forum. The malice and calumny of the Roman society set the report in circulation that this death was the

handiwork of the political jealousy of Augustus, who hated and feared Drusus on account of his liberal and republican sentiments, and yet the extraordinary affection of Augustus for his stepson is certainly proved, while there is not a trace of the contrary. At a later date the Roman gossips declared that Drusus was the first victim of the hatred which Tiberius felt in his heart for all his relatives; but not only does there not exist the slightest proof of this, but it is, on the contrary, incontrovertibly true that Tiberius warmly loved his only brother, the faithful playmate of his youth, and the sharer in his first military successes, and that this love and friendship were transferred to the sons of the two brothers; so that in the imperial family, which was distracted by so much passionate hatred and political jealousy, the hearty agreement between Germanicus, who was the counterpart of his father Drusus in mind and temper, and the younger Drusus, to whom Tiberius had given the name of his beloved brother, offered almost the sole cheering picture.

Up to his thirtieth year, Tiberius had lived in happy wedlock with Vipsania Agrippina, the daughter of Augustus's great general by his first marriage; but his father-in-law, Agrippa, had scarce closed his eyes ere Augustus thought about strengthening his family by a political marriage. He selected Julia, a woman of eight-and-twenty years of age, the daughter of Augustus and widow of Agrippa, as the wife of Tiberius, and the latter was compelled to give his wife the letter of divorce, though "not without deep anguish of mind," as Suetonius expressly remarks. After the death of Agrippa, Augustus required an assistant, who stood above all the others in rank and renown, and who in case of need could place himself at the head of the government without exciting envy, and without danger for his house. Hence as his grandsons—the sons of Julia by Agrippa—were still children, he summoned Tiberius, much against the latter's wish, to his side. Tiberius at first attempted to yield to what was inevitable, and he succeeded for a short time. Julia bore him a son, but when the latter died, soon after, the only tie that had connected him with his detested wife was broken, and he separated from her for ever.

The hot-blooded Julia, lovely, amiable, and talented, pampered by her father as the only child, and confirmed by his indulgence in her criminal levity, allowed herself to be led away into repeated errors, so that the proud, inwardly glowing though externally cold Tiberius, suffered atrociously from the torture of such a connexion. Thus arrived the year 748, the thirty-sixth of his life, and he had just returned from Germany to Rome. In the flower of manly youth, equally valued as general and statesman, he enjoyed, according to the testimony of all, an irreproachably pure reputation both in public and private life. He had held the consulate twice, enjoyed two triumphs, waged perilous wars successfully, and governed large provinces wisely and energetically. At this moment—to the surprise of all, and of Augustus himself—he expressed the resolution to retire into private life from the brilliant stage of honourable public exertions. In his petition for leave to do so, he alleged as excuse his satiety of state business and longing for rest, and he would not listen either to the entreaties of his mother or the earnest objections of his step-father. Indeed, when his request was refused, he abstained from

food for four days, until the permission he requested was granted him. The feeling of wretchedness at his marriage with Julia, his despair at the breaking up of his former family happiness, and the disgrace which his wife's course of life brought on him, were certainly the chief motives for his resolution. He quitted Rome silently and reserved. His wife he would not, his five-year-old boy, Drusus, he could not take with him; only a small suite and a few faithful followers, among them the dearest friend of his heart, Lucilius Longus, who remained closely connected with him throughout life in good and evil report, followed him aboard the vessel that bore him away to Rhodes.

On this beautiful island Tiberius passed eight years in the deepest retirement, and there is no ancient testimony in existence to cast any moral stain upon his life during this period. His entire mode of living displayed a modest simplicity. His inclination to literature and science found an abundant pabulum, and scientific studies and intercourse with savans, poets, and philosophers, were his chief occupation, besides bodily exercise in riding and fencing. Still, he always remained closely connected with the great Roman state world. Thus four years passed away, and Tiberius was himself beginning to feel the burdens of his voluntary exile, when the unexpected news suddenly reached him that his detested wife Julia had been banished from Rome for life by her father, and was about to be sent into close confinement. Just vengeance had at length fallen on the arrogant, extravagant, and faithless woman. Augustus, full of despair at her criminality, and the unavoidable disgrace of a scandalous trial, had sent his daughter in banishment to the island of Pandataria, and by virtue of his paternal authority dissolved her marriage with Tiberius, who, for all that, wrote many letters to her father imploring mercy for his unworthy consort.

In the eighth year of his voluntary banishment Tiberius returned to Rome: he was in his forty-fifth year when he again saw the world whose stage he had quitted. When he departed, he had been at the height of his warlike and statesmanlike renown, illumined by the fresh lustre of great exploits, powerful and influential in the government; now, when he returned, he was only a tolerated private person, taken into favour again, on his own entreaty, without rank, reputation, or influence, formally excluded from all government employment in peace and war; only one thing did he feel as a relief—his home was pure, and the marriage that had been forced upon him dissolved. Himself not feeling eager for rule and authority, and universally regarded with angry and unfavourable glances, while lovingly welcomed by none, he fulfilled in the fullest extent the condition he had imposed on himself of living in privacy; but his mother, Livia, whose proud plans of domination were based on this son, was actuated by the burning desire of securing the throne, on the decease of Augustus, for her son Tiberius, with whom she hoped to share the power.

A few months after his return a disease carried off the younger of the emperor's grandsons and adopted children, Lucius Cæsar, at Marseilles; and eighteen months later the elder brother, Caius Cæsar, died on his return from Asia to Rome, at Limyra in Lycia, in consequence of a wound he had received from a Persian chief. The coincidence of these deaths

with the period of Tiberius's return aroused in many circles the suspicion of poisoning; still, Suetonius himself, the most detailed of all the historians about Tiberius, does not mention this suspicion, and we may ascribe it to those reports which never fail at the sudden death of persons of high rank. The aged Augustus saw with deep sorrow the bodies of his grandsons brought to Rome, and nothing was now left him but to adopt the youngest of Julia's sons, Agrippa Posthumus, as well as Tiberius. This was done on June 27, 757 (4 A.D.), in a full meeting of the Senate, and the emperor accompanied the adoption of Tiberius with the expressive and honouring assurance, "I swear that I do this on behalf of the welfare of the state." Tiberius, however, had been compelled, although he had a son of his own, to adopt his nephew Germanicus Cæsar, for the sake of strengthening the imperial house.

The indulgent and kindly submissive behaviour of Tiberius to his adoptive father produced a deep impression on the latter. If Augustus had always valued Tiberius's great talents as commander and statesman, he now began to feel affection and confidence in the man in whom he soon saw the sole support of his old age; for during the next three years he was obliged to lop off, as rotten branches of the family, Julia's two remaining children—the younger Julia and Agrippa Posthumus—whom he had adopted simultaneously with Tiberius. For ten long years, up to the decease of Augustus, Tiberius was the faithful and powerful mainstay of the emperor and empire, and a series of exploits points out this period as the most brilliant in the life of Tiberius. We need not enter into details about these events; suffice it to mention that Tiberius subjugated North Germany, which was in a perfect state of revolt, put down the dangerous insurrection of the Pannonians and Dalmatians, though not without making the greatest efforts, and, at any rate, secured the Rhine frontier after the terrific defeat of Varus. He now stood at the highest pinnacle of his renown and success. Honoured by the nation as saviour of the empire, he received from Augustus the title of co-regent, and became the most confidential adviser of the aged emperor in all family affairs. No quarrel disturbed their intimacy, though their natures so utterly differed. The affable and courteous Augustus was deeply grieved that Tiberius's haughty reserve and strict maintenance of dignity in his intercourse with his fellow-men had something repulsive about it, and he did his best to explain to the Senate and the people that these defects in his adopted son were innate peculiarities, but not defects of character.

In the year 767 (A.D. 14), Augustus considered it necessary to send Tiberius to Illyricum, for the purpose of restoring peace in that agitated country; but he had scarce arrived there when he was recalled by a message from his mother, that Augustus was dangerously ill at Nola. He hurried back, and had a lengthened conversation with the sick man, who then died easily and painlessly in the arms of his consort. Some authors, as Tacitus mentions, have suspected Livia of poisoning; but there is every reason, on the testimony of Suetonius, for regarding this suspicion as a pure invention. Tiberius delivered the funeral harangue of the late emperor at the Forum, his concluding words being as follow: "And so it is not proper for us to pity him, but we will give back his body to mother Nature, and eternally venerate his mind as that of a God."

Tiberius, the heir and successor of the great Augustus, was fifty-five years of age when he ascended the imperial throne, and Tacitus expressly allows that his character, life, and reputation, had been most excellent during all this period. If, as this author then adds, the emperor's character and government remained praiseworthy up to his sixty-fourth year, although all his virtues as man and ruler were hypocrisy; that up to his seventieth year he was a "mixture of good and evil;" that up to his seventy-second he at least concealed his "sensual passions" (which are now mentioned for the first time by Tacitus); but that he displayed his real temperament for vice and crime from his seventy-third up to his seventy-seventh year, it is indubitable that such a character, such a course of life, are unparalleled in the history of humanity, because they are a physical impossibility. Fortunately, says Stahr, this highly-renowned description bears a contradiction in itself, and this contradiction can also be derived from history.

Ostensibly hesitating, though mentally firmly resolved, Tiberius assumed the reins of government. Not insignificant were the dangers by which he was begirt on all sides, but he met them all in a dignified manner. He prohibited the cringing of the Senate as regarded himself, but paid the greatest respect to the decisions of that body. He carried out the laws severely, the oppressive dearth of provisions was reduced by the utmost efforts, and, as far as was possible, no new burden was laid on the provinces. Tiberius was no actor, like his predecessor, Augustus, who, with successful cunning, had cast a veil of oblivion over the atrocious barbarities and bloody crimes of his earlier life, as well as the arbitrary changes in the government and administration, by friendliness, condescension, flattery, indulgence to the prejudices and evil inclinations of the nobles as well as the lower classes, and ended by rendering himself popular: he did what was right and just generally, without caring about the winning forms. He was a good manager, and, unlike his predecessor, solely employed the state revenues for useful purposes. In spite of his dislike of the costly theatrical performances and gladiator shows, the masses of the people learned to value his excellent qualities. Everybody obtained through him and from him impartial justice, liberal support in the hour of need, relief from the pressure of harsh creditors, and zealous attention to material wants.

It was certainly different with the high-born nobles—with Roman "society:" by them he was cordially detested, and Tacitus, the high-born aristocrat, wrote his account of him entirely in this sense. The noble circles of Rome were at that time in such a state of demoralisation as no age or nation has ever since witnessed. Stripped of every noble feeling, incapable of any great and good sentiments, shamelessly demoralised at heart, devoted to the coarsest egotism, with no care for the public welfare, arrogant, and at the same time cringing, openly humiliating themselves by the most loathsome flattery before the aristocrat, and secretly ever ready to insult by cruel calumnies, this aristocracy now found themselves face to face with a prince whose serious design it was to reform the state and society thoroughly, and who attempted to cure the moral ulcers of both by sharp and radical measures. Tiberius, according to the universal testimony of his historians, regarded himself as did Frederick

the Great, as the first servant of the state, and sought in the toil of such service consolation and forgetfulness of the heavy sufferings and misfortunes which personally tortured him. His activity was enormous, and if he broke down in his lofty mission, this occurred not through his own fault, but through that of the men with whom he had to deal. This failure, and the mode in which it was brought about; the recognition of the miserable depravity of the state and the aristocracy; the black treachery of the fiendish Sejanus, in whom he had set his unbounded confidence, whom he had raised from the dust, and made the second man in the empire; then, too, the misfortune that burst on him from all sides, which tore from him all his beloved friends, and deprived him of his family—all this filled the end of his days with despair about his own fate and that of the world, with grim hatred and contempt of the men around him, and finally hurled him into the gloomy abyss of misanthropy.

It was the old Roman nobility, the party most deeply insulted in their sacred privileges and prejudices, whose most decisive enmity was shown to the member of the Claudian family who was not descended from the Julii. The descendants of the oldest ruling families of Rome, many of whom had ruled since the times of the Republic, when the state was the property of the nobility, and who in their genealogical trees and family traditions, in the annals of the empire, and in the temples and monuments built by their ancestors, were able to display not alone equal, but even greater claims to the highest honours and dignities than Tiberius, whom, as they mockingly said, only the cunning of a woman (his mother) and the servile weakness of the emperor had made their master—all these looked with greater envy and hatred at Tiberius the more deeply they were forced to humiliate themselves before the commanding intellect, which, as they were aware, utterly despised them. While the poorer portion of the aristocracy owed him a grudge because he did not lavish the state finances upon them, the pride of the wealthier was offended by the fact that the emperor gave nameless but competent men the preference over the bearers of ancient names in filling up high offices and profitable provincial governments. "Society" was also amazed because he gave no opening for female influence, and it took its revenge in calumny.

The family circumstances of the emperor were most sorrowful, and not only brought to fruition his resolution in the twelfth year of his reign to retire from Rome, but also led to the gradual gloominess and deterioration of his character. Soon after his accession to the throne, his nephew and adopted successor, Germanicus, the darling of the army and the people, was murdered by Calpurnius Piso, probably at the instigation of the rancorous Livia; and not long after the aging Cæsar saw his only son and successor, Drusus, the tenderly beloved child of his never-to-be-forgotten Vipsania, fall the early prey of death, and the unhappy father did not even suspect that his most intimate friend, Sejanus, had mixed the poison for the prince. Though mentally shaken by these heavy blows, he showed himself great and dignified in misfortune. From the death-bed of his only son he proceeded to the Senate, and recommended to the weeping and sobbing senators the Princes Nero and Drusus, sons of Germanicus, and great-grandsons of Augustus, to their kindly care and

guidance. But the emperor's dearest hopes were borne to the grave with his only son.

Another worm was gnawing at the same time at the heart of the aged Tiberius: the incurable quarrel with the woman who bore him—with his mother Livia—who had become the chief burden of his life and his reign. Regarding her son's elevation to the throne as her special handiwork, she exercised a fearful pressure on Tiberius with the claims of her ambition and love of power; he had great difficulty in preventing her from interfering in the government, and had to endure the most vulgar abuse and contumely in consequence. The feelings of a son and reverence were sufficiently strong in Tiberius to make him refrain from any hard answer or measure, and as he could not make up his mind to banish his mother, he resolved to exile himself, and retired into Campania.

We are naturally unable to enter here into any details about the extraordinary activity displayed by Tiberius as ruler; we can only say that a careful perusal of the very attractive and instructive account Stahr gives of it excites sincere admiration. Both in his internal and external policy Tiberius offers the rare picture of an indefatigably active and attentive, wise and calculating, acute and moderate prince, who ever kept the universal welfare before him. Standing strictly and justly above parties, he occupied himself at home with an improved continuance of the Augustan policy, introduced order into the finances, reforms into the administration of justice, and earnestness in executing the public laws. He drew the best men from all classes around him, and did not pay the slightest attention to gossip and popular clamour; his foreign policy was pre-eminently conservative, not directed to an extension of the frontiers of the enormous empire, neglectful of conquest, and only keeping what he already possessed, so that during his long government only two new provinces, Cappadocia and Moesia, were incorporated, while, on the other hand, all the provinces were more carefully organised. To prove in what a clever but dignified way Tiberius acted, we will take his treatment of the annihilator of the best Roman armies, Arminius, the Cheruscan, the sworn foe of the Roman empire. Adgandestrius, Prince of the Catti, offered, in a letter to the Roman Senate, to put Arminius out of the way, if poison were sent him for the purpose; but Tiberius gave him the answer, that Rome was accustomed to avenge herself on her foes with arms in her hand. Even Tacitus finds this conduct praiseworthy, and he consequently places Tiberius by the side of those old Roman generals who once declined the offered poisoning of Pyrrhus, and sent the menaced king warning of the design against his life. We must certainly assume that Tiberius was well enough acquainted with the Germans to feel sure that they would eventually save him the trouble of ensnaring their saviour, the greatest hero of his nation. And in truth his own relations assassinated the "liberator of Germany."

It was, as we have said, in the twelfth year of his reign that Tiberius, then sixty-seven years of age, carried out his long meditated but often deferred resolution of retiring to the rock island of Capri, which rises out of the cerulean waters of the Gulf of Naples like a petrified sphinx. The intrigues of the members of the Julian family, and the criminal designs of the Princes Nero and Drusus, who were secretly instigated by

his prime minister, Sejanus, dealt him new and deep wounds, and in this growing bitterness of temper the hardest blow fell on him, in the discovery that this very Sejanus, the only man to whom he had given his unbounded confidence, had cheated and betrayed him for years, and murdered his only son. From this time up to his decease life was only a frightful burden for the unhappy old man. He still reigned, because necessity commanded it, but did so joylessly, hopelessly. His greatest anxiety was about his successor, for Caligula, whom fate had designated to succeed him, possessed traces of insanity, and was at an early age a monster in human form, although he cleverly managed to conceal his bestiality behind the hypocritical mask of modest behaviour. One day the monster forced his way into the sleeping apartments of Tiberius armed with a dagger, but, seized with compassion (*misericiordi cor-reptus*), he threw the knife away and left the room. Tiberius had noticed the circumstance, but said not a word about it. Truly an affecting picture: a Caligula, who, resolved on murder, moved to pity at the sight of the slumbering old man, lets the knife slip from his grasp; and Tiberius, who was able to look on, and keep silence.

Tiberius died, solitary as he had lived, at the age of seventy-eight, of a natural death. He had possessed the courage to galvanise the dead body of the Roman state by the aid of a humane absolutism, and to impart fresh life to what was internally decayed. The attempt must necessarily fail, partly through internal causes, partly from the external one of the repugnance felt in influential circles against the intruder into the legitimate reigning family. It was on this reef that he was wrecked, and it was this circumstance that embittered his life and poisoned his character. And when finally his belief in humanity was crushed by the treachery of Sejanus, he tried in vain to extinguish by streams of blood the fire of desperation which was internally consuming him. Hence Tiberius stands forth as a tragical figure in the history of Rome and of humanity.

We are fully aware that it is a difficult task to rehabilitate those men whom history has once branded, and the cases which have hitherto occurred have not been eminently successful. Public opinion does not the less regard Henry VIII. as a tyrant, although Mr. Froude has defended him so gallantly, and we fear lest Stahr may find his efforts on behalf of Tiberius equally futile. Still, we have to thank him for his close reasoning, and the extraordinary knowledge of Roman history which he displays.

A PARISIAN TOURIST.*

BERRY signifies in old French "plain." But the country so designated is like the "Low Countries," by no means either low, level, or flat throughout; and as the Low Countries have their Ardennes, so Berry has its "Black Forests" and "Black Valleys." The level country is, indeed, mainly confined to the environs of Bourges, where a wide expanse of green meadows are framed in poplars, and dotted with the autumnal crocus.

Our Parisian tourist did not visit the "Vallée Noire," it was sufficient that it was depicted in "Valentine" and in "Mauprat." The novelists of the present day, it is to be observed, go to the most strange out-of-way places for the scene of their idylls, which have, after all, always more of the Boulevards in them than of rural or pastoral simplicity. But he saw Crozant and Châteaubrun, and he declares them to be "admirable"—that is, not merely to be admired, but superlatively beautiful. Crozant is situated on the confines of La Marche, at the confluence of the Creuse, or "hollow-way," and of the Sédelle. The town is dominated over by the ruined towers of an ancient castle, nestled upon a mass of dark precipitous rocks, and which are poetically attributed to the Saracens; but there is nothing at all Saracenic about these old crumbling relics of feudal times. Châteaubrun is perched upon still loftier rocks, about four leagues farther up the same "hollow-way." It is in this romantic vale—a kind of Switzerland in miniature, and in the prettiest part of Berry and of La Marche, between Crozant and Châteaubrun—that George Sand has localised the scenes of the "Péché de M. Antoine." Our Parisian accordingly hastened to place on record that he broke his fast where Emile declared his love to Gilberte (which, the reader will ask, is the lady's name?), and Gilberte (that is the lady), without saying anything, allowed her sympathy to be shown in her emotion. When we say "broke his fast" instead of breakfasted, we do so advisedly, for *déjeuner* with a Parisian tourist may mean breakfast, lunch, or any other meal, save dinner, which is eschewed in modern times as too formal and expensive. The ordinary routine of meals to a peripatetic philosopher is reduced in actual times to two—*déjeuner* and *souper*.

La Creuse is, we have said, Switzerland in miniature, and our tourist declares that it is Switzerland "berrichone, charmante, adorable." The first, because it is in Berry. It has certainly a rapid tumbling river, with a bed hewn out among precipitous rocks, crowned with burghs built by the hand of man, and dismantled by time. Thanks to the facilities afforded by railroads, it has also become a kind of studio for landscape painters; and our Parisian, at another "*déjeuner*," set out upon an old copy of the *Débats*, hailed a representative of the happy class of Bohemians, busy with his brush on the other side of the stream, with—

"Hé, monsieur! voulez-vous *déjeuner* avec nous?"

The invitation unceremoniously extended was as graciously accepted, and the artist turned out to be the Schneider of modern times. Few

* A Pied et en Wagon. Emile Deschanel. Paris: Hachette et C^{ie}.

English tourists could have forgotten their national "morgue" so far as to have done the same thing.

Our Parisians, thus brought accidentally in contact, agreed on one point—that George Sand had no necessity for idealising in depicting her "Berrichones," for they are as handsome in their wild gracefulness, with their bushy hair, large eyes, fine features, and good teeth, as the marvellous scenery by which they are surrounded.

At the feudal fortress of Châteaubrun, now in ruin, are to be seen in an old dungeon tower or keep the "oubliettes" which Michelet depicts with such just and indignant appreciation of their horrors, and to which those who were accused of being Huguenots or sorcerers were consigned. "Lasciate ogni speranza!" exclaims our Parisian (the quotation is far from possessing the attribute of novelty), when committed to an oubliette. The oubliette has no steps or staircase. A staircase is hope. Who goes down may one day go up again. But an oubliette is a well into which the victim was lowered by a rope, and into which a small amount of coarse food was cast from day to day from above. There was no staircase and no hope!

What literary resources the modern Parisian has at his command when on his travels! Arrived at Issoudon, our tourist re-perused, he tells us, Balzac's "Un Ménage de Garçon," and put up at the Cabaret de la Cognette, at which the Chevaliers de la Désœuvrance met to concoct their nocturnal enterprises. Nay, he even slept in the room, papered with the adventures of Telemachus, just as Balzac described it. Next day he visited the little château of Frapesle, where the same romancer wrote his "Lys dans la Vallée." The "petit château" belonged at that time to Madame Carraud, a relation of Balzac's, and she kindly undertook to superintend his correspondence (answer his love-letters, we are told, in Boulevard style), so as to leave more leisure to the author for his work. Now, this is not fair, for Madame Carraud is, according to Monsieur Deschanel's own showing, an excellent woman, rural doctor and schoolmistress, never ceasing to do good in summer or in winter. She has also penned books for children of such sterling goodness, that one—"La Petite Jeanne ou le Devoir"—was crowned by the Academy, and Hachette disposed of eighty-five thousand copies of the work. The same house sold eighty-seven thousand copies of "Maurice ou le Travail." There are nothing like school-books for selling. There are so many children, and then, again, so many people remain children after they are grown up, that such books have double chances. Madame Carraud had a most characteristic letter of Balzac's in her possession, in which he complains, as usual, of the chronic disorder of his finances. The expenditure normal, the receipts abnormal—like comets. Yet is he fat, he says, as "le plus vrai pourtrait de moine qui onques ait été vu depuis l'extrême heure des couvents." He is melancholy, he says, because he who has done so much for the sex has not one to comfort him; and then, in another breath, he declares that he does not know Madame de Saint St., whom some have insinuated he is too intimate with. "Le Médecin de Campagne" had, he says, cost him more trouble than any of his previous works, for he wished to equal the simple beauty of the Gospel, to surpass the "Vicar of Wakefield," and to put in action the "Imitation of Jesus Christ." He then concludes by requesting that a service of porce-

lain the kind lady had promised him should be forwarded soon, as he was about to give a dinner-party. The cups, he says, must be in the form of a "pot de nuit, élégante, pure"—which is more than can be said of the analogy—and the dessert-plates must have on them a Gothic H. B.

If, says Monsieur Emile Deschanel, we had only this letter of Balzac's, it would suffice to depict the man to the life, from foot to head, physically, intellectually, and morally!

The cathedral of Bourges has five front arches, which, seen obliquely, look like a forest with branches of stone and leaves of painted glass. The main entrance is a whole poem in stone, representing the Day of Judgment. Some of the presiding demons are wondrous. There is, for example, the demon of luxury, with wings behind that are not fixed either to the shoulders or to the heels, and which has four devouring mouths—one at the head, two at the breast, and the third much lower down. Unlike the *Divina Commedia* of Dante, the whole scene, though frightful, is by no means melancholy. The demons, who combine the functions of gendarmes and executioners, seem to be rejoicing in the tortures which it is in their power to inflict, and the whole has more of the Danse Macabre in it than of spiritual teaching. Nor are the painted windows the least beautiful part of that Bible in stone, which is called Saint Stephen of Bourges. The interior is austere in its simplicity, and our Parisian had the good taste to prefer that simple grandeur to the Byzantine "bariolage," as he calls it, in vogue in Paris. The mausoleum of the Dukes of Berry is in the crypt below, and Monsieur Deschanel assures us that he heard on a former occasion—in 1843—a woman, "the glory of Berry," publicly and grossly insulted, from a pulpit which should have been devoted to expounding the Gospel.

If the cathedral of Bourges is grandiose, the house of Jacques Cœur is in its own way both handsome and picturesque. It is now a "palais de justice." So it is with the house of the juriconsult Cujas, who not only educated a whole host of children, but helped to set them up in the world. The place is now the gendarmerie. Everywhere now in France force takes the place of right. "But," inquires our Parisian in his meditative travels, "have they not recently discovered that force and right are the same thing, and that, after all, the force of right reduces itself to the right of force? As to myself, all I can say is, long live the paradoxes by which such useful discoveries are made, and which enable us to play such antics with our common sense!"

The house of the "Sisters Blue" is a little gem of architecture. Staircases, chimney-pieces, ceilings, everything is richly and exquisitely decorated. Our Parisian was shown the house by one of the sisters, but having detected on the ceiling of the oratory, right in front of the altar, a handsome boy doing something in a wooden shoe, he says the "Sister Blue" blushed and withdrew. Louis XI. is said to have been born in this house; his memory is, therefore, upheld there, somewhat in the sense of what his historian, Philip of Commines, wrote of one Galeas—"a great and bad tyrant, but honourable." Bourges, with all its fine old mediæval relics, is a sleeping beauty, redolent of lethargy and ennui. In these provincial towns of France, go in the year 1800, in 1825, and 1850, and you will find the same things in the same places, even to the beggar at the

church-door, who, like the Grand Lama of Thibet, never dies. It is impossible to conceive, without having contemplated it, to what extent some of these great towns are deserted. There are streets—take, for example, those of the “Grosse Armée” and that of the “Petite Armée”—and we know their counterparts in certain Rues des Cannoniers, de Chasseurs, de Tambour Major—always martial, except when sainted—in many a town of France—which date from the time of Charles VI., and remain in the present day just what they were in the time of that king. Long white walls, with sharp paving-stones below, grass growing between—the very atmosphere—not over-sweet—pervaded by a deathlike stillness.

Our tourist rejoiced in his emancipation from the city of dulness, and in exchanging its melancholy streets for the smiling open country of the Bourbonnais and the Nivernais, by which he took his way to Lyons. The white Charolaise race of oxen that fatten on the rich meadows of the Allier are compared, in his high spirits, to the oxen of the sun, impiously destroyed by the famishing companions of Ulysses. “There, sacred to the radiant god of day, graze the *fair* herds,” writes Homer; and farther on he says, “Holy the flocks, and dreadful is the god!” But we are not aware that he speaks of them as being positively white.

In front of a park was an inscription to the effect that “Le public est prévenu qu’il y a des pièges à loups.” “Poor public!” says our tourist; “this gentleman, in addressing the whole public as trespassers, poachers, or thieves, might just as well have written, ‘Hé! tas de voleurs, halte-là! garde à vous!’” Perhaps, however, the lordly proprietor did not mean to be so comprehensively malicious. He is rich; he cannot be everything.

Green slopes, dotted with villas, at the junction of the Saône and the Rhône, herald the approach to Lyons, with its frightful and dirty old city, and its new quarter not much better. Our tourist is in ecstasies, however, with the Montagne de Fourvière. Its staircase is compared to the ladder of Jacob trod by angels. When we were there, we saw a group of padded officers flirting with two Lyonnaises seated on chairs, and pretending to be working. They were certainly not angels. Our Parisian was, however, himself astounded at the objects of superstition and idolatry displayed on that mount. An Englishman, who he says happened to be there (who ever went to see a sight on the Continent and did not find an Englishman there?), was perfectly taken aback; and he adds, I was obliged to agree with him, that human idiocy has depths that are unfathomable.

Grenoble, with its Grande Chartreuse, as renowned for its liqueur as its piety, is “de rigueur” from Lyons. The site of this renowned monastery is, from its savage wildness, designated the “Desert.” Over the gateway is the following inscription: “Aula provinciarum Galliae.” Our Parisian was received in a spacious hall lit up by seven windows, with the old-fashioned lozenge panes set in lead. The great beams that crossed the ceiling as well as the walls of this hall, were blackened with the smoke of years. No meat is allowed in the Grande Chartreuse, so our tourist had fain to sup upon potatoes, omelettes, haricots, pears, and nuts. To this was added a “petit verre” of the liqueur, which is, we are told, distilled from the resinous pulp of the fir-leaf. Supper over, the hour for nocturnal prayer may be awaited by the fireside, or repose may be rather sought for, than obtained, in a box like a coffin. Our tourist

preferred the latter alternative, but was quickly aroused by a plentiful aspersion of holy water. The midnight service is begun in the dark. There is in the whole chapel only one flickering little lamp, except the dark lanterns which the monks bring with them, as they glide in, in the obscurity, one by one. After all these shadows have taken their places by the side of the choir there is a brief and solemn silence, only broken by the sound of the monks prostrating themselves before the altar. This is suddenly interrupted by a grand chorus:

Deus, in adjutorium meum intende!

by the dark lanterns being opened, the wax-tapers lighted, and the whole chapel illuminated, the monks now first appearing in their white robes, occupying each his separate stall. Devotions are prolonged till two in the morning, after which the weary tourist is once more allowed to seek repose in his coffin-like bed. Nothing is said of the industry cherished by piety, the hospitality, and charity of the worthy monks. The Chartreux do not precisely correspond either to the idle, the begging, or the persecuting orders of olden times: they live in days when such things are no longer tolerated, so they promote instead cultivation and all branches of agricultural industry; a long range of buildings are inhabited by workmen and manufactures, producing their own shoes, stockings, and clothing. The villagers, cottagers, and farmers, are supported in sickness and sorrow; and the "Desert" suffices in all things for itself.

From Dauphiny our tourist wended his way into Savoy, and from the Chartreuse he proceeded direct to the "Charmettes." The cottage so designated is about a mile and a half from Chambéry, and Rousseau spent a few of the happiest of his clouded days at this spot, in company with Madame de Warens. "I was transported," the sophisticated philosopher writes in his "Confessions," "the first day that we spent there. 'Oh, mamma!' I said to that dear friend, as I embraced her and covered her with tears of tenderness and joy, 'this abode is the home of happiness and innocence!'"

"Innocence!" echoes the Parisian; "who would not be innocent after that fashion?" And he adds, it was but a very poor cottage to be in ecstasies about—small and low, with a moss-covered thatch. In Madame de Warens's room were a chair and a mirror; in Rousseau's, a rickety old piano. Hérault de Séchelles, commissioner of the Convention in the department of Mont Blanc in 1792, had a commemorative and poetic inscription engraved on the hut, supposed to have been contributed by Madame d'Epinay, the same lady that Rousseau likewise describes in his "Confessions" as sending him a petticoat of English flannel wherewith to make a waistcoat, and which he ardently embraced because "she had worn it previously!" The note that accompanied the gift is, however, preserved in Madame d'Epinay's Memoirs, and it speaks plainly of "un petit baril de sel, un rideau pour Madame le Vasseur et un cotillon tout neuf à moi (que je n'ai pas porté, au moins!) d'une flanelle de soie, très-propre à lui en faire un, ou à vous-même un bon gilet." Monsieur Deschanel agrees with Lamartine that Rousseau committed a breach of faith in naming Madame de Warens in his "Confessions," but he does not think that he has calumniated her. Such a temperament and such a character as Rousseau has depicted, appear to him to have been founded on truth.

Chambery led to Chamouny. From Albertville to Sallanches the road is bordered by apple-trees, and two young Englishmen, seated on the imperial, terrified the more sedate occupants of the interior by shouting out "Hats! hats!" Eccentric insulars! all the bad jokes of every country are fathered upon them. From Sallanches to Chamouny the journey is performed in one-sided cars; it is said, to facilitate a view of the scenery, and so effectually is this result brought about, that an Englishman is said to have made the circuit of the Lake of Geneva without having ever seen its waters. He was seated with his back to it.

At Chamouny our tourist saw the relics of the three guides lost in 1820. A fête was also held to celebrate the triumphant return of a Frenchman from the summit of Mont Blanc. Monsieur Deschanel provided himself here with an alpenstock, in order that he might not disappear down a crevasse, like a letter put into a post-box. On his way up the Montant-Vert he visited the fountain of Caillet, the scene of the opening chapter in Florian's pretty novel, called "*Claudine, nouvelle Savoyarde*." Half a dozen Claudines were there offering strawberries, milk, and flowers. The milk, we are told, has not yet been adulterated by connexion with France. A farther walk led to the petrified sea called the "*Mer de Glace*," and the great vaulted ice-cave called the sources of the Arveiron. This fairy grotto is adorned with the most marvellous stalactites. It was there, our Parisian says, he first understood Schelling's assertion, that "crystallisation is an unconscious thought," which reminded him of a similar profound remark of Buffon's, that "a vegetable is an animal asleep," and of a still more recent and equally philosophical remark of Michelet's, "a dog is a candidate for humanity." Such, he says, is "the scale of being;" we may add, playfully rendered by a paradox, a negative, and an illusion.

M. Felix des Portes, prefect of the "Département du Leman" in the time of the French Republic, had a little temple and asylum erected on the "*Mer de Glace*," with the inscription, "*A la Nature*!" Our tourist is indignant that the sublime idea that it represented should have been ignored, and the temple allowed to fall into ruin. But would it not have been more philosophical, if not more sublime, to have dedicated it to the God of Nature? It used to be the custom to write from London and Paris to secure the best guides. The French have methodised this, like everything else, and the guides and mules must now be taken in their turn, good or bad. There is one comfort that Art. 34 of the "Regulations" provides that "if a mistake in the way shall have caused the loss of the traveller, always excepting in case of a storm, he shall be erased from the list." Who will be erased? The traveller? No, the guide. The traveller is erased from the number of the living, the guide from the list of incapables. The walk over the "*Mer de Glace*" appears to have been pleasant enough. The first guide had snow up to his ankles, the second who followed up to his calves, the third up to his knees, and so on, till traveller No. 1 had snow-shoes; No. 2, snow-gaiters; No. 3, snow-boots à la gendarme; and No. 4, à la postillon. The eternal "déjeuner" at the Jardin was also passably lively, but all were suffering from the effects of radiation. This reminded our tourist of a visit he once made to the baths of Louèche. Heated, dusty, and fatigued, he took a bath to refresh himself. The superintendent asked him if he

was going to stay. "No," was the reply. "Why so?" "Because if not a bath is useless." "But why so? I was hot and weary." "But in most persons it takes a week to bring on the salutary eruption. But perhaps in your case the water may prove more quickly efficacious." "What for?" "For the eruption!" "For the eruption!" exclaimed the terrified tourist; and, throwing off the dirty blouse in which he was enveloped, he hastened away from the place. Two or three days afterwards he had been exposed to the snow sun of the "Mer de Glace," and the usual effects manifested themselves. He naturally attributed these to the effects of the Piscina of Louèche, and he was not at his ease till he had regained his own dear France and consulted the faculty as to the nature of the desquamatory process.

A storm on the descent sufficed to swell the turbulent Arve, so that there was no getting to Chamouny. Our tourist had fain to sleep in a chalet at the foot of the Montant-Vert. Like most of the uninitiated, he objected to the bed and coverlid of feathers. But, left to himself, he found that the mattress was like Savoy, all mountains and valleys. He envied Enceladus; he was under a mountain, but at least he laid flat. He was upon a whole chain of mountains. He also soon became aware of the fact that it was getting very cold. Again he envied the son of Titan, for he was under Etna. The upshot was, that he had to get out in the dark for the feather-bed, and an hour afterwards for the counterpane.

Starting by the Col de Balme, our tourist met—an avalanche, the reader will say—not at all, a worthy abbé, of whom it is recorded that, being chaplain on board ship, he exhorted the crew to the combat by telling them that there was no paradise for cowards. Stendhal, in his account of the retreat from Moscow, gives some specimens of military eloquence that are still more remarkable—positively ridiculous—only, unfortunately, untranslatable.

The Bois Magnin, the Salvatoresque portion of the Col de Balme, is succeeded by the Val de Trient, in which the two routes, that by the Col and that by the Tête-Noire, meet. Together they pass over the Forclaz into the Valais, and here a gendarme asking for passports, rising up between the tourist and the prospect, mars the latter considerably. "Un brigadier est une rose," says the song; but who cares for roses among Alpine rhododendrons?

It is pleasant, after all, after a few days of Alpine mountaineering, to lay the alpenstock by one's side in a cozy railway carriage, and to be able to say to it, "Dear friend, we will both rest ourselves awhile, and let the locomotive do the work for us." So it is that the tourist now speeds from Martigny to Geneva around that lake so beloved by literary men of all kinds and descriptions—Voltaire and Rousseau, Gibbon and Byron, Madame de Staël and Michelet. A pleasant trip it is, too, by the Pisse Vache and the chasm of St. Maurice, sung by Childe Harold; Bex, with its spa, the home of the immortal Haller, and an inscription in honour of Caligula, who had better have been buried under its ruins; Yverne, a curious version of Hybernum (Galba's winter-quarters), with excellent white wine, out of which the Swiss manufacture their champagne; and, lastly, Villeneuve, from whence we first contemplate the lake. Madame Dora d'Istria, in her pretty book "*Au Bord des Lacs Helvétiques*," remarks, with no small amount of truth, that Byron, notwithstanding the

power of his genius, is but a common-place depicter of the splendours of nature ; he contents himself with the most vague terms, and all that he says of the Lake of Geneva would apply itself just as well to that of the Four Cantons. A poet is not always either a naturalist or a geographer, although such is sometimes the case ; but, in the majority of instances, the minuteness of observation, and the spirit of analysis that is essential to the scientific mind, is fatal to that brilliant vagueness which constitutes the essence of poetry. According to Madame Dora d'Istria, the lake of the Four Cantons is green, that of Geneva is blue—ever of a splendid blue. There is certainly a difference, but it imports not to poetry : the latter concerns itself more with the glorious reminiscences of the place. Byron, to whom it was a matter of great indifference, probably, if the waters were green or blue, could still lament that the monks of St. Bernard had levelled "The Bosquets de Julie" to obtain a gallon more wine, and that the rocks of Meillerie, which sheltered De Saint Preux and Madame de Wolmar, had been blasted to make way for a road. Yet Byron himself admits that he was not acquainted with the history of Bonnivard when he wrote his "Prisoner of Chillon"—that Bonnivard who, as the amiable, lettered, scholarly, and patriotic prior of Saint Victor, played the same part in the dawn of the Reformation in Geneva that Erasmus did in that of the Great Reformation, and whose persecutions by the miserable prince-bishop we have only lately depicted from the burning pages of D'Aubigné. The sympathy excited by the idea of such a man immured in the oubliettes of Chillon would have been far deeper than even genius could excite for an imaginary sufferer.

After Chillon and Clarens, the one with a prison, the other with a bosquet, comes Vevey, where Rousseau enjoyed the friendship of Mademoiselle Wulson, his first love, and where was born Madame de Warens, his happiest reminiscence ! This extremity of the lake has one of the most favoured climates in Europe. Whilst London has, upon an average, 178 rainy days in the year, Paris 152, Rome 117, Pau 109, Florence 103, Montpellier 80, Vevey has only 72. But we must not forget that Marseilles, Cannes, Nice, and Hyères, have an average of only 55.

The vineyards of the Ryffthal, whose soil, supported by rock terraces, is said to have been brought from Evian in boats—

Mitis in apricis coquitur vindemia saxi—

are protected all the way to Lausanne by a chain of hills from the north winds. The wine is, therefore, good, and is, with the game and fish of the neighbourhood, regretted by Brillat Savarin, who exclaims, "What good dinners did we consume in those days at Lausanne at the "Lion d'Argent," and that for fifteen batz" (about 1s. 10½d.). The "Lion d'Argent" is, alas ! now the "Lion d'Or," thanks to the extravagance of tourists. There is no other locality of the same size with so many literary reminiscences as this city on the lake. Here it was that Gibbon loved Mademoiselle Curchod, afterwards Madame Necker, and the mother of Madame de Staël—proof enough that she was worthy even of the historian of "The Decline and Fall." It was here that the dyspeptic sceptic, Voltaire, complained that he had no stomach to enjoy the magnitude and the magnificence of the scenery ; yet, another day, would

write, "We devour cocks of the wood, grouse, and trouts of twenty pounds; are we not to be pitied?" Here it is that also dwelt Cellini, the two De Maistres, Fox, Madame de Charrière, B. Constant, Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Adam Mickiewicz, Sainte-Beuve, and Victor Hugo. Lausanne has, however, a literary rival in Coppet, whose pointed roofs peer from out of a grove of poplars in the south-west angle of the lake. Here it was that Bayle tutored the young lords of Dohna, and here it was that the exiled of Napoleon—Madame de Staël—held her court, attended by Schlegel, Sismondi, Chateaubriand, B. Constant, Mesdames de Charrière, Récamier, and a whole host of others. Here it was, also, that Byron so far forgot himself as to have earned the rebuke of the hostess—to which, he says, he made a low bow, in sign of departure.

But of all the spectacles on Lake Lemman, none, not even Lausanne, with its vast expanse of waters, backed by wooded mountains, over which peer the eternal snows of the King of the Alps, can compare with that city of glorious memory, Geneva, at the outlet of the Rhône. At Villeneuve the river enters the lake of a muddy or yellowish tint; it issues forth from it as blue and as limpid as the lake itself. It is the lake turned into a river. Our tourist anticipated Geneva, however, by a trip to Ferney: Voltaire is with him the apostle of reason, liberty, and justice. He visited the château inhabited by one who has been called "the king of common minds," and the temple in which Arsène Houssaye says is inscribed an impertinence: "Deo erexit Voltaire, MDCCLXI." But our tourist views the matter in a different light. He quotes Voltaire himself as explaining that his was the only temple in the world erected in honour of the Creator. "England," he said, "has a church dedicated to St. Paul, France to Sainte Geneviève, not one to the Creator." Is it impertinent, asks Monsieur Deschanel, of a Christian to worship the Father—if so, it will possibly one day be declared impious. The Father is as it were forgotten in the Son, or absorbed in the Trinity. Even in the Anglican Church the congregation all bow reverentially at the mention of the Saviour in the Creed, but the name of the Father is passed over irreverentially. But that which is inexcusable in Christians is to be excused to a certain extent in Voltaire and Rousseau; they were professed Deists, and it was as such that they were denounced as "Demons clothed in flesh."

Geneva is, as it is well known, divided into an old city and a new city. Old Geneva, a gloomy labyrinth, is described by our tourist as being still the austere city of Calvin, into which the sun could rarely find its way, and which was only lit up at intervals by the fatal flames of proselytising fagots. The gloomy fierceness of the sixteenth century seems still to reign in these black and massive houses. One breathes there the very atmosphere of fanaticism. These tortuous streets, these obscure passages, form an inextricable network, and resemble the plot of a theological controversy. Monsieur Deschanel, when exiled from Paris, had a professorship offered to him at Lausanne, but he preferred Brussels, the metropolis of another hospitable and liberal country. He admits, however, that the intellectual movement in Switzerland is most remarkable. He has reason to do so, having been offered a chair, in the place of that which his liberal opinions lost him in the metropolis of France. The house that

interested him most at Geneva was that in which was born Jean-Jacques Rousseau; the houses that would have interested us most in that old city would have been those tenanted by the Huguenots of old, and their enemies the Mamluks. At Neufchâtel it was Rousseau again—Rousseau everywhere. Neufchâtel possesses some of his inedited manuscripts—"inappreciable treasures," our tourist designates them.

Curious it is that a Frenchman cannot ascend the old Mons Rigidus—the Righi of the present day—without an adventure. Monsieur Desbarroles—the Anglophobist who travelled at three francs a day—set the example. Monsieur Deschanel follows it. He met a college chum in the ascent, and the two passed a young lady on horseback, accompanied by an aged man in a chair. In a moment we are transported to the "Italiens," with Alboni in the "Barbier;" and thence to an hotel in the Quartier Beaujon, all à propos of the lady on horseback. True, that after watching the sun disappear behind the black mass of Mount Pilate, one hundred and eighty persons sat down to supper on the Righi-Kulm; true, that some went to watch the moon rising behind the glaciers; and equally true, that some got up to see the sun rise from out of the icy peaks of the Bernese Alps; but our Parisians divided their duties, one attended upon Diana, the other upon Apollo, but both seem to have been solely wrapt up in the dénouement of the drama which began at the "Italiens," was interrupted in the Quartier Beaujon, and was brought to a conclusion on the summit of the Righi!

Our tourist found on his way back that the Vosges were fine even after Switzerland. To speak correctly, he says, Switzerland and Savoy are beautiful; the Vosges are charming. Surely the beautiful must always charm? But the landscapes of the Vosges, he explains, are more proportioned to man than the grandiose and terrible beauties of the Helvetic and Savoyard Alps. From a lake near Plombières two streams issue forth, one of which goes by the Rhine to the German Ocean, the other by the Rhône to the Mediterranean. He compares them to two brothers nursed in the same cradle, but carried by different destinies to opposite ends and to distant deaths. The flora of the Vosges, we are also told, is of the most varied and beautiful character. The traveller breathes there that balsamic atmosphere of the mountains which imparts health, activity, and spirits. But the traveller must be on foot to feel that impulse communicated by the mountain air, and which is so opposed to idleness. Perhaps, also, it is from the same cause, or still more probably from its Teutonic elements of population, that the Vosges have become the centre of so many branches of industry. Forges, saw-mills, manufactures, factories, and paper-mills, dot the slopes and base of the hills, the summits of which are still occupied by the ruins of old monasteries and of feudal castles. Above the valley of Thann, near Mulhausen, is a stronghold besieged by Turenne, and one of its towers lies prostrate like a colossal gun or a gigantic telescope, by which to take a peep at the Black Forest—visible from that point. The people call it "Le Manchot." There is in the same valley a tasteful Gothic spire, attributed to the architect of the cathedral of Strasburg. But we have read somewhere that the builder of the latter spent his whole life in that great epic in stone.

In the same valley, an excellent lady, who, like Madame Carraud in

Berry, spent her life in benefiting others, had opened a school, in which some fifty young Alsatian girls came to learn to sew and work. The materials were furnished, and once a month the results were distributed in the shape of clothes. The work was cheered by songs in French and in German. In summer-time it was carried on in the garden; in winter, in a spacious hall well warmed. Nothing, says our tourist, could be more charming or more touching. Unfortunately, Madame Risler—the lady in question—perished quite recently of an illness caught in attending upon one of her young pupils. The same family has founded at Cernay, near Thann, an agricultural school for boys and girls. The little colony is under the direction of Monsieur Zweifer, a disciple of Pestalozzi. Alsatia is, according to Monsieur Deschanel, the province of France in which the education and the well-being of the people, young and old, is most looked after, and that because it adjoins Switzerland!

Hence our tourist made his way to Paris by Franche-Comté. The railroad from Belfort to Besançon follows the valley of the Doubs, and is replete with varied and picturesque scenery. There is Besançon, too, after Montbéliard, with its castle and tower; in the bottom of a great hollow, encircled by powerful ramparts, and inhabited by a mixed but intellectual race, from among whom have surged the Fouriers, the Cuviers, the Hugos, the Prudhommes, and the Nodiers, all "Comtois." The city is, however, overshadowed by the palace of Cardinal Granvelle, which speaks, he says, disagreeably of the convent of the past and the barracks of the present day, two things much more identical than is generally imagined. One has half disappeared; it is to be hoped that both alike will disappear for ever in the future. Then alone will the middle ages have finally expired. Hoping for the same great and happy change to the family of men, however indistinctly such a future may loom in a far, far away distance, we must leave our traveller, as with pardonable civicism he exclaims, "Vite! vite! à Paris, à Paris!" Monsieur Deschanel is a charming tourist; he has not an ill-natured word to say of any one—even of those morose insulars, whose presence so stirs the gall of many a travelling Frenchman—while he has an eye for the association of places, as well as one for places themselves, and a sympathising heart for all that is kindly and good.

THE KINGDOM OF SIAM.

THE origin of the Siamese language is dubious, but in any case it must be regarded as an independent language. Like Chinese, it has many words of one syllable, and has the same peculiarity as the Anamite language, that the same word is accentuated four or five different ways, and thus receives an equal number of meanings, although the orthography remains the same. Polysyllabic words in the Siamese language are exotic, and can be easily recognised as such. There are three forms of language: the lower, higher, and sacred. The first has incorporated the most foreign words, while the second has been kept as free as was possible from them. The sacred language is Pali and Sanskrit, though both have been changed in accordance with the character and dialect of the Siamese. All objects connected with the religion of the country are described in this sacred language.

The Siamese language contains twenty vowels and diphthongs and forty consonants. There are five modes of accentuation, which are intimated both by a variation in the shape of the letters and by four accents. The differences of intonation are often scarce perceptible by the foreigner, and this renders it very difficult for Europeans to learn the language, while affording the Siamese splendid opportunities for puns and playing on words. The language is rich in synonymes, some of which are exclusively reserved for religion, others for poetry. Writing is from left to right, and the letters, though angular, are fine specimens of calligraphy. The religious works, to which Siamese literature is nearly entirely restricted, are written in Pali characters. The politeness of the Siamese, to which we have already referred, has produced strange forms of speech in the colloquial language, especially as regards titles. If a Siamese, for instance, is talking about a child of low rank, he calls it a "rat" or "mouse." Children of the middle classes are called "Mr." and "Miss Mouse." Children of officials are distinguished by "mother" and "father," with the addition of the name or without it, as "Mother" and "Father Mouse," or "Rat." When conversing with a young man he is addressed as "younger brother," while an elder man, as we have already seen, is called "father," "uncle," or "grandpapa." Dignitaries are always called "benefactors."

A few poetical productions of the Siamese are not without value. The wife of an American missionary has translated several of them, which contain fine ideas, into English. If these translations are faithful, we must feel surprised at the genius that resides in this so slightly cultivated nation. Although the Siamese are great admirers of theatrical representations, they possess no national drama. Their plays are nearly all of Chinese origin, and the performers are as a rule Chinese. Noise and bustle, dull and frequently lascivious farce, quarrelling and fighting, are the principal components of these representations, which enthrall the audience for a whole day. The theatre is supported by government, and the admission is free: hence there is always a very large body of spectators.

Music has certainly attained a greater development in Siam than in any other Asiatic country. This is seen at once in the large collection of musical instruments, which nearly all produce most pleasant and harmonious

sounds. Hand-bells, flutes, clarionettes, and guitars, are the most common. After sunset you can hardly find in Bangkok a respectable house in which the sounds of a concert or isolated instruments are not audible. It is the fashion for every well-to-do Siamese to have a private orchestra, and the king keeps thousands of musicians, whom he lends out on festal occasions, from which music is inseparable. Nearly all the musicians are women or girls, who generally handle their instrument with rare skill. The bells are usually the supporters of the melody, and have a most agreeable sound. They are arranged in a circle, and the performer strikes them with two padded wooden mallets. An instrument constructed on the principle of the glass harmonica, the sounding board of which resembles the shape of a ship's hull, and in which twenty-two tuned bamboo staves are substituted for the glass, takes the second place, and is the constant accompaniment of the bells. A third peculiar instrument is the Laos flute. It consists of fourteen fine bamboo tubes of various lengths, arranged side by side, and having vent holes, which are closed with the fingers in turn, in order to modulate the sound. The air is introduced through a cylindrical mouthpiece, into which the tubes are fitted. The notes are remarkably sweet and agreeable. Castagnettes, conical drums, and guitars, form the chorus. There is no written music in Siam, and every tune is performed by ear. Hence it is the more surprising that the ear is not offended by a single false note during a concerted piece that lasts half an hour. The character of the music approximates to the European, and the melodies are generally plaintive and frequently repeated. Still you hear them with pleasure, and they form a most agreeable contrast with Chinese music. The difference is certainly very remarkable when we take into consideration the different civilisation of the two nations. The Chinese mentally stand higher than the Siamese, but their music, as such, does not deserve the appellation. Dancing is unknown in Siam, and the singing does not please a European ear, even though it has not the howling falsetto notes of the Chinese and Japanese, and is principally restricted to recitation. Usually the musical performances commence with a song, the last note of which the clarionette takes up, and the other instruments gradually join in.

In painting, the Siamese are mere imitators of the Chinese, but are inferior to them. Their pictures are coarse, the figures unnatural, and there is an utter absence of perspective. They appear to reserve all their artistic skill for the gold-painting in the temples. Even though there is always a want of true art in the design, the execution is extremely delicate, and deserves admiration. In architecture, on the other hand, the Siamese surpass all other Asiatic nations. The temples, or wats, and the royal palaces, are real masterpieces of architecture, that display equal boldness of conception and beauty of form, and the more surprise us when we take into consideration the low scale of civilisation in which the nation generally stands. The style is an effective mixture of Indian, Chinese, and—we are bound to say it—Gothic. Bricks are the sole building material, and all the edifices are covered with stucco, the ornaments being made of the same material. The mortar is composed of lime mixed with sand, sugar, and water, in which buffalo-hides and special roots have been left to soak for a long time. Through this the cement acquires an extraordinary firmness, which renders it almost impossible to pull down an old wall.

Great attention is paid in Siam to the wood-cutting art, in which the Siamese have attained such skill as to compete with the Chinese. They also manufacture very delicate inlaid articles, principally in mother-of-pearl, and their mosaic, composed of coloured glass, which they manufacture in the country, and of broken Chinese porcelain, deserves all recognition. Their fondness of ornaments and vessels made of the precious metals occupies many gold and silversmiths, and there is hardly any country in which these metals are more common or more exposed to view than in Siam. The Siamese are, hence, masters in gold-beating and gilding. They also work up splendidly copper, which is found in their country, though they neglect and do not know how to handle the other metals found in their productive mountains. Apart from the above productions, to which must be added the government sugar-mills, arrack-distilleries, and cannon-foundries, Siamese industry is nowhere. Siam, consequently, offers a more favourable market for European trade productions than China and Japan, where the native industry has already reached a high stage of development.

The principal occupation of the Siamese is agriculture, the cultivation of rice occupying the first place. The field is taken in hand in May, the weeds being plucked up by a harrow, and the ground turned with a plough, whose share is not much larger than a hand. The rice is sown at the first fall of rain, for it shoots up very rapidly in wet weather. Hence, when the inundation takes place, the rice-plant grows at the same rate as the water rises. With the close of the inundation the rice begins to turn yellow, and is perfectly ripe by January, the harvest month. The grains are then thrashed on the field or trodden out by buffaloes, and the straw is burnt in order to manure the ground. The Siamese rice is of excellent quality, and the best in all Asia. In addition to rice cultivation, in which nature does the most work, the Siamese occupy their time with horticulture, which demands even less labour. The fruit-trees flourish without any culture, and the vegetables alone have a little more attention paid them, as they are irrigated with a mixture of water, salt, and rotten fish. This mode of treatment renders the plants wondrously productive. The indolent Siamese have left the cultivation of the sugar-cane, pepper, and tobacco, which costs more trouble, to the industrious Chinese, who, in return, derive all the greater profit from it.

Siam is richer than any other tropical country in every sort of fruit and vegetable. All the varieties of the palm, with their graceful trunks and luxuriant crowns, form the chief beauty of the landscape, and the cocoa and areca-palm are most fully represented among them. A splendid fruit is the durian, of the size of a melon, and covered with prickles like a chesnut. When the fruit is ripe the shell bursts spontaneously, and, on opening it, you find a round mass of white meat, which melts on the tongue, and surpasses in flavour the richest cream. Mangoes, mangostines, guavas, litchis, oranges, and some thirty varieties of the banana, are found in large quantities at market, and can be purchased very cheaply. We may fairly say that Siam is one of the most fruitful and blessed countries in the world.

As in all tropical countries, the bamboo and the canes have a great social value in Siam. The bamboo supplies the sole material for building the cottages of the lower classes, and is, in addition, employed for all sorts of purposes, as it unites great lightness with uncommon strength and

elasticity, and can be easily split into the finest strips. Siam possesses a great wealth of ornamental, useful, and dyeing woods. Among the useful, the most valuable is teak, which supplies an indestructible material for ship-building, and has recently begun to find its way in large quantities to Europe. Among other woods, we may mention rosewood, Japan, and Campeachy. Siam is also the land of gutta-percha, turmeric, and the sweet-scented aloe, which is esteemed throughout the East as a perfume. The principal spices produced in the country are cardamoms and pepper.

The animal kingdom is equally well represented in Siam. The first rank is occupied by the elephant, which plays an important part in Siam, and is, indeed, indispensable, owing to the nature of the ground. There are hardly any horses, and, indeed, they could not exist on the marshy soil and in the jungles, which render it an impossibility to lay down highways. If a person wishes to travel into the interior, he can only do so in boats on the rivers or on elephants. The latter easily force their way through the thick scrub by either trampling down the branches in their path, or removing them with their trunk. They wade through marshes on their knees, gauge the depth of fords with their trunks, so long as they feel the bottom, and when they lose their footing they swim through deep water with their trunk held aloft. Their soft feet enable them to descend the most precipitous ravines, and they climb heights with equal ease by the aid of their trunk. When well fed, they will march for twenty hours without stopping, and cover an extraordinary distance. When the elephant is tired it beats the ground with its trunk, and utters a trumpet-like note: when it has resumed its strength it kneels down to take its rider or its load on its back again. The elephant also plays a chief part in wars, and behaves not only passively but actively in a fight, for at the bidding of the mahout it storms houses and palisades, and hurls down and tramples on the foe. We can easily understand, therefore, why the elephant is so highly esteemed in Siam. The king has strictly prohibited the capture of wild elephants, and holds it as a monopoly. The provincial governors effect their capture annually by the help of tame female elephants, which are driven into the forest, and lead the wild males at the sound of a trumpet into a fenced enclosure, the gate of which shuts after them. The male elephants are then allowed to starve for several days, and are fastened to a post with a noose. When exhausted by hunger, they are fed with sugar-cane, their favourite fare, and some peculiar herbs, which render them tame in a few days.

White elephants are venerated almost like deities in Siam, as indeed are all white animals, because, according to the Buddhistic theories, the Buddhas on the transmigration of souls change themselves into Albinos, and principally into white elephants. The fortunate discoverer of a white elephant, which in reality is not white, but chocolate-coloured, is rewarded in a princely manner, because such animals are rarely found. The animal is brought with great pomp from its place of capture to the capital, where it is solemnly received by the king and the highest dignitaries, and conducted to its stable. Here the elephant is waited on by a large body of attendants, and fed with all possible dainties out of gold and silver vessels. His head and trunk are decorated with golden ornaments, the Talapoins pray in its presence, and a royal physician pays attention to its health. Should such a sacred elephant die, royal honours are paid to its corpse.

After the elephant, the buffalo is highly esteemed by the Siamese as

beast of burden and draught. It is used for ploughing, treading out the corn, and turning the sugar-mill. The country is very rich in these animals, and buffalo-hides and horns form a very considerable branch of export. Among the domestic animals, only pigs and poultry are kept. Although the streets swarm with dogs, they are masterless, as in Turkey, and hence cannot be regarded in the light of domestic animals.

There is of course no lack of savage and predaceous animals in Siam. The rivers and swamps are populated by crocodiles and rhinoceroses, the forests by tigers, bears, and deer of various descriptions. In spite of the Buddhistic prohibitions, the Siamese chase the latter animals energetically, and generally kill them with fire-arms, which any man is allowed to possess. Their rhinoceros-hunting is remarkably daring and peculiar. Armed with a bamboo stake, pointed and hardened in the fire, they proceed in parties of three or four into the jungles, where they startle the animals with shouts and yells. As the rhinoceros does not fly, but rushes ferociously at its assailants with widely-opened jaws, the brave Siamese wait for this moment, and thrust their bamboo lances down the brute's throat. Then they run off in various directions, and allow the animal to become exhausted by loss of blood, until they can approach without danger and despatch it. There are many tigers, spotted and striped, and tiger-cats, but they rarely attack men, because they have no want of game. There are also two varieties of the bear, which, however, shun the vicinity of man. Stags and deer are also very numerous, and during the inundations are brought by hundreds to the market-place of the capital. These animals, as the water rises, fly to the higher spots on the plain, where they are killed by the Siamese. Apes, with which the forests swarm, carry on their tricks unimpeded in the immediate vicinity of Bangkok, and impudently plunder the gardens. Many otters live in the rivers; they are frequently tamed, and become as familiar as dogs. Rats and mice are an enormous nuisance.

Amongst the Siamese birds, the crows most attract attention. They exist in extraordinary numbers, and when they seek their night-quarters in Bangkok—the temples—they almost darken the air. These birds display an almost incredible impudence. Before daybreak they stalk about the streets in dozens, to steal everything that comes in the way of their greedy beaks. They do not hesitate to snatch edibles from the hands of children, and even of elderly persons, force their way into the kitchens, knock off the covers of pots and take out the meat, which, if unable to swallow on the spot, they try to conceal in some corner, on a roof, or up a tree. They fight boldly with dogs and cats for a bone, and when so engaged will hardly get out of the way of passers-by. If they are shot at, or stones thrown at them, they collect in hundreds and make an awful row, which is quite unendurable. However, they combine with the dogs in acting as scavengers, clearing the towns and villages from all rotting substances. In consequence of the great quantity of water and fish in the country, it swarms with aquatic birds. Vultures are also seen in large flocks, especially the black ones with bare necks, which at the same time perform the duty of sextons. In Siam, we must remark, in explanation, the dead are not buried. The rich and well-to-do have their dead burned, while the corpses of the poor, whose relations cannot afford to pay the priest for the incrimation service, are torn and devoured by vultures and dogs. For this object the corpses are previously cut into

pieces, which are laid out on a stone platform. On the trees around hundreds of black vultures keep up a constant watch, and plump dogs lie about in the neighbourhood. So soon as the relations have retired, the animals and birds rush on the corpse, and in a very short time only the bones are left, which the relations eventually collect and keep in an urn. The reptiles are strongly represented by crocodiles, lizards, and snakes: among the latter are many that are poisonous, and also water-snakes. Among insects, centipedes and scorpions are numerous, and feared as poisonous. Ants are a regular plague, especially the white ants, of the size of a rice-seed, with a white transparent body and brown mandibles. Woe to the unhappy trader into whose corn or sugar warehouse these creatures creep unnoticed. In three days the largest stocks are devoured or destroyed, and he is a poor man. Owing to their enormous propagation, these ants would soon ruin the whole country if they did not undergo in autumn a metamorphosis which devotes them to destruction. They then develop large wings, are compelled to quit their subterraneous abodes, and owing to their uncertain flight become the prey of birds, especially ravens, which thus do man a great service. The coasts and canals of Siam are so prolific in fish, that with rice they supply the staple food of the lower classes.

The mountains that border the Siamese plain are very metalliferous. Most of the gold is found in the province of Xumphon, on the borders of Cambodja, in the shape of dust or grains: the mines belong to the king. If private persons wish to work them they are allowed to do so on the daily payment of a certain quantity of gold. The country, however, is so unhealthy, that the gold-seekers rarely remain there a fortnight, and hence this permission is not greatly made use of. Silver is not found in a pure state, but in conjunction with copper, antimony, lead, and arsenic. There is a great number of copper mines, and the ore raised gives thirty per cent. of pure metal. A sensible treatment of the rich copper mines would become an inexhaustible source of prosperity for the country, even if it did not possess other valuable resources. Tin, however, constitutes the chief mineral wealth of the country; it is chiefly found in the southern provinces, and is actively excavated by the Chinese. There is also an immense quantity of lead and zinc, and the Siamese in their ignorance utterly neglect them. Iron is produced in Tha-Sung, and this trade is also in the hands of the Chinese. The province of Schantaburi, on the east coast of the gulf, produces large quantities of jewels, among which the principal ones are topaz, garnet, sapphire, ruby, and rock crystal. The king has again reserved for himself the best mines; he has the stones cut, and deals in them. The Siamese kings, indeed, have always been the first traders in their country, and up to the year 1858, or the signature of the treaty with England, monopolised nearly every branch of trade.

The form of government in Siam is absolutely despotic. The land has two kings, but the first is the actual ruler and autocrat. The second king, who is surrounded by princely pomp, is certainly the only man in the country besides the priests who is allowed to remain standing in the presence of the first king; but in reality he possesses no other importance than that of being the first subject. The second king never interferes in foreign affairs, but in war he is placed at the head of the army. It is a peculiar fact that the system of two kings could subsist so long in such

a despotic country without any disturbances or conspiracies, for Siamese history does not record a single instance in which the fall of a dynasty or a first king was carried out at the instigation of the second. Usually the second king, who bears the title of Vajna, is a near relation of the first: at the present time he is the younger brother of Phra-Somdet Mongkut, the first king. The succession is generally, though not necessarily, in the direct male line. If the king has not previously secured the assent of the grandees, or if the heir-presumptive has not sufficient strength to compel that assent, the succession may be altered. The names which the first king bears officially testify how unlimited his power is. Thus, for instance, he is called the descendant of the angels, the elevated, the divine feet, &c., and these titles sufficiently explain the almost god-like veneration which his subjects display towards him. Not only must each of them fall on his face when he meets the king, but the reverence is even transferred to the royal palace, which every one must pass with bare head, or if in a boat, in a kneeling posture. What careful attention the king pays to the performance of these duties is proved by the cross-bowmen, who constantly attend him and surround his palace, and who at once shoot clay bullets at any man who does not do homage in the prescribed fashion. In spite of the power which the king possesses, he is, however, excessively enthralled by etiquette and ceremony, and while he arbitrarily disposes of his subjects, he cannot be regarded as absolute master of his time or person. He is only allowed to see his wives at certain regular hours.

The king possesses a harem stocked with hundreds of wives, but only one of them is the legitimate queen, and bears that title. Her palace is close to that of her consort. In the same way as the king is confined by the traditional etiquette the queen is not her own mistress, but is under the control of an old mistress of the ceremonies. The latter is, at the same time, the overseer of all the concubines and princesses, and hands in to the king her reports about the behaviour of all these ladies. Although the queen must be of the blood royal, this is not required with the concubines, who are generally the daughters of officials, offered by their parents. The melancholy lot of celibacy awaits the princesses. Through fear of powerful sons-in-law, they are condemned by the kings to a conventual life, so that they hardly ever are allowed to leave the interior of the palace, although every variety of comfort and amusement is accorded to them. Any sexual intercourse with one of the king's wives or princesses is regarded as high treason. The guilty man is impaled, and the woman sewn up in a sack and drowned in the Meinam. If the culprit is a prince, whose blood must not be shed according to the law of the land, he is beaten to death with clubs, and then thrown into the river. The present king has a very large family. Since he ascended the throne, some twenty children have been born to him by his favourites, and he is having them very carefully educated in the European style.

Among the princes there are three degrees, and four of each grade hold offices of state. The highest among them is the Wanglang, or viceroy. He has to decide in all important affairs of state, and is, at the same time, judge of the offences committed by the other princes and the officials. At the present time, this office is held by a step-brother of the two kings, Prince Krumluang Wongsa, an old gentleman very kindly disposed towards Europeans. The other usual high offices of state are

distributed among the remaining princes : two of them are inspectors of the elephants, one manages the taxes, another is chief of the agricultural department, a third minister of justice, a fourth head of the medical department, &c. The rest of the numerous royal relatives live without employment. These relations receive an annual pension, but it is so small that the recipient is often compelled to carry on some mean trade.

The officials, of whom there are five classes, hand down their appointments from father to son, and no special acquirements are demanded. The salaries are very moderate : the highest officials receive 180*l.*, the lowest only 3*l.*, a year, and all are compelled to make up their income by extortion. This is done on a large scale, and appears to be perfectly legalised. If a minister die, for instance, the king comes in for one-third of what he leaves, because it is assumed that his extortions represented that amount. The whole nation is liable to *corvées*, with the exception of the Chinese not born in Siam, who pay an equivalent poll-tax. The *corvées* last for three months in the year, and generally consist in public works. These duties are also partly performed by military service, and a special class is entirely liberated from them by paying a tax of from 25*s.* to 30*s.* The princes and officials are allotted a certain number of families, who have to perform certain duties for them. The number of these families varies, according to the rank of the prince or official to whom they are allotted, between ten and five hundred. These vassals are a source of emolument for the nobles.

The revenues of the king are raised by the tribute of the vassal princes, the land-tax, the monopolies, the desert-taxes, the navigation duties, and fines and confiscations. The royal revenue amounts to three millions a year, but has gradually increased with the development of commerce.

The laws of Siam are excellent. The code comprises no less than forty volumes ; and Pallegoix, who has studied them all, declares that the regulations are very wisely adapted to the character and manners of the nation. Unfortunately, the officials, pundits, and judges, do not appear to act in accordance with the laws, for they behave in an arbitrary manner, from which the land suffers severely. While, for instance, by law every trial should be ended in three days, the corrupt judges drag them along for as many years, in order to extort as much as possible from both sides. There are three courts of justice : the tribunal of the governors, that of the princes, and that of the king. The governors sit daily, but their powers are very limited, and all matters of importance must be laid before the royal court. The judicial power of the princes is no greater than that of the governors, and they cannot try the subjects of other princes, or high officers, without their consent. The royal tribunal also meets daily to decide the causes brought before it. The judges sit during the discussions on raised seats, drink tea, smoke and chew betel, while the persons before them are on their knees. So soon as any man is charged before a tribunal he is at once temporarily locked up and laid in fetters, unless he liberate himself by payment of a sum of money : then the hearing begins, witnesses are examined for and against, a protocol is drawn up and sealed, and the matter is put off *sine die*. The chief point is which side can go on longest in bribing : this one always gains the trial. As a general rule, both parties ruin themselves by such sacrifices.

The prisons of Siam are in a frightful condition. If the prisoners were not taken out to work by day they must soon perish in the dark confined

holes in which they are shut up. The unhappy men are laid in them side by side, and a chain is passed through iron rings, forged on to their feet. The poor fellows are unable to turn on their side, and lie thus for the whole night. There cannot be a more awful punishment than a Siamese prison, which offers a speaking testimony of the inhumanity of the authorities. In reality, this is quite strange to the popular character. Sentence of death, it is true, is recorded for several crimes; but is only carried out in cases of high treason and rebellion. The criminal is beheaded with a sabre or pierced with lances, and his body is afterwards impaled. If a murder is committed anywhere in Siam, the inhabitants of all the houses within a circuit of two hundred yards are made responsible for it, and are obliged to pay a heavy fine. Hence, so soon as a quarrel breaks out, all the neighbourhood strives to part the disputants. As a general rule, but few offences against legal order take place in Siam, because the neighbours at once interfere through fear of the fine. In the case of an *émeute* everybody near is arrested, receives his dose of stick, and can only escape prison by payment of three pounds. Order and quiet are certainly ensured by such discipline.

Up to the beginning of the present century Siamese history consists almost entirely of a list of long and sanguinary wars with all the neighbouring nations. Still we should err if we regarded the Siamese as a martial people, experienced in the art of war: the composition of the army itself contradicts that. The Siamese are a first-rate agricultural and commercial nation; and in spite of all their campaigns they have never acquired a taste for war, or raised it to any high standard. For the last thirty years European instructors have been engaged to exercise the troops, but the progress made cannot be called great. The standing army, amounting to ten thousand men, is not in a position to oppose an European invasion. The armament is defective and bad, and there is no idea of regular warfare. The kings have had hundreds of cannon of every calibre cast, and the mouths of the rivers and the seaports are protected by forts in the European style; but the guns are honeycombed, the carriages rotten, the gunners unpractised, and the forts are fallen into decay. It is true that the present king takes much trouble to improve matters, still they progress very slowly, and it will require a long time ere Siam will be able to resist any European attack with the slightest prospect of success.

When a war is decided on with a neighbouring state, the provincial governors are expected to supply a certain contingent of troops. Each soldier has to provide himself with a month's provisions, while the king supplies arms and uniform. The latter consists of short cotton trousers and a jacket of the same stuff, differing in colour for the divisions. The officers wear gold-embroidered silk jackets. When the Siamese army sets out for the wars, a doll representing the hostile prince is beheaded. If the head fall at the first stroke it is regarded as a good omen. After this ceremony the commander-in-chief bravely draws his sword, the gongs are shaken, the whole army shouts, and the march begins to the accompaniment of drums and trumpets. So long as streams and canals can be employed, the troops remain upon them. On landing, the guns and ammunition are packed on elephants, because horses and carts cannot move on the soft soil, and the troops march in battalions. As every soldier has to provide his own rations, a Siamese war expedition is hardly

less injurious to the king's own subjects than to the enemy, for the whole army lives at home on marauding and plunder. The actual warfare consists, as in China, in frightening one another. That party which is first terrified by the yells and shots in the air of the enemy runs away, and the victor then seeks to cut down as many of the fugitives as he can. Undefended villages and towns are plundered, burnt, and their inhabitants dragged off as prisoners to Bangkok, but kindly treated. Elephants play the chief part in action by storming barricades and forming the vanguard in assaults. For this purpose the King of Siam keeps six hundred elephants, which are under the command of several generals. How unwarlike these men are is proved by the fact that the officers do not stand before but behind the line, in order to drive on their privates with the point of the sword.

The navy is rather better, for the present king takes a great interest in commerce and navigation, and has had a decent squadron of steam frigates and corvettes built. Still the necessary care is not paid to their maintenance, for the Siamese are no friends of repairs, and most of the vessels are in the most neglected state. Still this navy performs its chief duty sufficiently well, of keeping the coast free from pirates, who formerly ruined the whole coasting trade.

King Mongkut entertains the praiseworthy desire of thoroughly promoting the prosperity of his kingdom, but the difficulties that oppose his views are great. On ascending the throne he found the land sunk in the worst state of barbarism through exclusiveness and misgovernment, so that during a reign of twelve years, in spite of all his efforts, he has been unable to produce any marked change. Enlightened and educated, he acquired through intercourse with Europeans the conviction that the civilisation of his people could alone give his country protection against conquest, and he tried to labour to this effect. Still he has not yet obtained from his nobles and officials that support which he requires to carry out his plans. The steps which the king has taken during his government display considerable insight. He sought before all else to enliven the trade of the country with Europeans, by abolishing all the monopolies that checked private enterprise, and by concluding commercial treaties in turn with England, France, Hamburg, Holland, and the Zollverein. He furthermore issued edicts of toleration, removing the obstacles that prevented the propagation of Christianity. It is certain that the growing intercourse with foreigners must exercise a great influence over the social circumstances of the country, and at the same time compel the officials to put off their bigoted views. The mission schools will also aid to form the mind of people, and, through the extension of Christianity, produce a change in the form of government, and remove the despotic pressure under which the nation is still pining. As far as we may judge, therefore, a great future is preparing for Siam. The king's children are being educated by European tutors and governesses, and in all probability the next Siamese ruler will be a convert to Christianity. The inexhaustible wealth of the land guarantees an undeniable source of prosperity, and the annually increasing commerce proves that the prospect of gain is beginning to overcome the innate indolence of the inhabitants. Hence we can hardly doubt but that Siam in a few years will occupy a prominent place among the Asiatic countries, whether as an independent state, or under the *agis* of a Western power.

Strange to say, England, who can claim the glory of having opened up the country through the commercial treaty signed in April, 1855, has not been able, as in most Eastern lands, to secure the lion's share of the trade. Germans hold the first commercial status in Siam, and two-thirds of the entire commerce of Bangkok are in the hands of a Prussian and a Hamburg house. The head of the Prussian house is also agent of the king, of Prince Krumluang Wongsa, and of several trading princes. His influence at court is naturally very useful for Germans, and hence the signature of the treaty with Prussia and the Zollverein met with no difficulties. King Mongkut was most anxious to enter into closer relations with Germany, and immediately after the signature of the treaty at the beginning of 1862, a vessel belonging to the second king was sent to Germany, commanded by a Prussian, it is true, but sailing under the Siamese flag.

In conclusion, we may be allowed to find space for a few remarks about the capital of the country. Bangkok is situated on the river Meinam, and twenty-five miles in a straight line from its embouchure, although, owing to the river windings, the water-way is double that distance. A bar at the mouth with only fourteen feet of water impedes the navigation of the river, but inside it and up to Bangkok the noble river has an average depth of from forty to fifty feet close up to the bank. The splendid Buddhistic edifices and water give the city an imposing appearance, and the gardens, with their luxuriant growth of vegetation, are extremely pleasing. Very original are the houses floating on rafts, which, fastened together in two rows on either side of the river, extend for a distance of three miles up the Meinam. Upon the river a very busy life goes on. Thousands of boats of all sizes cross each other's track incessantly and facilitate communication, for the number of streets on the mainland is very small. In lieu of streets, canals intersect the city in all directions, and all the houses are either built on the water-side, or at least are accessible from it. Owing to the number of boats collisions are inevitable and frequent, but the Siamese are as much at home on the water as on land, and hence a serious accident rarely occurs. Mothers may be everywhere seen bathing and swimming with their babes. Children of six years of age dauntlessly steer their rickety boats with admirable skill across the Meinam, and even upset them on purpose, then bale them out, and pursue their course.

Bangkok contains four hundred thousand inhabitants, of whom the Chinese supply the largest contingent. The latter inhabit a separate part of the city on the left river bank, and their quarter is a faithful picture of a town in the Celestial Empire, with all its unpleasant additions and peculiarities. While the Chinese may be seen incessantly active from daybreak till far into the night, the Siamese enjoys a snug repose, sits in the shade of his verandah with crossed legs and chews betel. In the morning the canals and streets are crowded with priests collecting their food, while during the rest of the day you never see one of these lazy mendicants, who at that time are indulging in a siesta. After daybreak market begins in the different districts of the town, which is principally visited by purchasing women. Most of the business appears to be left to the females, and their robust forms show that they are used to hard work. Towards mid-day, during the hottest period, people disappear from the street, and crows and dogs take their

place in such masses, that you are compelled to carry a stick in going along the streets as a defensive measure.

With the exception of the wats and royal palaces, all the houses of private persons are built of wood, and through their poor and unpretentious appearance form a very unfavourable contrast with the above splendid edifices. The entire city is surrounded by a wall twelve feet high, with a circumference of nearly eight miles. The Europeans settled at Bangkok are compelled to reside outside this wall, and have built their houses below the city on the Meinam. Here are also the mission school and a Catholic chapel. Both Protestants and Catholics have missions in Bangkok, though the former make but few proselytes. Catholicism is the religion of the South, and hence it makes considerable progress in Siam. Moreover, the resemblance of its forms and observances with those of the Buddhistic worship assist it. At the present time the number of native Christians in Bangkok is from six to seven thousand, and about the same number in the provinces, although the French missionaries state them to be four times as many.

The palace of the first king is in the northern portion of Bangkok, and is also surrounded by a wall: the palace consists of several large buildings, which, like the temples, are distinguished by triple roofs, and are decorated with costly carved-work, mosaic, and ornaments. These buildings stand in the midst of gardens and parks, laid out in the Chinese style. A large number of less expensive houses inside the wall of circumvallation provides shelter for the countless male and female attendants of the royal house. The king alone has one hundred body-servants. With his six hundred concubines and their attendants in uniform (the so-called Amazons), the female population of the palace amounts to three thousand persons, and an equal number of soldiers constitutes the garrison. Stables for the war-elephants and a residence for the venerated white elephant also occupy a wing of the palace buildings, and the armourers and arsenals are also included.

As the king is unrestricted lord of his country and his subjects, all the wealth and luxury are naturally concentrated in the palace, which contains inexhaustible treasures of the Oriental love of pomp. In a temple connected with it thirty massive gold statues of Buddha are erected, and another Buddha, one and a half feet high, cut out of a single emerald, is preserved there as the Palladium of the country. The most costly thing, however, is the monument erected by King Mongkut to the memory of his predecessor. It consists of an urn nine feet in height, in which the bones of the deceased king are preserved. The urn stands on a pyramidal throne twenty-one feet high, surrounded by nine galleries, and most magnificently carved. The throne and urn are made of copper-gilt, six hundred goldsmiths worked on it for nine months, and five hundred and twenty pounds of gold were employed on it. Should Siam sooner or later fall a prey to a European power, the interior of the palace is of such a nature as amply to repay all the expenses entailed on the conqueror by the war. Owing to the menacing vicinity of the French in Cochin-China, King Mongkut cannot act more wisely than by entirely throwing open his country, and promoting the civilisation of his people by tolerance. In that way alone will he be able to deprive the "pioneers of civilisation" of every pretext for opening up the "Siamese question."

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SOUTHWOOD PRIORY.

I SUPPOSE there are few persons, or, at least, few shy persons, who have not experienced, at some time or other, the extreme awkwardness of being alone in a room at another person's house when visitors who were perfect strangers have been shown in. All who have felt this, will, I am sure, sympathise with my feelings under these circumstances. I was staying last year in a country-house, and was left one afternoon entirely alone in the drawing-room; my host and some other guests, including my sister, were out riding, and my hostess was engaged up-stairs with one of her children who was ill. An afternoon to myself seemed rather a luxury after having been constantly with a large party, and, when the last sound of the horses' hoofs had died away, I felt so safe from interruption that I sat down to the piano—a thing I never do when any one is near to hear, for my sister plays and sings so well that no one would care to listen to my poor attempts, so that my musical performances are reserved entirely for my own private ear.

I was in the midst of trying over some of my favourite airs in "Don Giovanni," when I was startled by the sound of wheels, followed by a loud ring at the door-bell. I remembered, however, that Mrs. Cameron had given orders that no one should be admitted, as she could not leave her little boy; and, reassured, I proceeded with "Batti, batti," when, to my dismay, the door was thrown open, and "Mr. Hervey" was announced. I knew Mr. Hervey was expected that day, but had no idea that he was likely to arrive before dinner-time; indeed, I was sure I had heard Mr. Cameron say the carriage must meet the London train at six o'clock, and it was now only a little past three. What should bring him at this early hour? All this passed through my mind while we were exchanging bows, and I was apologising for Mr. and Mrs. Cameron's absence. He then said it was he who should apologise for having arrived so much earlier than could have been expected, but, having come across country, he found there was no other train that would bring him till late in the evening. I fervently wished he had not come till midnight, rather than that I should have to entertain him a whole afternoon. I looked at the clock in despair. Only a little past three! The dinner hour was professedly half-past seven, but was oftener eight, and there was little hope that the riding party would return before seven—four long hours before me! I knew the ways of the house too well to hope that Mrs. Cameron would leave her little boy; not that he was very ill, but restless and fretful enough not to be able to bear his mamma out of his sight, and she, I knew, would read "Robinson Crusoe" to him till she was hoarse rather than give up her place to nurse or governess. If it had only been my sister, instead of me! Rose could always talk to any extent, and gentlemen always liked her, and never liked me. Why should they? I am neither pretty, nor amusing, nor accomplished. But I did not mean to speak of myself. My readers do not know me, nor, if

they did, would my opinion of myself be of any value to them. Ah, how I envied Rose! enjoying a canter over the turf, and talking and laughing with intimate friends, while I was set down to spend a whole afternoon with a stranger. He might possibly turn out as agreeable as any of our party, but then I was not the person to draw him out.

His apologies were followed by a few remarks on the weather, to which I responded, and then came a pause. What should I say next? I knew nothing of him but his name, and he did not know even so much of me. What could there be in common between us? I thought of the billiard-table; but then he couldn't play by himself, and I am such a poor player that it seemed to me it would be almost an insult to offer to play with him. There was croquet on the lawn, but that would not do for two. I looked at the table: there were books of engravings, collections of dried plants, a stereoscope; but all these, and especially the last, which I always see double, bore me too much for me to attempt to amuse another person with them. My photograph-book! that, perhaps, might do better. Most people like to look at photographs even of persons whom they do not know, and my book had some views, as well as portraits. If he came upon either a scene or a face that he knew (and every one has some mutual acquaintance) it might promote conversation, and help me out of my difficulties. I offered it to him, and he thanked me and took it, but turned over the pages in a careless, indifferent manner, and I was disappointed to see how rapidly he was getting through it, when all at once, on turning over a leaf, he gave a great start, and sat looking at the photograph with an expression of the most intense interest. Then he said, "Do you know this place?"

It was a photograph of a ruined priory about thirty miles from the house where I was staying.

"Southwood Priory," I said. "No, I have never seen it; that photograph was given me by a gentleman who is staying here, who took it two or three years ago. It is one of the best amateur photographs I have ever seen; it must be a beautiful ruin."

"It *was* a beautiful ruin," he said. "It was pulled down a year ago."

"Pulled down!" I said. "Such a ruin as that! What sacrilege!"

"Sacrilege," he repeated. "No, hardly that." Then, after a pause, suddenly turning to me, he asked, "Do you believe in ghosts?"

"I don't know," I answered, rather startled at the question. "I have had no personal experience. I don't think I have ever even heard a well-authenticated ghost story."

"Because," he said, "I could tell you a story connected with those ruins which every one must allow to be strange enough, at all events, but I should not like to tell it to any one who would think it their duty to disbelieve; it touches me too nearly."

"Let me hear," I said. "I am no professed disbeliever, and such stories always interest me very much."

He looked at me in silence for a few moments, and then began.

About two years ago a friend of mine, Captain Markham, called on me, and told me he was going to be married immediately, and asked whether I would officiate on the occasion as best man. I readily agreed, but expressed myself a good deal surprised, having had no idea that such an event was probable, though we were very intimate, and had been still more so before he went into the army. He then told me he had been

engaged about six months, but, having nothing but his pay, and the lady not having a penny, her mother would not let it be considered an engagement; but she had lately, by the sudden death of a cousin, become heiress to some five or six thousand a year, so that the only bar to their union was entirely removed.

"Well," I said, "but you have not yet told me the lady's name."

"Scott," he said—"Mildred Scott. She is an only child, and her mother is a widow. Her uncle made a great deal of money by railway speculations, and bought a fine old place in Hampshire, called Southwood Priory. He died about a year ago, and was kind enough to insert his niece's name in his will after his son's, though, of course, with very little expectation but that his son would marry, and have heirs of his own. But his son was killed in a railway accident about two months ago, and Mildred is sole heiress of Southwood Priory, and five thousand a year. She will be of age on the 30th of April, and we shall be married early in May."

I congratulated him most warmly on his prospects, and asked whether Miss Scott was handsome. He said he could hardly call her handsome—he must leave me to judge for myself of her personal attractions—but added, that if I was not much struck with her at first sight, I must take her on trust, and believe that it was a face that would grow upon me daily. I assented, thinking of those lines of Hartley Coleridge's,

She is not fair to outward view,

and wondered whether it was only her having "smiled on" Markham that had made him think her so, or whether I should be able conscientiously to say that I did not think her extremely plain. He told me he would let me know when the day was fixed, and left me.

A few days afterwards, I had a letter from him to say that Mrs. Scott objected to their wedding being in May: she had herself been married in May, and, having lost her husband a few months afterwards, she might be excused for having some superstition about it. He said he would not give way to such nonsense so far as to put off the marriage till June, so it was fixed for the 30th of April, which would be Miss Scott's twenty-first birthday.

Accordingly, on the 29th, I went down to Southwood. I found a carriage waiting for me at the station, and, after about an hour's drive through beautifully-wooded country, we reached the Priory, an Elizabethan house of red brick, with stone-mullioned windows, approached from the road by a magnificent avenue of elms. On my arrival Markham met me in the hall, and took me into a pleasant morning-room, with an oriel window looking out on to a green sloping lawn. Mrs. Scott was sitting by the fire at work, and her daughter was down on the floor in the sunny window tying up bunches of primroses from a large basketful by her side. She got up when I entered, laughing and half blushing at being caught in such a lowly position, and came forward to shake hands with me in the most friendly manner, as if she wished to show me that any one who was a friend of Captain Markham's must be welcome in her house.

I was very much struck with her appearance, and most agreeably surprised, for, from what Markham had told me of her, I had expected to see a face but little removed from plainness. She was tall and slender, and had a beautiful figure: her features certainly were not good, except

her eyes, which were large, dark, and liquid, shaded by long black lashes, but with an expression in them that it is impossible to describe, though it is so impressed upon my mind that I can see it now. Her hair was the richest dark-brown, growing low over her forehead, drawn rather off her face, and arranged in thick braids at the back of her head. You look surprised at my remembering all these details: I can see her now as she stood before me then, and I believe I could describe every part of her dress, only perhaps it would not be in terms that ladies could understand. I am sure that, at any time, I should have been struck with her, though I have no doubt that after-circumstances impressed her appearance more strongly on my mind.

After a little small-talk about the fineness of the weather and the beauty of the country through which I had driven from the station, Markham proposed a walk, and said he would take me over the grounds. "But then," he said, "you must come, Mildred, to show the ruins and tell the story. You tell it so much better than I do; I suppose because you believe it more."

"I am not sure that I altogether believe it," she said, "only I don't like people to laugh my ghost to scorn. I should never expect to see it myself, even if I were to go over the ruins at midnight, but I consider myself insulted if any one disbelieves my story. I warn you of that, Mr. Hervey."

I told her she might safely tell it to me, for there was nothing I liked better than a good ghost story, and she said, "Then I'll get my hat at once, for I wanted to go to the church to take these primroses, which are to help in the decorations for to-morrow, and we can take the ruins on our way."

It was a beautiful spring day—one of those days that make us fancy that summer must be coming unusually early, in spite of our yearly experience that such days are always followed by bitter east winds and hail showers.

"Not a time to see the ruins properly," Markham observed. And, beautiful as they looked in the warm sunshine, the ground carpeted with primroses and violets, and a few bluebells just coming into flower, and a narrow line of soft blue distant landscape seen through the ruined arches of the chapel, I could not but feel, that if we would have viewed fair Southwood aright, we should have visited it by the pale moonlight. The east end of the chapel and one of the transept windows were tolerably entire, and a few broken arches are still standing, but the convent itself was almost utter ruin, overgrown with brambles. Miss Scott seated herself on a piece of ruined wall, and, setting down the basket of primroses by her side, began her tale.

Southwood Priory was built just before the wars of the Roses, and continued very flourishing down to the reign of Henry VIII. No novices were received who were not of noble birth, and more than one prioress was of royal blood. It was richly endowed, and the lands increasing in value, it became one of the most opulent of the nunneries in the south of England, and was consequently one of the first which Henry VIII. (whom I shall always hate in spite of Froude) cast his greedy eyes upon. He bestowed a great part of the lands on a courtier named Sir Humphrey de Bohun, a man who professed himself a Protestant because he liked Church lands and court favour, but who was really of no religion

at all, and a cruel, hard-hearted man. He had a son and three brothers, and, failing his own heirs, the property was to go to his brothers and their heirs in succession. The nuns were ejected and the convent burnt to the ground, but the prioress refused to quit. "It was not the king's land," she said, "it was the Church's; and the Church had committed it into her keeping, and she would maintain the trust to the last hour of her life." And she kept her word. The rest of the nuns returned to their homes, but she still lived amongst the ruins, with another old nun, who had never known any other home; and here they stayed, subsisting on the charity of the poor people around, and going through all their services daily in their roofless chapel. But a hard winter came on, and the poor old nun died of cold in her ruined cell, and the prioress, left alone, was almost starved to death, for the poor people, themselves starving, could give her little help. At last, in her extremity, she went to ask for alms at Sir Humphrey's door. He was just riding out on a hunting expedition, and bade her, with many oaths, begone, or he would set his dogs at her.

The prioress was a descendant of the Plantagenets, and worn out and starving as she was, she had still something of the spirit of her royal race left in her. She stood up before the knight, with eyes flashing from under her tattered hood, and said, "Lay not a finger on me, bad man, or thou shalt bitterly rue this day. Know that thy day of power will be short, and my hour of revenge is near."

That evening, when the knight and his companions were sitting round the fire in the hall, "door shut and window barred," suddenly the figure of the prioress appeared in the midst of them, without any one having seen her enter. She looked exactly the same as in the morning; her face pale and haggard, her eyes hollow and glittering, her dress soiled and ragged, but her tall form unbent; and standing before the knight, she said to him, "Humphrey de Bohun, thou hast laid thy sacrilegious hands upon the property of Holy Church; thou hast killed and thou hast also taken possession; thou callest these fair lands thine own, and thy son and thy brothers shall inherit them after thee; but none shall ever possess them in peace until restoration be made of that which is Holy Church's due. I hold these lands in her name, and I will claim that which is mine own." With these words she vanished, and again no one saw the door open. Sir Humphrey rushed after her, furiously calling to his servants to know who had given admission to that old hag; but all, in the greatest astonishment, denied having seen any one enter or leave the hall, and though they searched every corner of the house no traces of her could be found. The next morning the poor old prioress was found dead in her ruined cell, and from that time the country people, but more especially Sir Humphrey's household, would go miles round sooner than go within sight of the ruins after nightfall; but nothing more was heard or seen of the ghost till the day twelvemonth from her first apparition, when she appeared again at the same time and place, and addressed Sir Humphrey in the same words. The following year she did not appear in the hall, as before, but in the morning the knight was found dead in his bed, and his body bore marks of strangulation. Several people in the house were tried for the murder, and a strict inquiry was instituted, but nothing was discovered which could implicate any one; moreover, no robbery had been committed, nor were there any traces of the room having been entered, the doors and windows having been barred inside, so that they had the greatest difficulty in breaking into the room in the morning. Of course

in those days judge and jury were willing enough to concur in the common opinion that the ghost had strangled him, and so it was universally believed.

Sir Humphrey's son succeeded to the property, but was not allowed to enjoy it in peace, the ghost invariably appearing to him every year, till at last he met with the same mysterious fate as his father. He left no children, and was succeeded by his cousin, the son of Sir Humphrey's second brother, who pulled down the old haunted house and built the one that now stands. From this time the ghost was only seen once in every hundred years, but each time that she appeared the branch of the family then occupying the estate died out, till in the last century she appeared for the last time to the youngest brother's descendant, an only daughter, who died in consequence, but whether from fright or from strangulation, does not seem to be exactly known. Since then the Priory has been in different hands, and has been sold two or three times over. When my uncle bought the place it had been for some years in Chancery; but the ghost seems to have disappeared with the Bohuns, for no one has ever seen her since.

"But," said Markham, "I tell Mildred she's not safe yet, for if the ghost only appeared once in a century, the hundred years may not be run out since she was last seen. The last Miss Bohun is supposed to be buried in the family vault, but there is neither name nor date on the tablet, so that the exact year when the ghost was last seen is not known."

"Oh, I am safe enough," answered Miss Scott, gaily. "You know that a family ghost is quite an aristocratic appendage, and a descendant of the Plantagenets, who had visited the proud Bohuns for so many years, would never be likely to condescend to a common vulgar person like me, whose great-grandfather may have been a tinker, for anything I know to the contrary. Perhaps," she added, smiling with an arch expression at Markham, "when the Priory is yours, the old lady may think a man who had an ancestor killed at Naseby worthy of her notice; but I am quite safe. However, there is no more time now to discuss her probable future intentions; I must go to the church, for my friends will be waiting for these primroses."

I think no one could have failed to admire Miss Scott as she appeared that evening, dressed in white muslin, with a red camellia in her hair and a flush of excitement in her cheeks, that seemed to soften her features, and make her look positively beautiful. She was extremely animated all dinner-time, and I was quite fascinated by her lively conversation; but, as the evening wore on, her mood seemed to change, and she became subdued, and almost mournful. She was asked to sing, and she sat down to the piano and sang "Schubert's Adieu," an old favourite of mine. I am not fond of French poetry generally, but whether those words of Béranger's are in themselves beautiful, or whether it is only from their being associated in my mind with the music, I can hardly tell. I never heard any one sing it as she did, and I could hardly bear to hear any one else sing it now. Her voice was a very rich full soprano, and had a pathos in it that almost brought the tears to my eyes, while several of the ladies, and Mrs. Scott especially, cried outright.

"You really mustn't sing such melancholy songs, Mildred, on such a day as this," said Markham; "you'll make us all quite low spirited."

"That adieu was meant for her mother, Charles," said Mrs. Scott, the tears still in her eyes.

"Well, let us have something cheerful now, by way of restoration."

"Why," said Miss Scott, "it is vanity that makes me sing melancholy songs, because I know they suit my voice better than a lighter sort of music; but I will do as you like."

And she sang "Jock o' Hazeldean" with great spirit; but I agreed with her that mournful songs suited her best. Soon afterwards she said she was tired, and would go to bed. Markham went out into the hall to light her candle, and, as I was close to the open door, I heard him say to her, quoting the words of the song she had just sung:

"Adieu jusqu'à l'aurore
Du jour en qui j'ai foi,
Du jour qui doit encore
Me réunir à toi.

That will be our wedding-day, Mildred."

And she looked up at him with such a smile! I never saw any face so lighted up by a smile as hers.

Next morning I woke, as I often do, singing the words of the song I had heard the evening before; not, however, the "Adieu," which had impressed me so deeply, but "Jock o' Hazeldean," which had hardly struck me at all, and the verse that I was singing was,

The church was deck'd at eventide,
The tapers glimmered fair,
And priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
But ne'er a bride was there.

I am not superstitious, but afterwards I could not help recurring to this circumstance, though I have often done the same thing before.

When I went down stairs, I found all the party assembled in the dining-room, except Mrs. Scott, her daughter, and Markham. I had an instinctive feeling that something must be wrong, which was increased when, in a few minutes, Markham entered the room, and said, in a tone of evidently forced calmness, "I must ask you to excuse Miss Scott. She has been rather overtired with all she did yesterday, and she prefers breakfasting quietly up-stairs. Mrs. Scott will stay with her."

I was quite sure this was not all; I could see signs of suppressed agitation in Markham's countenance, and I observed that he touched nothing at breakfast, though he took things on his plate, and tried to appear to be eating. It was also evident that it was a great exertion to him to talk at all, and two or three times when he was spoken to he started, as if he had been entirely absorbed in his own thoughts. I had no opportunity of making any inquiries, however, for he left the room before any one else had risen from table, merely telling us that the carriages were ordered at eleven o'clock, and as the whole party could not be taken at once, some of us must set out early. After breakfast all the ladies retired, having, I suppose, a fresh toilet to make, and the rest of us lounged about and amused ourselves as well as we could till the carriages came. I was one of the first to go, and was consequently prepared for having some time to wait; but at last all the party were assembled, all the neighbours who were invited had arrived, the church was full of spectators, and yet neither the bride and bridegroom nor Mrs. Scott made their appearance. For some time people conversed in whispers, admiring the decorations of the church, and discussing the bridesmaids' costume; but as the minutes wo-

on and no one came, a silence stole gradually over the company, and I could see that everybody was getting as uneasy as I felt myself. It was almost twelve o'clock too, so there was reason for uneasiness on that score, if on no other. I went on singing to myself "But ne'er a bride was there!" and the more I tried to think of another tune, the more it ran in my head. At last the sound of wheels was heard. "There they are!" exclaimed everybody, and there was an instant brightening up. The uncle who was to give her away went forward to meet her at the door, the bridesmaids arranged themselves in order, ready to close in in procession behind her, and all eyes were eagerly turned to the door.

"Good gracious! how ill she looks!" said a lady behind me, and I looked up.

She did look ill indeed. The dead white of the bridal dress is not the most becoming costume possible, and I have seen more than one pretty bride look almost plain on her wedding-day, but in this instance it was something more. Have you ever seen a snow mountain at sunset? Do you know how, when the rose tint fades, it assumes at first a green, corpse-like appearance before it returns to its usual pure silver? The change in Miss Scott's face, from the brilliant flush of excitement that it had worn the evening before, to the death-like whiteness that had come over it now, seemed to me just such a change. But it was not only that she was deadly pale; her eyes, when they met mine, had a strange, startled, terrified expression, such as I have never seen in any one before or since, and she seemed to breathe with great difficulty. Another circumstance struck me too: round her neck she wore a broad piece of black velvet, fastened with a diamond brooch. Could the velvet be worn only to set off the diamonds? It seemed to me an unusual ornament for a bride.

The service began almost immediately, as it was nearly twelve o'clock, and the bride repeated her part without any hesitation, but in a voice that seemed to me to have a stifled sound, and was so different from her yesterday's voice that I could scarcely help thinking the band round her neck must be too tight for her.

The ring had been put on, and the service was almost over, when all at once the bride gave a faint cry, and then fell back in a strong convulsive fit. I caught her in my arms as she fell, and then Markham and I carried her into the vestry, and laid her down upon the floor. I said, "Let me unfasten this band—I believe it is choking her;" and, before he could prevent me, I had unclasped the brooch. Imagine my horror to see upon her delicate white throat black marks of fingers, as if a hand had clutched it! I looked at Markham in astonishment. He only shook his head.

"Why don't you send for a doctor?" I asked.

"It's of no use," he said; "nothing can be done. Send away those people; that's all I want."

"Yes, ask them to go," said Mrs. Scott, who was sitting on the floor rubbing her daughter's cold hands. Both, I thought, seemed strangely despairing. What could it all mean? In the church I found the greatest confusion; one lady half fainting, another in hysterics, all the bridesmaids sobbing. I told them that I thought that, under the circumstances, the kindest thing we could do would be to go away as quickly as possible. All agreed to this, and the neighbours went straight home, while the others returned to the Priory, that they might prepare to go by the next train. In spite of Markham's objection, I also begged that a doctor might be

sent for, and I then returned to the vestry to tell them what I had done.

She was now lying so perfectly motionless on the ground that at first I thought she was dead; but while I was speaking to Markham she gave a faint moan, then opened her eyes, and said, in a voice weaker and more choked than before, "Are you there, Charley?" Then, as he bent over her, I just caught the words, "Take me home to die." Between us we lifted her into the carriage, and, when we reached the Priory, I helped him to carry her to her room. I asked him whether I might stay till the evening, and he said, "Do; I shall be glad to know that you are at hand. Stay all night if you can."

I never remember any day that seemed so long as that. Each time that I looked at my watch I could scarcely believe that it had not stopped, it seemed to have got on so slowly. By three o'clock the last of the company had departed, and I was left alone. Sometimes I wandered about the grounds, sitting down amongst the ruins, where we had sat the day before, thinking over the ghost story that Miss Scott had told, and wondering whether it could have any connexion with the morning's strange mystery. Then I went in-doors, and sat in my own room, listening for every sound, as Mrs. Markham's room was near mine, but I could hear nothing. Late in the afternoon I met the doctor, who, having been out when he was sent for, had not arrived till then. I waited about to waylay him as he went away, and asked him what he thought of his patient. He shook his head, saying, "It's the most extraordinary case I ever saw. I don't mind confessing to you that it baffles me entirely, and, what's more, I am quite sure there is some mystery that they are concealing from me; I saw it in their manner, but I could get nothing out of them. But, whatever the cause of her illness may be, I don't think, from the state she is in now, that she can live many hours."

This was but a confirmation of my own fears, but yet it was a great shock to hear it. After the doctor's departure I was summoned to my dinner, which I ate, of course, in solitude, hurrying over it as I always do when I am alone, though after the cloth was removed, and I was left sitting alone in the great dark dining-room, I wished that I had lingered over it more, that it might have helped to pass away some of the long and dreary evening that was before me. Finding the solitude of the dining-room intolerable, I returned to my own room. It was getting dark, and the evening felt damp and chilly; I lighted the fire and candles, and tried to read to pass away the time; but it was impossible. I could do nothing but go over in my mind the events of the last two days; and at last I threw away my book in despair, and, sitting down before the fire, abandoned myself to my own melancholy thoughts, till at last, I believe, I fell asleep in my chair.

When I woke I found the fire nearly burnt out; I stirred it up, looked at my watch, and finding it was twelve o'clock, determined to go to bed. I first opened the door and listened, but could hear no sound. I then went to the window to close the shutters; the night was misty, but not so dark but what I could see the ruins of the Priory, which were opposite to my window, and I stood for some minutes looking at them, till I was roused by a knock at the door, and Markham entered.

One glance at his face was sufficient answer to my unspoken question, then he said, "It's over now; she is dead, and I can even be thankful that her sufferings are at an end."

He sat down by the fire; I took a chair opposite to him, and after a short silence he went on, though as if he was making a great effort:

"It is right that you should know all that has happened, though it is so painful to me to speak of it that I hardly know how to tell you. Yesterday morning, early, Mrs. Scott sent for me, and told me that her daughter had been very much terrified by a frightful apparition which she had seen in the night, and was so ill now that she hardly thought her fit for the wedding to take place. 'But you don't mean,' I exclaimed, quite angrily, 'that she thinks she has seen the ghost she was talking about yesterday? Why, what nonsense that is; she must have been dreaming.' 'So I have tried to persuade her,' answered Mrs. Scott; 'but I can do nothing with her. Will you go to her, and see what your influence will do?' I went to her accordingly, very indignant at what I thought her folly; but was disarmed when I saw her. She looked, I think, even worse than when you saw her afterwards; sitting back in an arm-chair, wrapped in a large shawl, that was drawn up close round her throat, her eyes closed, her hair unbrushed and tangled, half hanging down on the white pillow on which her head was resting. She opened her eyes when she heard my step, but for the first time since I knew her she had no smile to greet me with. 'My dear child,' I said, 'what is the matter?' 'I am dying,' she said, in that strange choked voice you must remember. 'Impossible!' I said. 'You have had some bad dream that has frightened you; you will soon be better.' She laid her hand on my arm as I knelt down by her chair, and said, faintly, 'It was no dream; it was all real. I saw her—the ghost we talked about yesterday—she came into my room last night. You know I am not fanciful, nor easily frightened, so you must not refuse to believe me. I had not been asleep, but I was lying with my eyes closed, when I became conscious of something dark between me and the window, and opening my eyes I saw a figure standing by my bedside. It did not look like what one hears ghosts described; I thought it was a living person, though I had heard no sound of any one entering the room, and the light was so imperfect that I could only see a dark figure. "Who's there?" I asked. There was no answer at first, and just then the moon shone out and lighted up the figure, so that I could see her quite plainly. She was dressed in black, like a nun, with a tattered hood over her head, and some loose locks of grey hair fell out from under it. Her face was very pale and withered-looking, and her eyes—I shall never forget them as they glared on me. For a long time, it seemed to me, perhaps it was nearly a minute, she did not speak, only glared on me with a sort of fiendish malignity, while I felt as if her eyes, being fixed on me, took from me all power of speaking or moving. Then she said, almost in the same words that I told you yesterday, "Hast thou taken possession of these lands of mine? Know that thou shalt never enjoy them, nor shall any possess them in peace, until the sacrilege be atoned for and restoration made." And then she made a clutch at my throat with her bony fingers, and I remember nothing more till I found myself lying in bed in broad daylight. I tried to think at first that it was all a horrible dream; but when I looked in the glass, and saw these marks upon my neck, I knew it had really happened.' It was impossible for me now any longer to try to persuade her that it was a dream, though I could scarcely believe in the reality of it myself," continued Markham; "but when she unfastened her shawl, and showed me those black marks upon her throat, I could say nothing.

I tried to soothe her, telling her she would soon be better; but she only shook her head sadly. Then she said that if she could get to church she should like the wedding still to take place, because then the Priory would be mine, and she knew I would do as she wished with it. She said it might be turned either into an almshouse or a hospital; she believed there was money enough to endow it, and she thought it would be both rash and wicked to attempt to keep it, after all that had happened. After she had spoken to me she seemed to revive a little, and I felt more hopeful about her, till we were in church; from that time I saw there was no hope, and her suffering was so great for the last few hours that I was thankful when she sank into unconsciousness. Her head was resting on my shoulder when she died. Neither her mother nor I knew when it was; I only felt her hand grow cold. Come in and take a last look at her," he added, after a pause. "I think if you see her now, it will take away the painful impression that your last sight of her must have left on your mind."

I followed him into the room where she lay, and I am glad I did take that last look at her. She seemed to be at rest now, after her suffering, and her face looked beautiful; her eyes closed, her features composed, the lips parted, almost with a smile; her husband had placed her bridal bouquet in her folded hands. It seemed to me then that the last change had come over the snow mountain; the rose flush and the death hue had both passed away, and it had returned to its original silver purity.

Mr. Hervey stopped. He had spoken the last words more as if thinking aloud than addressing me; now he looked up at me, and coloured slightly, as if his feelings had led him to say more than he had intended to such a perfect stranger.

"And now my story is finished," he said, "and I must ask you not to criticise and be incredulous; for, whatever you may think, it was a terrible reality to me at the time, and it has made an impression which will never be effaced from my mind."

"Indeed, I am not going to criticise," I said. "I always prefer believing everything, whether it is natural or supernatural. But I should like to hear something more, though you say you have come to the end of your story. What has become of Captain Markham, and what has he done with his dangerous property?"

"Different plans were proposed," said Mr. Hervey, "but I believe that the one he and Mrs. Scott decided on, as least spoiling the fine old house, was to make it a home for poor ladies who are unable to work for their living. Markham only stayed there long enough to arrange it all, and then went with Mrs. Scott to the south of France for her health; but she never recovered the shock of her daughter's death, and died last winter at Pau. Since then he has been travelling about, and I believe he is now going to the East, but I have never heard of him since he wrote to tell me of Mrs. Scott's death. I always hope I may hear that he is married again, but I am afraid it will be a long time before he recovers his poor bride's death sufficiently to allow him to think of such a thing."

It would be of little interest to the reader to know how the rest of the afternoon passed: suffice it to say, that the time I had looked forward to with so much dread passed by so fast and so pleasantly with my new acquaintance, that it was with great regret that I saw the riding-party return nearly an hour sooner than I had expected them.

THE SHADOW OF ASHLIDYAT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

PART THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

I.

A CROWD OF MEMORIES.

BUT for mismanagement, how smoothly things might go on! That a great deal of mismanagement does exist in the world, is certain; and it is equally certain that much of it might be avoided with a little care. That telegraphic despatch which Lord Averil had deemed well to send, and which had not been sent any too soon, did not reach George Godolphin for hours and hours.

It was taken to his lodgings between nine and ten at night, some two hours after the despatching of it by Lord Averil. A delay there, you will say, but that, as it proved, was of no consequence: had it flown up on the wings of the wind, been delivered at the same moment that it left Prior's Ash, George would not have had it.

George that day had gone out to dinner. He had made acquaintance with the agents of the Calcutta house, and had accepted a dinner engagement with one of them at his country residence, a few miles from town. Consequently, when the despatch arrived, there was nobody to receive it but George's landlady; a worthy old person, who, as the saying runs, has seen better days, and never thought she should have to let rooms for a living.

Now Mrs. Clark—for that was her name—had an invincible horror of telegraphic despatches. She had never received but two in her life: the one had told her of the drowning by accident of her only son; the other of the sudden death of her husband. Rather confused in her association of cause and effect, it was perhaps natural that she should henceforth connect these despatches with every kind of imaginative ill, and loudly express her conviction that the greatest bane ever invented for society was the electric telegraph.

The man arrived at her door with the despatch, and the servant went to her mistress. "A telegram come for Mr. George Godolphin, mum: sixpence to pay, and a book to sign."

Mrs. Clark was struck nearly dumb with terror: for some minutes she flatly refused to touch it or to sign the book: and she and the man, who was called in, had a wordy argument. At length the man managed to get the signature and the sixpence, and he went out, leaving the despatch on the table.

"There's death in it, Betsy, as sure as that we are here!" observed Mrs. Clark, gazing at it as it lay, but not taking it in her hands.

Betsy was dubious. "In my last place, mum, a gentleman used to have them telegrams continual, and they could have had nothing but fun in 'em, by the way he'd laugh over 'em."

"Take it up-stairs, Betsy, and put it on Mr. Godolphin's dressing-

table," was her mistress's order. "Don't put it in too conspicuous a place, for his eyes to light on it all at once; hide it partially: and we'll prepare him a little, poor gentleman, before he goes up."

Betsy obeyed orders to the letter. Naturally an obedient servant, as servants run, she was also willing to spare pain—if there was pain to be spared—to Mr. George Godolphin. George had a pleasant manner to those who waited on him; poor though he now was, he had also a generous hand; and Betsy believed there could not be such a gentleman as he in all the world. She stood before the dressing-table, and looked about for a place "not too conspicuous," trying various situations to leave it in. Finally she put it flat on the white toilette-cover, and placed his glass shaving-pot upon it, so that only the sides of the despatch could be seen beyond.

And Mrs. Clark herself sat up to warn him. She believed, considerate old lady, that nobody could accomplish that delicate mission with the skill that she could—warn him sufficiently and yet not frighten him: and she sat up in her good nature to do it.

It was past eleven when George came in. She hastened out of the parlour and caught him as he was lighting his candle, which was placed ready on the mahogany slab.

"There's something come for you to-night, sir; I paid sixpence. Not a letter, something else. You'll see it on your dressing-table, sir: I have had it placed there: and I thought I'd sit up to tell you of it, before you went up yourself."

"Thank you, ma'am," replied George.

He bounded up the stairs and entered his sitting-room, giving not a second thought to the communication of Mrs. Clark. That it could be a telegraphic despatch from home never so much as crossed his imagination. The poor old lady's considerate caution had defeated its own ends: if she had but spoken out! George was in the height of his preparations for departure, and parcels and letters were arriving for him continually. Two letters, which had come by the evening post, were on the mantelpiece. He stayed to read them, and then went into his bedroom.

Now it happened that a small parcel had also come for George that evening, and had been placed by Betsy on his dressing-table: the fact was not known to Mrs. Clark, and had probably been forgotten by the girl herself. But as George laid down his candle his eyes fell on this small parcel: and what more natural than that he should suppose it was the "something" alluded to by Mrs. Clark? He did suppose it, and he wondered at the old lady's intimation of having "sat up to tell him of it," but he let it slip from his mind.

George tore the paper that enclosed the parcel, and found it to contain a specimen necktie, which he had ordered to be sent. After that he went to bed, never having seen the despatch so quietly lying there.

Winter mornings are dark; very dark in London; and nine o'clock had struck before George rang for his shaving water. It was brought, and in taking up the glass pot, George for the first time saw what was under it. "Halloa!" he cried.

He tore it open; he read the ominous words from Viscount Averil.

In another moment he was shouting down the stairs, astonishing Betsy, alarming Mrs. Clark, who came out of an upper room in a nightcap.

"When did this despatch come? Why was I not told of it?"

Alas! of what use was the explanation now?—that he *had* been told of it, if he could but have understood. Of what use to reproach Mrs. Clark?—it could not recal the wasted hours; and the old lady had done her best according to her own feeble judgment.

Without the loss of an unnecessary moment, without breakfast, George Godolphin hastened to the railway station, and found himself just in time to miss an express train that would have carried him direct to Prior's Ash. Chafing at the delay he was condemned to, at his own impatience, at the misapprehension with regard to the despatch, chafing at the general state of things altogether, George could only bend to circumstances, and he did not arrive at Prior's Ash until three o'clock in the afternoon.

The first person he saw at the terminus was Lord Averil. That nobleman, wondering at George's non-appearance, believing that Maria was getting nearer to death with every hour, had come to the conclusion that by some mischance his message had miscarried; and he had now gone to the station to send another. Lord Averil linked his arm within George's, and they walked rapidly away through the snow that lay on the path.

Yes, he, the Viscount Averil, Peer of the Realm, linked his arm with George Godolphin's, who had so very near been held up to the virtuous British public as a candidate for a free passage to Australia. Somehow, George had slipped through that danger and was a gentleman still: moreover, he was Lord Averil's brother-in-law, and it was the earnest wish of that nobleman that general society should forget that little mistake in George's life as heartily as he did. He explained as he walked along: that Maria had got rapidly worse all at once; that it was only within a few hours that immediate danger had shown itself.

Still George could not understand it. He had left his wife, sick certainly, but not, as he believed, seriously ill; he had supposed her to be busy in her preparations for the voyage: and now to be told that she was dying! No, George could not understand it, and scarcely believed it. If this was so, why had Maria not sent for him before?

Lord Averil was unable to give him more explanatory information. It was only the evening before that Cecil had called upon her, called accidentally, and learned it, he said. It was only that morning, as Lord Averil had now heard, that Mr. Hastings and his family had learned it. Until that morning, nay until an hour or two ago, Maria herself had not imagined the danger to be so near: and she heartily thanked Lord Averil for having had the forethought to telegraph.

"Snow must have known it," remonstrated George.

"I think not. I was talking to him to-day, and he expressed his surprise at the disorder's having suddenly increased in this rapid manner."

"What is the disorder?" asked George. "My wife had no disorder—except weakness."

"I suppose that is it—weakness."

"But weakness does not kill!"

"Yes it does. Sometimes."

Margery was standing at the door when they reached the gate, possibly looking out for her master, for she knew the hours of the arrivals of the train. The windows of the sitting-room faced that way, and George's eyes naturally turned on them. But there was no sign of busy life, of every-day occupation, the curtains hung in their undisturbed folds, the blinds were partially down.

"I will just ask how your wife is now, and whether Cecil is here," said Lord Averil, following George up the path.

No, Lady Averil and Miss Bessy Godolphin had left about ten minutes before, Margery said. My Lady Godolphin, who had drove up in her carriage and come in for a quarter of an hour, she had left; and Miss Rose Hastings, who had been there the best part of the morning, had also left. Mrs. George Godolphin seemed a trifle better, inclined to sleep, tired out, as it were; and she, Margery, didn't wonder at it with such a heap of visitors: she had give 'em a broad hint herself that her mistress might be all the better for an hour's quiet.

Lord Averil departed. George flung his railway-wrapper on a chair and hung his hat up in the little hall: he turned his face, one of severity then, on Margery.

"Is your mistress so very ill?"

"I don't see that she can be much worse, sir. When Mr. Snow went out just now he said she was better. She is better than she was in the morning, or she couldn't be sitting up."

"And now, Margery, why was I not sent for earlier? The blame must lie with you."

"I can't help it, sir: you must blame me if you will. Why, Mr. George," she continued, raising her voice in a tone of defence, "if I had had a thought that she was coming on to be like this, do you suppose I should not have sent? Yesterday morning, when she was worse, I said master ought to be writ to, and she said she'd write herself. She did write, but she didn't get it ready till evening, and my Lord Averil, he telegraphed. It is only this morning, sir, that down-right danger has come on."

"She cannot be so very ill as they would imply; she cannot be beyond hope," he cried, in an impassioned tone.

"Well, sir, I don't know," answered Margery, willing, perhaps, to soothe the facts to him by degrees, as Mrs. Clark had been by the telegraphic message. "She is certainly better than she was in the morning. She is sitting up."

George Godolphin was of a hopeful nature. Even those few words seemed to speak to his heart with a certainty. "Not there, sir," interposed Margery, as he opened the door of the sitting-room. "But it don't matter," she added: "you can go in that way."

He walked through the room and opened that of the bed-chamber. Would the scene ever leave his memory? The room was lighted more by the blaze of the fire than by the daylight, for curtains partially covered the windows, and the winter's dreary afternoon was already

merging into twilight. The bed was at the far end of the room, the dressing-table near it. The fire was on his right as he entered, and on a white-covered sofa, drawn before it, sat Maria. She was partially dressed and wrapped in a light Cashmere shawl; her cap was untied, and her face, shaded though it was by its brown hair, was all too visible in the reflexion cast by the firelight.

Which was the most colourless—that face, or the white cover of the sofa? George Godolphin's heart stood still as he looked upon it and then bounded on with a rushing leap. Every shadow of hope had gone out of him.

Maria had not heard him, did not see him; he went in gently. By her side on the sofa lay Miss Meta, curled up into a ball and fast asleep, her hands and her golden curls on her mamma's knee. With George's first step forward, Maria turned her sad sweet eyes towards him, and a faint cry of emotion escaped her lips.

Before she could stir or speak, George was with her, his protecting arms thrown round her, her face gathered to his breast. What a contrast it was! she so wan and fragile, so near the grave, he in all his manly strength, his fresh beauty. Miss Meta woke up, recognised her papa with a cry and much commotion, but Margery came in and carried her off, shutting the door behind her.

Her fair young face—too fair and young to die—was laid against her husband's; her feeble hand lay caressingly in his. The shock to George was very great; it almost seemed that he had already lost her; and the scalding tears, so rarely wrung from man, coursed down his cheeks and fell on her face.

"Don't grieve," she whispered, the tears raining from her own eyes. "Oh, George, my husband, it is a bitter thing to part, but we shall meet again in heaven, and be together for ever. It has been so weary here; the troubles have been so great!"

He steadied his voice to speak. "The troubles have not killed you, have they, Maria?"

"Yes, I suppose it has been so. I did try and struggle against them, but—I don't know—Oh, George!" she broke out in a wailing tone of pain, "if I could but have got over them and lived!—if I could but have gone with you to your new home!"

George sat down on the sofa where Meta had been, and held her to him in silence. She could hear his heart beat; could feel it bounding against her side.

"It will be a better home in heaven," she resumed, laying her poor pale face upon his shoulder. "You will come to me there, George; I shall but go on first a little while: all the pains and the cares, the heart-burnings of earth, will be forgotten, and we shall be together in happiness for ever and ever."

He dropped his face upon her neck, he sobbed aloud in his anguish. Whatever may have been his gracelessness and his faults, he had loved his wife; and now that he was losing her that love was greater than it had ever been: some pricks of conscience may have been mingled with it too! Who knows?

"Don't forget me quite when I am gone, George. Think of me sometimes as your poor wife who loved you to the last: who would

have stayed with you if God had let her. When first I began to see that it must be, that I should leave you and Meta, my heart nearly broke: but the pain has grown less, and I think God has been reconciling me to it."

"What shall I do?—what will the child do without you?" broke from his quivering lips.

Perhaps the thought crossed Maria that he had done very well without her in the last few months, for his sojourns with her might be counted by hours instead of by days: but she was too generous to allude to it; and the heartaching had passed. "Cecil and Lord Averil will take Meta," she said. "Let her stay with them, George! It would not be well for her to go to India alone with you."

The words surprised him. He did not speak.

"Cecil proposed it yesterday. They will be *glad* to have her. I dare say Lord Averil will speak to you about it later. It was the one great weight left upon my mind, George—our poor child, and what could be done with her: Cecil's generous proposal removed it."

"Yes," said George, hesitatingly. "For a little while; perhaps it will be the best thing. Until I shall get settled in India. But she must come to me then; I cannot part with her for good."

"For good? No. But, George, you may—it is possible"—she seemed to stammer and hesitate—"you may be forming new ties. In that case you would care less for the loss of Meta——"

"Don't talk so!" he passionately interrupted. "How can you glance to such things, Maria, in these our last moments?"

She was silent for a few minutes, weeping softly. "Had this parting come upon me as suddenly as it has upon you, I might have started from the very thought with horror: but, George, I have had nothing else in my own mind for weeks but the parting, and it has made me look at the future as I could not else have looked at it. Do not blame me for saying this: I must allude to it, if I am to speak of Meta. I can understand how full of aversion the thought is to you now: but, George, it *may* come to pass."

"I think not," he said, and his voice and manner had changed to grave deliberation. "If I know anything of myself, Maria, I shall never again marry."

"It is not impossible."

"No," he assented, "it is not impossible."

Her heart beat a shade quicker, and she hid her face upon him so that he could not see it. When she spoke again, it was with difficulty he could catch the whispered words.

"I know how foolish and wrong it is for a dying wife to extract any promise of this nature from her husband: were I to say to you, Do not again marry, it would be little else than a wicked request; and it would prove how my thoughts and passions must still cling to earth. Bear with me while I speak of this, George: I am not going to be so wicked: but—but——"

Agitation stopped her voice. Her bosom heaved, her breath nearly left her, and she had to catch it in gasps. He saw that this was mental emotion, not bodily weakness; and he waited until it should pass, stroking the hair from her brow with his gentle hand.

"My darling, what is it?"

"But there is one promise that I do wish to beg of you," she resumed, mastering her emotion sufficiently to speak. "If—if you should marry, and your choice falls upon *one*—upon *her*—then, in that case, do not seek to have Meta home; let her remain always with Cecil."

A pause: broken by George. "Of whom do you speak, Maria?"

The same labouring of the breath; the same cruel agitation; and they had to be fought with before she could bring out the words.

"Of Charlotte Pain."

"Charlotte Pain!" echoed George, shouting out the name in surprise.

"I could not bear it," she shivered. "George, George! do not make her the second mother of my child! I could not bear it; it seems to me that I could not even in my grave bear it! Should you marry her, promise me that Meta shall not be removed from Ashlydyat."

"Maria," he quietly said, "I shall never marry Charlotte Pain."

"You don't know. You may think now you will not, but you cannot answer for yourself. George! she has helped to kill me. She must not be Meta's second mother."

He raised her face so that he could see it: his dark blue eyes met hers searchingly, and he took her hand in his as he gravely spoke.

"She will never be Meta's second mother: nay, if it will be more satisfactory, I will say she never shall be. By the heaven that perhaps even I may some day attain to, I say it. Charlotte Pain will never be Meta's second mother, or my wife: and I affirm it in the presence of God."

She did not answer in words. She only nestled a little nearer to him in gratitude; half in repentance, perhaps, for having doubted him. George resumed in the same grave tone:

"And now, Maria, tell me what you mean by saying that Charlotte Pain has helped to kill you."

A crimson flush came over her wan face, and she contrived to turn it from him again, so that her eyes were hidden. But she did not speak quite at first.

"It all came upon me together, George," she murmured at length, her tone one of loving tenderness, in token that she was not angry now; that the past, whatever may have been its sins against her, any or none, was forgiven. "At that cruel time when the blow fell, when I had nowhere to turn to for comfort, then I also learnt what Prior's Ash had been saying, about—about Charlotte Pain. George, it seemed to wither my very heart; to take the life out of it. I had so loved you; I had so trusted you: and to find—to find—that you loved her, not me——"

"Hush!" thundered George, in his emotion. "I never *loved* any but you, Maria. I swear it."

"Well—well. It seems that I do not understand it. I—I could not get over it," she continued, passing her hand across her brow where the old aching pain had come momentarily again, "and I fear it has helped to kill me. It was so cruel, to have suffered me to know her all the while."

George Godolphin compressed his lips. He never spoke.

"But, George, it is over; it is buried in the past; and I did not intend to mention it. I should not have mentioned it but for speaking of Meta. Oh, let it go; let it pass: it need not disturb our last hour together."

"It appears to have disturbed you a great deal more than it need have done," he said, a shade of anger in his tone.

"Yes, looking back, I see it did. When we come to the closing scene of life, as I have come, this world shutting itself to our view, the next opening, then we see how foolish in many things we have been; how worse than vain our poor earthly passions. So to have fretted ourselves over this little space of existence with its passing follies, its temporary interests, when we might have been living and looking for that great one that shall last for ever! To gaze back on my life it seems but a little span; a worthless hour compared with the eternity that I am entering upon. Oh, George, we have all need of God's loving forgiveness! I, as well as you. I did not mean to reproach you: but I *could* not bear—had you made her your second wife—that she should have had the training of Meta."

Did George Godolphin doubt whether the fear was wholly erased from her heart? Perhaps so: or he might not have spoken to her as he was about to speak.

"Let me set your mind further at rest, Maria. Had I ever so great an inclination to marry Mrs. Pain, it is impossible that I could do so. Mrs. Pain has a husband already."

Maria raised her face, a flashing light, as of joy, illumining it. George saw it: and a sad, dreamy look of self-condemnation settled on his own. *Had* it so stabbed her. "Is she married again?—since she left Prior's Ash?"

"She has never been a widow, Maria," he answered. "Rodolf Pain, her husband, did not die."

"He did not die?"

"As it appears. He is now back again in England."

"And did you know of this?"

"Only since his return. I supposed her to be a widow, as everybody else supposed it. One night last summer, in quitting Ashlydyat, I came upon them both in the grounds, Mr. and Mrs. Pain; and I then learned, to my very great surprise, that he, whom his wife had passed off as dead, had in point of fact been in hiding abroad. There is some unpleasant mystery attached to it, the details of which I have not concerned myself to inquire into: he fell into trouble, I expect, and feared his own country was too hot for him. However it may have been, he is home again, and with her. I suppose the danger is removed, for I met them together in Piccadilly last week walking openly, and they told me they were looking out for a house."

She breathed a sobbing sigh of relief, as one hears sometimes from a little child.

"But were Mrs. Pain the widow she assumed to be, she would never have been made my wife. Child!" he added, in momentary irritation, "don't you understand things better? *She* my wife!—the second mother, the trainer of Meta! What could you be thinking of? Men do not marry women such as Charlotte Pain."

"Then you do not care for her so very much?"

"I care for her so much, Maria, that were I never to see her or hear of her again it would not give me one moment's thought," he impulsively cried. "I'd give a great deal now not to have kept up our acquaintance with the woman—if that had saved you one single iota of pain."

When these earthly scenes are closing,—when the grave is about to set its seal on one to whom we could have saved pain, and did not,—when heaven's solemn approach is to be seen, and heaven's purity has become all too clear to our own sight, what would we give to change inflicted wrongs—to blot out the hideous past! George Godolphin sat by the side of his dying wife, his best-beloved in life as she would be in death, and bit his lips in his crowd of memories, in his unavailing repentance. Ah, my friends! these moments of reprisal, prolonged as they may seem, must come to us in the end. It is a charming thing, no doubt, to ignore them in our hot-blooded carelessness, but the time will come when they find us out.

He, George Godolphin, had leisure to hug them to himself, and make the best and the worst of them. Maria, exhausted with the excitement, as much as by her own state of weakness, closed her eyes as she lay upon his breast and dropped into a sleep, and he sat watching her face, holding her to him, not daring to move lest he should disturb her, not daring even to lift a finger and wipe off his own bitter and unavailing tears.

Yes, there could be no doubt of the fact—that the troubles of one kind and another had been too much for her; that she was dying of them; and he felt the truth to his heart's core. He felt that she, that delicate, refined, sensitive woman, had been the very last who should have been treated rudely. You may remember it was observed at the beginning of her history that she was one unfit to battle with the world's sharp storms—it had now proved so. Charlotte Pain would have braved them, whatever their nature, have weathered them jauntily on a prancing saddle-horse; Maria had sunk down, crushed with their weight. Il y a—let me once more repeat it!—il y a des femmes et des femmes.

II.

GRACE AKEMAN'S REPENTANCE.

THERE came one with hurried steps up the garden path, with hurried steps and a distressed, anxious countenance: passing Margery in the passage, passing Meta, she bore on as if no power on earth should stop her, and entered the sick chamber.

It was Grace, Mrs. Akeman. This sudden change in the illness of Maria had certainly come at an inopportune time: Mrs. Hastings was out for a week, Grace had gone out for the day with her husband some miles into the country. A messenger was sent to her, and it brought her home.

It brought her home with a self-condemning conscience. Maria dying!—when Grace had only thought of her as going flaunting off to India; when she had that very day remarked to her husband, as they drove along the snowy road in his four-wheeled chaise stuffed full behind with architectural plans, that some people had all the luck of

it in this world, and that Mr. and Mrs. George Godolphin, she supposed, would soon be swaying it in the Bengal presidency, as they had swayed it in Prior's Ash. Maria dying! dying of the trouble, the sorrow, the disgrace, the humiliation, the neglect! dying of a broken heart! It came flashing into Grace Akemaa's mind that she *might* have taken a different view of her conduct; have believed in the wrongs of wives, who are bound to their husbands for worse as well as for better; it came into her mind that she might have accorded her a little sisterly sympathy instead of reproach.

She came in now brimming over with repentance; she came in with a sort of belief that things could not have gone so very far; that there must be some remedy still, some hope; and that if she, Grace, exerted her energies to arouse Maria, health and life would come again. It was terrible ill-luck which had taken her out of Prior's Ash that particular day: Mr. Akemaa had told her she had better not accompany him as the snow had come, but she had laid her plans previously to go, and Grace was one to take her own will. And so, what with the tardiness of the messenger, and what with the snow, the evening shades were over the earth before she got back to Prior's Ash.

Maria had awoke out of her temporary slumber then, and George was standing with his arm on the mantelpiece. A half-frown crossed his brow when he saw Grace enter. He had never liked her; he was conscious that she had not been kind to Maria, and he deemed her severe manner and tart voice scarcely suitable to that dying chamber. But she was his wife's sister, and he advanced to welcome her.

Grace did not see his welcome; would not see it. Perhaps in truth she was wholly absorbed by the sight which met her view in Maria. Remedy still?—hope yet? Ah no; death was there, was upon her, and Grace burst into tears. Maria held out her hand, a smile lighting up her wan countenance.

"I thought you were not coming to see me, Grace."

"I was out; I went to Hamlet's Wood this morning with Mr. Akemaa," sobbed Grace. "Whatever is the reason that you have suddenly grown so ill as this?"

"I have been growing ill a long time," was Maria's answer.

"But there must be hope!" said Grace, in her quick way. "Mr. George Godolphin"—turning to him and dashing away the tears on her cheeks, as if she would not betray them to *him*—"surely there must be hope! What do the medical men say?"

"There is no hope, Grace," interposed Maria, in her low, feeble voice. "The medical men know there is not. Dr. Beale came with Mr. Snow at mid-day; but their coming at all is a mere form now."

Grace untied her bonnet and sat down. "I thought," said she, "you were getting well."

Maria made a slight motion of dissent. "I have not thought it myself; not really thought it. I hoped it might be so, and the hope prevented my speaking; but there was always an under-current of conviction to the contrary in my heart."

George looked at her, half reproachfully. She understood the look, and answered it.

"I wish now I had told you, George: but I was not sure. And if I had spoken you would only have laughed at me then in disbelief."

"You speak very calmly, Maria," said Grace, with passionate earnestness. "Have you no regret at leaving us?"

A faint hectic shone suddenly in Maria's cheek. "Regret!" she repeated with emotion, "my days have been one long regret; one long, wearying pain. Don't you see it is the pain that has killed me, Grace? But it is over now, through God's mercy," she added, in a calmer tone. "The bitterness of death has passed."

Grace's temper was sharp: her sense of right and wrong cynically keen: the rector had had the same sharp temper in his youth, but he had learned to control it; Grace had not. She turned her flashing eyes, her flaming cheeks, on George Godolphin.

"Do you hear?—the pain has killed her. Who brought that pain upon her? Mr. George Godolphin, I wish you joy of your conscience! I almost seemed to foresee it—I almost seemed to foresee this," she passionately cried, "ere ever my sister married you."

"Don't, Grace!" wailed Maria, a faint cry of fear escaping her; a sudden terror taking possession of her raised face. "George, George!"

She held out her hands yearningly to him, as if she would shield him, or as if she wanted him to shield her from the sharp words. George crossed over to her with his protecting presence, and bent to catch her whisper, praying him for peace.

"You forget your sister's state when you thus speak, Mrs. Akeman," he gravely said. "Say anything you please to me later; you shall have the opportunity, if you desire it; but in my wife's presence there must be peace."

Grace flung off the shawl which she had worn, and stood beating the toe of her foot upon the fender, her throat swelling, her chest heaving with the effort of subduing her emotion. What with her anger in the past, her grief in the present, she had well-nigh burst into shrieking sobs.

"I think I could drink some tea," said Maria. "Could we not have it together; here; for the last time? You will make it, Grace."

Poor, weak, timid heart! Perhaps she only so spoke as an incentive to keep that "peace" for which she tremblingly yearned; which was essential to her, as to all, in her dying hour. George rang the bell, and Margery came in.

It was done as she seemed to wish. The small round table was drawn to the fire, and Grace sat at it, making the tea. Maria turned her face and asked for Meta: Margery answered that she was coming in by-and-by. Very little was said. George drew a chair near Maria and leaned upon the arm of the sofa. The tea, so far as she went, was a superfluous mockery: George put a teaspoonful in her mouth, but she with difficulty swallowed it, and shook her head when he would have given her more. It did not seem to be much else than a mockery for the others: Grace's tears dropped into hers, and George suffered his to get cold and then swallowed it at a draught, as if it was a relief to get rid of it. Margery was called again to take it away, and Maria, who was leaning back on the sofa with closed eyes, asked again for Meta to come in.

Then Margery had to confess that Miss Meta was not at home to come in. She had gone out visiting. The facts of the case were these. Lord Averil, after quitting the house, had returned to it to say a word

to George which he had forgotten : but finding George had gone into his wife's room, he would not let him be disturbed. It was just at the moment that Margery had carried out Meta, and the young lady was rather restive at the proceedings, crying loudly.

"What is the grievance, Meta?" asked his lordship.

"The grievance is just this—that because it's necessary to keep a quiet house to-day, she's making it a noisy one," said Margery, explosively. "Twice that I have brought her out of the room she has roared out like this. She can't be in there every moment, fit or unfit, as my lord knows."

Lord Averil looked up at the skies. They were dreary enough, but still not so bad as they had been, and a little bit of blue was struggling forth in the wintry afternoon. "It will not snow again yet," said Lord Averil. "Let me take her up for an hour or two to Ashlydyat. Will you come, Meta, and see Aunt Cecil?"

Meta looked at him, her large eyes full of tears. "Mamma's going to die. I want to stop with her."

"Poor little orphan!" he murmured to himself, stroking her golden curls. "I will bring you back to mamma very soon, Meta," he said, aloud. "She had better come, Margery; it will be a change for her, and keep the house quiet for the time."

Meta, soothed probably by the promise of being brought back soon, made no opposition, and Margery, without the least ceremony, took down a woollen shawl and her garden-hat that were hanging on the pegs and enveloped her in them. "They'll do as well as getting out her best things, my lord, if you won't mind 'em: and it'll be dusk a'most by the time you get to Ashlydyat."

It was quite the same to Lord Averil whether the young lady was bundled up as she was now, or decked out in a lace frock and crinoline. He led her down the path, talking pleasantly; but Meta's breath was caught up incessantly with sobbing sighs. Her heart was full, imperfect as her idea of the calamity overshadowing her necessarily was.

Thus it happened that Miss Meta was not at hand when Maria asked for her. Whether it was from this, or from causes wholly unconnected with it, in a short while Maria grew restless: restless as it seemed both in body and mind, and it was deemed advisable that she should not sit up longer.

"Go for Meta while they get me into bed, George," she said to him. "I want her to be near me."

He went out at once. But he did not immediately turn to Ashlydyat: with hasty steps he took the road to Mr. Snow's. There had been a yearning on George Godolphin's mind ever since he first saw his wife in the afternoon, to put the anxious question to one or both of the medical men: "Can nothing be done to prolong her life, even for the shortest space?"

Mr. Snow was out: the surgery boy did not know where: "Paying visits," he supposed; and George turned his steps to Dr. Beale's, who lived now in Prior's Ash, though he had not used to live in it. Dr. Beale's house was a-blaze with light, and Dr. Beale was at home, the servant said, but he had a dinner-party.

How the words seemed to grate on his ear! A dinner-party!—gaiety, lights, noise, mirth, eating and toast-drinking, when his wife

was dying! But the next moment his reflection came to him: the approaching death of a patient is not wont to cast its influence on a physician's private life.

He demanded to see Dr. Beale in spite of the dinner-party. George Godolphin forgot recent occurrences, exacting still the deference paid to him all his life, when Prior's Ash had bowed down to the Godolphins. He was shown into a room, and Dr. Beale came out to him.

But the doctor, though he would willingly have soothed matters to him, could not give him hope. George asked for the truth, and he got it—that his wife's life now might be counted by hours. He went out and proceeded towards Ashlydyat, taking the near way down Crosse-street, by the bank—the bank that once was: it would lead him through the dull Ash-Tree walk with its ghostly story; but what cared George Godolphin?

Did a remembrance of the past come over him as he glanced up at the bank's well-known windows?—a remembrance that pricked him with its sharp sting? He need never have left that house; but for his own recklessness, folly, wickedness—call it what you will—he might have been in it still, one of the honoured Godolphins, heir to Ashlydyat, his wife well and happy by his side. Now!—he went striding on with wide steps, and he took off his hat and raised his burning brow to the keen night air. You may leave the house behind you, George Godolphin, and so put it out of your sight, but you cannot put out memory.

Grace had remained with Maria. She was in bed now, but the restlessness seemed to continue. "I want Meta; I want Meta."

"Dear Maria, your husband has but just gone for her," breathed Grace. "But she will soon be here."

It seemed to satisfy her. She lay still, looking upwards, her breath, or Mrs. Akeman fancied it, getting shorter. Grace, hot tears blinding her eyes, bent forward to kiss her wasted cheek.

"Maria, I was very harsh with you," she whispered. "I feel it now. I can only pray God to forgive me. I loved you always, and when that dreadful trouble came, I felt angry for your sake: I said unkind things to you and of you, but in the depth of my heart there lay the pain and the anger because you suffered. Will you forgive me?"

She raised her feeble hand and laid it lovingly on the cheek of Grace. "There is nothing to forgive, Grace," she murmured: "what are our poor little offences one against the other? Think how much Heaven has to forgive us all. Oh, Grace, I am going to it! I am going away from care."

Grace stood up to dash away her tears; but they came faster and faster. "I would ask you to let me atone to you, Maria," she sobbed, "I would ask you to let me welcome Meta to our home. We are not rich, but we have enough for comfort, and I will try to bring her up a good woman; I will love her as my own child."

"She goes to Cecil." There was no attempt at thanks in words, Maria was growing beyond it; nothing but the fresh touch of the hand's loving pressure. And that relaxed with the next moment and fell upon the bed.

Grace felt somewhat alarmed. She cleared the mist from her eyes,

and bent them steadily on Maria's face. It seemed to have changed. "Do you feel worse?" she softly asked.

Maria opened her lips, but no sound came from them. She attempted to point with her finger to the door; she then threw her eyes in the same direction; but why or what she wanted it was impossible to tell. Grace, her heart beating wildly, flew across the little hall to the kitchen.

"Oh, Margery, I think she is sinking! Come you and see."

Margery hastened in. Her mistress evidently *was* sinking, and was conscious of it. The eager, anxious look upon her face, and her raised hand, proved that she was wanting something.

"Is it my master?—Is it the child?" cried Margery, bending over her. "They won't be long, ma'am."

It was Margery's habit to soothe the dying, even if she had to do it at some little expense of veracity. She knew that her master could not go to Ashlydyat and be home just yet: she did not know of his visits to the houses of the doctors; but if she had known it she would equally have said, "They won't be long."

But the eager look continued on Maria's face, and it became evident to experienced Margery that her master and Meta were not the anxious point. Maria's lips moved, and Margery bent her ear.

"Papa! Is it time!"

"It's the Sacrament she's thinking of," whispered Margery to Mrs. Akeman: "or else that she wants to take her leave of him. The rector was to come at eight o'clock; he told me so when he called in again this afternoon. What is to be done, ma'am?"

"And it is only half-past six! We must send to him at once."

Margery seemed in some uncertainty. "Shall you be afraid to stay here alone, ma'am, if I go?"

"Why! where is Jean?"

Jean, one of the old servants of Ashlydyat, discharged with the rest when the bankruptcy had come, but now in service there again under Lord and Lady Averil, had been with Margery all day. She had now been sent out by the latter for certain errands wanted in the town.

A tremor came over Mrs. Akeman at Margery's question, as to whether she should be afraid to stay there alone. To one not accustomed to it, it does require peculiar courage to remain with the dying. But Grace could call up a brave spirit by dint of will, and she no longer hesitated, when she saw the continued eager look on her sister's face.

"Make you haste, Margery. I shan't mind. Mrs. James is in the house, and I can call her if I see a necessity. Margery!"—following her outside the door to whisper it—"do you see that strange look in her face? Is it *death*?"

She was shaking all over as she spoke in nervous trepidation. It was to be a memorable night, that, what with one emotion and another, in the memory of Grace Akeman. Margery's answer was characteristic.

"It does look like it, ma'am; but I have seen 'em like this, and then rally again. Anyhow, it can't be far off. Mrs. Akeman, it seems to me that all the good ones be leaving the world. First Mr. Godolphin, and now her!"

She had scarcely been gone five minutes when Lord Averil came back with Meta. They had not met George. It was not likely that they had, seeing that he was going to Ashlydyat by a different route. In point of fact, at that moment George was about turning into Crosse-street, passing his old house with those enlivening reminiscences of his. Grace explained why she was alone, and Lord Averil took off his hat and coat to remain.

Maria asked for him. He went up to the bed, and she smiled at him and moved her hand. Lord Averil took it between his, the tears gathering in his earnest eyes as he saw the change in her.

"She has been as happy as possible with us all the evening," he gently said, alluding to the child. "We will do all we can for her always."

"Tell Cecil—to bring—her up—for God."

She must have revived a little, or she could not have spoken the words. By-and-by, Margery was heard to enter, and Grace went out to her. The woman was panting with the speed she had made.

"I run on first, ma'am, but the parson is on his way. If you'll please to tell my mistress, I'll make ready for him. Is she as bad now?"

"Scarcely, I think. She has been speaking to Lord Averil. Who's this? Oh, it's Jean."

As the Reverend Mr. Hastings approached the gate he saw a man leaning over it, in the light cast by the white snow of the winter's night. It was David Jekyl.

"I thought I'd ask how the young missis was, sir, as I went home, but it might be disturbing of 'em to go right up to the door," he said, drawing back to make way for the rector. "It were said in the town, as I come along, that she were worse."

"Yes, David, she is worse; as ill as she can be. I have just had a message."

David twirled his grey beaver hat awkwardly round on his hand, stroking its napless surface with his other arm. He did not raise his eyes as he spoke to the rector.

"Might be you'd just say a word to her about that money, sir, asking of her not to let it worry her mind. It's said as them things *have* worried her more nor need be. If you could say a word for us, sir, that we don't think of it no more, it might comfort her like."

"The trouble for her has passed, David: to say this to her might bring her thoughts back to it. Heaven is opening to her, earth is closing. Thank you for your thoughtfulness."

The Reverend Mr. Hastings continued his way slowly up the garden path, whence the snow had been swept away. Illness was upon him, and he could not walk quickly. It was a dull night, and yet there was that peculiar light in the atmosphere, often seen when the earth is covered with snow. The door was held open, awaiting him; and the minister uncovered his head, and stepped in with his solemn greeting:

"PEACE BE TO THIS HOUSE, AND TO ALL THAT DWELL IN IT!"

There could be no waiting for George Godolphin: the spirit might be on its wing. They gathered in the room, Grace, and Margery, and Viscount Averil: and, the stillness broken only by the sobs of Grace, Mr. Hastings administered the last rite of our religion to his dying child.

CLEON.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

As national prejudice led Polybius, it has been remarked, to depreciate the noble career of Cleomenes, and to exaggerate the sins even of the robbers of Ætolia; so, "even the stern impartiality of Thucydides seems to have failed him when he had to speak of his own enemy, Cleon."* But a writer, presumably not the same writer, though writing in the same *Review*, had some time previously cited as an instance of Mr. Grote's "occasional want of sense" (only occasional, for he is cordially designated a "great historian"), his "efforts to create a Grotian Cleon, totally different from the Cleon of Thucydides and Aristophanes, out of his own perception of the republican fitness of things."†

The Cleon with whom the bulk of us were "first acquent"—and we knew no other, nor desired to know, nor were one whit grateful to Mr. Grote for the "grand transformation" his wand effected on the shape of our old acquaintance the tanner—the Cleon we knew from the ungenial portraiture of Thucydides, and the grotesque caricature by Aristophanes, and, be it added, the concurrent tradition of classical authorities, amounting almost, if not quite, to the catholic canon of *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*—this Cleon seemed past whitewashing, or to use the high-polite phrase now in vogue, past rehabilitation.

This have I herde oft in seiying,
That man may for no dauntynge
Make a sperhauke of a bosarde.‡

And equally impracticable it might have seemed, to transform the Cleon of tradition into the Kleon who is so undeniably respectable and efficient a public man in the pages of Mr. Grote.

The sort of Cleon we had pretty constantly and consistently taken for granted in præ-Grotian times, was just the sort of unscrupulous quack indicated by Lord Bacon when he remarks, that "surely as there are mountebanks for the natural body, so are there mountebanks for the politic body: men that undertake great cures, and perhaps have been lucky in two or three experiments, but want the grounds of science, and therefore cannot hold out."§ Or the sort of brazen-faced blusterer pictured in Butler's rhymes, which instruct us, by example, that

—he that has but impudence,
To all things has a fair pretence;
And put among his wants but shame,
To all the world may lay his claim:
Tho' you have tried that nothing's borne
With greater ease than public scorn,
That all affronts do still give place
To your impenetrable face;

* *Saturday Review*, No. 331, *Art.*, Finlay's Hist. of the Greek Revol.

† *Ibid.*, No. 108, *Art.*, Grant's Ethics of Aristotle.

‡ Chaucer, *The Romaunt of the Rose*.

§ Bacon, *Ess.* xii.

That makes your way through all affairs,
 As pigs thro' hedges creep with theirs :
 Yet as 'tis counterfeit, and brass,
 You must not think 'twill always pass.*

Or perhaps by some, who regarded his mischief-making powers with graver looks, he was identified pretty nearly with the sort of agitator sketched in one of Clarendon's outlines: "a man of a rough and tempestuous nature, violent in pursuing what he wished, without judgment, or temper to know the way of bringing it to pass; however, he had some kind of power with froward and discontented men; at least he had credit to make them more indisposed."[†]

Mitchell[‡] considers Cleon to have been in the imagination of Aristophanes the centre of a circle, into which all that society exhibits of the mean and ridiculous, all that folly contains of the weak and imbecile, and all that vice displays of the odious and disgusting, was, as a matter of course, to be drawn.

This is pretty strong. But Mitchell's Edinburgh Reviewer objects that this is representing the character of Cleon in the "Knights" as too ideal, too generic. The fact is, asserts the Reviewer,[§] that Cleon seems *actually* to have combined in himself all the detestable qualities enumerated in Mitchell's text.

The Comedy of the "Knights" appears to have been designed by Aristophanes, says one of its commentators, as a formal attack on the Athenian popular party, and especially its leader, Cleon. Mr. Mitchell views it as "the indictment of all democracies and all demagogues since the flood." The plot may be told in a few words: The Athenian populace, personified as an old man Demus, just as the English nation is personified by John Bull, has lately taken a new slave, Cleon, into his confidence; the favourite robs his master, bullies his fellow-servants, and tyrannises over the household; two of the slaves learn that Cleon can be conquered only by a greater scoundrel than himself, and *him* they discover in a manufacturer of black-puddings, who gains the victory over Cleon. Demus now discovers how grossly he has been deceived; the obnoxious favourite is dismissed, and tranquillity restored.|| *Demos* is *le peuple d'Athènes* of that "Drame Aristophanique" to which M. Charles introduces us,[¶] as represented "between the 3rd of May, 1815, and the 15th of January, 1852, by the regular comedians of the great theatre in the Isle of Barataria," and which records a period

Lorsque ce vieil enfant, naïf spirituel,
 A ses plus vils flatteurs élevait un autel;
 D'un TANNEUR PARVENU couronnait le vieux crâne, &c. &c.

The parvenu captain's strong-scented profession is similarly glanced at in

* Hudibras to Sidrophel.

† Clarendon, Hist. of the Rebellion, book vi.

‡ Prelim. Discourse to his "Comedies of Aristophanes," vol. i. (1820).

§ *Edinburgh Review*, vol. xxxiv., p. 313.

|| See reviews of Süvern's *Essay on the Birds of Aristophanes*, Mitchell's translation of the *Knights*, and Walsh's of the *Comedies* generally, in *Athenæum* for 1837, pp. 27 sq.

¶ In the twelfth, and most autobiographical, of his collected volumes, collectively entitled "*Études de Littérature Comparée*."

the "Clouds" of Aristophanes, when the Chorus, composed of the Clouds themselves, thus harangue the spectators and objugate the obnoxious tanner:

When that old Paphlagonian you wanted to choose—
That vile tanner, for captain, we knitted our brows,
And did all kinds of wonders—the welkin was riven
With fire, and the moon left its walk in the heaven,
And the sun straight an end drew her wick in, and swore
That if Cleon were captain, she'd light you no more.
Yet you chose him in spite; for they say it's our lot
To follow thro' life just the plans we ought not.
While the gods turn our errors to good, as I'll show
You, yourselves, in the instance before us, may do.
Take this cormorant Cleon—mind not to elect him—
But in pillage, and cheating, add bribes to detect him,
And then clap his head in the pillory wood:
Things again, tho' you erred, will turn out as they should.*

The Chorus of most of the plays of Aristophanes, this Cloud-compact one included, has been compared to the female faces in Hogarth's paintings, in so far as in both cases they become a means of keeping the acrimonious feelings within the limits of legitimately pleasurable sensation. But the Chorus of the "Knights" assumes a quite exceptional "ferocity of character—the poet has written their parts with gall, and armed their hands with a dagger."† That good humour, which, in spite of the opposite opinion generally entertained of Aristophanes, formed, as the most congenial of his translators contends, a conspicuous part of his character, displays itself here but rarely:—he had set his all upon a cast, and the danger he was running evidently sits heavy upon his mind. "The German critics, whose feelings are as correct as their learning is profound, have observed the difference between the Knights of Aristophanes and his other plays. It is a struggle for life and death, says Wieland; it is a true dramatic philippic, says Schlegel." Demos and his man-of-all-work are thus described, by one of the fractions old gentleman's slaves, who says he has got

A violent, bean-eating, touchy master—
Our Father Demos of St. Fnyx's‡ parish—
A cross old man, and somewhat hard of hearing.
On the first instant, this good gentleman
Purchased a slave, a Megabœan carrier,§
And a most cunning, slanderous rogue he is;
When this vile Megabœan had found out
The old man's ways, he cringed before his master,
And fawned, and soothed, and flattered, and cajoled him.

But it is probably in the scene between the Knights or Chorus, the Sausage-seller (Agoracritus), who is to contend against Cleon for the

* See the translation (by Sir D. E. Sandford?) of the "Clouds" of Aristophanes, complete in the October number of *Blackwood* for 1885.

† Mitchell, Pref. to the Knights.

‡ Fnyx was the usual place of assembly for the Athenian citizens.

§ Cleon was a leather dresser; the commentators have not discovered why he was nicknamed a Megabœan.

mastery in impudence, and Cleon himself, that the Aristophanic fire and fury against the parvenu-tanner may be seen in fullest force. Nothing can be better, it has been observed, than the burst of double trochaics, in which the Knights commence their attack :

Stripes and torment, whips and scourges, for the toll-collecting knave,
 Knighthood wounded, troops confounded, chastisement and vengeance crave.
 Taxes sinking, tributes shrinking, mark his appetite for plunder ;
 At his crawl and rav'ning maw, dykes and whirlpools fail for wonder !
 Explanation and evasion—covert art and close deceit—
 Fraudful funning, force and cunning, who with him in these compete ?
 He can cheat and eke repeat twenty times his felon feat,
 All before yon blessed sun has quench'd his lamp of glowing heat.
 Then to him—pursue him—strike, shiver, and hew him !
 Confound him, and pound him, and storm all around him ! &c. &c.

Taken aback somewhat by so headlong a denunciation, Cleon, shaking in his shoes, appeals for protection and encouragement to the dicasts of the courts, “judges, jurymen, and pleaders.” But the Chorus of Knights again renews the overwhelming assault :

'Tis with reason—'tis in season—'tis as you yourself have done :
 Thou fang, thou claw, thou gulf, thou maw ! yielding pastage fair to none.
 Where's the officer at audit but has felt your cursed gripe ?
 Squeez'd and tried with nice discernment, whether yet the wretch be ripe.
 Like the men our figs who gather, you are skilful to discern
 Which is green and which is ripe, and which is just upon the turn.
 Is there one well-purs'd among us, lamb-like in heart and life,
 Link'd and wedded to retirement, hating business, hating strife ?
 Soon your greedy eye's upon him—when his mind is least at home,
 Room and place—from farthest Thrace, at your bidding he must come.
 Foot and hand are straight upon him—neck and shoulder in your grip,
 To the ground anon he's thrown, and you smite him on the hip.

CLEON (*fawning*).

Ill from you comes this irruption, you for whom my cares provide,
 To reward old deeds of valour, stone and monumental pride.
 'Twas my purpose to deliver words and speech to that intent—
 And for such my good intentions must I thus be tempest-rent ?

CHORUS.

Fawning braggart, proud deceiver, yielding like a pliant thong,
 We are not old men to cozen and to gull with lying tongue.
 Fraud or force—assault or parry—at all points will we pursue thee,
 And the course which first exalted, knave, that same shall now undo thee.

* * * * *

Wretch ! without a parallel—
 Son of thunder—child of hell—
 Creature of one mighty sense,
 Concentrated impudence !
 From earth's centre to the sea,
 Nature stinks of that and thee, &c.

Mitchell is of opinion that in attacking Cleon so continually upon the point where he seemed least assailable—viz. the affair at Pylos, in Mes-senia, Aristophanes has shown that deep knowledge of the people collectively, which forms the most considerable feature in his literary character. 'It was politic to nauseate the audience with a continual recitation of the

only event upon which any real notion of his capacity could be grounded. The peasant who signed the vote for the banishment of Aristides, had no other reason for it but that he was tired of hearing him continually styled the Just.*

The Pylos affair was much as follows. In B.C. 425 the Athenians built a small fort there, under the superintendence of their general, Demosthenes. This fort the Lacædemonians made preparations to besiege—and, as part of their arrangement, a body of men was placed in the islet of Sphacteria, commanding the entrance to the harbour of Pylos. This islet the Athenians at once blockaded—but the blockade was a long business, and the generals were accused by Cleon of sluggish incompetency. Only give *him* the command, and he would soon put a neat finish on the affair.

Athens and the Athenians took him at his word. He *should* have the command. And now let him lose no time, but incontinently go in and win.

Athens and the Athenians must have their joke—such is the common interpretation put upon this prompt acceptance of a braggart's vapouring proffer. Let him have rope enough. Let him,

—like the famous ape,
To try conclusions, in the basket creep,
And break his own neck down.
* * * * * Let it work;
For 'tis the sport to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petard,†

and this sort of jack-brag stifled in his own smoke. What should a stump-orator of his kidney know of fighting,—a ranting blade, that never set a squadron in the field, nor the division of a battle knew (whether on sea or land) more than a spinster?

—Mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his soldiership.‡

“*But he, sir, had the election,*” they tell us, on that very account.

Well, so it was, by some strange stroke of good fortune, if good generalship is out of the question, that Cleon did go in and *win*. Putting the best face on the matter, when taken at his word, he said that he would be back at Athens in twenty days, and “would either bring with him all the Lacædæmonians in the island prisoners, or he would not leave a man of them alive.” And Cleon kept his word. He had the discretion to select an able colleague in Demosthenes; and somehow or other, between the two, success in the expedition was as prompt as it was surprising and complete.

And now said every one to his neighbour, Who would have thought it? Who could have dreamed of Cleon coming out in such a light? *Aptior jocis ludoque dictus,*

non sat idoneus
Pugnæ ferebaris, sed idem
Pacis eras mediusque belli.§

* Mitchell, Prelim. Discourse.

† Othello, Act I. Sc. 1.

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† Hamlet, Act III. Sc. 4.

§ Horat. Carm., II. 19.

La Bruyère moralises to the top of his bent on the "merveilleux succès de certaines gens que le hasard seul a placés, et de qui jusques alors on n'avait pas attendu de fort grandes choses."* And in a subsequent section of his elaborate characteristics, we have this partly parallel passage, at least in our present application of it, to the anomalies of eminent success: "Il y a des gens qui gagnent à être extraordinaires: ils voguent, ils cinglent dans une mer où les autres échouent et se brisent: ils parviennent, en blessant toutes les règles de parvenir: ils tirent de leur irrégularité et de leur folie, tous les fruits d'une sagesse la plus consommée."† Or one may regard the anomaly from another, and that Butler's point of view:

As those that are stark blind can trace
The nearest way from place to place,
And find the right way easier out
Than those that hoodwink'd try to do 't;
So tricks of state are managed best
By those that are suspected least,
And greater finesse brought about
By engines most unlike to do 't.‡

Lord Brougham notes the "singular coincidence" that Lord Liverpool, having signalled his outset in public life by a supposition which he propounded as possible—a march to Paris—which was then deemed so outrageous an absurdity§ that it became connected with his name as a standing topic of ridicule; should yet live to see the "impossibility" realised, and was Prime Minister when the impossible event actually happened.|| One is reminded of the language of Thucydides in recording Cleon's success: *καὶ τοῦ Κλεωνος κατὰ τὴν μαριωνίδης ὅσα ἡ ὑποσχέσις ἀπέβη*,¶—"the promise of Cleon, *inasmuch as it was*, came true." The reputation which he gained for energy and promptitude in this Pylos affair, added, says one of his censors, "to his inordinate vanity, completely turned his head; and it would seem by what followed as if many of his countrymen were so far deceived by this lucky business of Pylos as to think that Cleon actually had the talents that he pretended to."** As for the subjective influence it is assumed to have had upon himself, *that* resembles the experience cited by Captain Ironside in one of rare Ben's least read, least readable, and never-acted plays:

—I have seen
A coward meeting with a man as valiant
As our St. George, not knowing him to be such,
Or having least opinion that he was so,
Set to him roundly, ay, and swinge him soundly;
And in the virtue of that error, having
Once overcome, resolv'd for ever after
To err; and think no person, nor no creature
More valiant than himself.††

* Les Caractères de La Bruyère, ch. ii.

† Ibid., ch. xi.

‡ Butler, Miscellaneous Thoughts.

§ "His unhappy flight about marching to Paris, which for many years seemingly sunk him in the public estimation," &c.—Brougham's *Statesmen of Time of Geo. III.*, vol. iii.

|| Ibid., p. 162.

¶ Thucyd., IV. 39.

** Eng. Cyclop. of Biogr., II. 286.

†† Ben Jonson, *The Magnetic Lady*, Act I. Sc. 1.

Accordingly, Cleon accepted the command of the Athenian forces against Brasidas, Sparta's ablest general, in B.C. 422, and marched for Amphipolis. On his way, he stopped to recover Torone, and—again successful—did recover it. Another success was his attempt on Galepsus, though that on Stagirus was a failure. Of coming into close quarters with Brasidas himself, before Amphipolis, Cleon was discreetly shy. But Brasidas forced on an engagement, which ended fatally to the commanders on both sides,—Cleon being killed, by Thucydides' account, as he was in the act of running away (nor had he from the first any idea of keeping his ground), by a Myrcinian targeteer. Mr. Grote himself is free to allow that Cleon made a bad end: his want of courage at the moment of conflict, says his great apologist, is lamentable, and divests his end of that personal sympathy which would otherwise have accompanied it.*

Ay æe! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron!

For tho' dame Fortune seem to smile,
And leer upon him for a while,
She'll after show him, in the nick
Of all his glories, a dog-trick,†

such as she showed Cleon in the battle of Amphipolis. Dame Fortune may be imagined to have taken leave of her some-time favourite (whom she had seemingly "taken for his better," *autrefois*, or at least had treated as such) in the style of Denmark's Prince's valediction to Denmark's lord chamberlain:

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!
I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune:
Thou find'st, to be too busy, is some danger.‡

Or again, "Indeed, this counsellor Is now most still, most secret, and most grave, Who was in life a foolish prating knave."§ For if Cleon, to follow an authority already quoted, really possessed any qualifications at all as a statesman, they "consisted not in superiority of talent or in political knowledge (for he had little of either), but in a singular facility of speaking and a great command of words, which, combined with low manners, unsparing abuse of those who were better than himself, and a coarse vehement mode of delivery, rendered him acceptable to the mob." Whatever influence he gained with the more considerate citizens, this critic would ascribe to the reputation he gained for blunt honesty in the declaration of his sentiments, and a general promptness in action;—the real qualities which he contrived to get so favourably interpreted, appearing to have been impudence and rashness.

"The indignation of the comic poet was at last roused to endeavour to suppress what seemed to defy all other opposition. Aristophanes levelled at Cleon the shafts of his satire, and held him up to public ridicule in the most ludicrous colours. On one occasion (in the 'Acharnenses'), alluding to the demagogue's former occupation, he threatens to 'cut him

* Grote, Hist. of Greece, vol. vi. part ii. ch. liv.

† Hudibras, part i. canto iii.

‡ Hamlet, Act III. Sc. 4.

§ Ibid.

into shoe-leather,' and the comedy of the 'Knights' was composed with the express object of destroying his authority, which had been raised to so extraordinary a pitch by his success in the affair of Pylos. The victory at Sphacteria took place B.C. 425, and the 'Knights' was represented B.C. 424. Such was the dread of offending Cleon, that not an actor was to be found bold enough to personate him on the stage, while the mask-master refused to give a representation of his face, and Aristophanes was obliged to act in that character himself, supplying the want of a mask by smearing his face with the lees of wine.*

This condition of popular feeling, at the particular crisis referred to, by no means tallies with that which Lord Macaulay suggests by way of historical parallel,—the Bartholomew Fair play in 1693, in which two strollers crazed the town with delight by their personation of the fugitive admirals, Killigrew and Delaval, who were represented as flying with their whole fleet before a few French privateers, and taking shelter under the guns of the Tower—the office of Chorus being performed by a Jack-pudding who expressed very freely his opinion of the naval administration—immense crowds flocking to see this strange farce, at which the applause was so loud, and the receipts so great, that the mountebanks, emboldened by impunity and success, began to extend their satire to other state departments, besides the Admiralty; insomuch that at length "this attempt to revive the licence of the Attic Stage" was brought to a close by the appearance of a strong body of constables, who carried off the actors to prison. This was the "dramatic performance" which Macaulay pronounces to have borne much resemblance in conception, though doubtless not in execution, to "those immortal masterpieces of humour in which Aristophanes held up Cleon and Lamachus to derision."† But the parallel would mislead us if it identified the feeling of the London populace towards Killigrew with that of Athens towards Cleon, as burlesqued respectively by some poor Bartlemy playwright and by the genius, riotous indeed, but irresistible, of Aristophanes.

We have already seen an Edinburgh Reviewer, who wrote, however, when the century was young, maintaining that the real Cleon was all the bad things that Mitchell assigns to the Aristophanic ideal of him. By the time the century was middle aged, Mr. Grote had taken up Cleon for his client; and the *Edinburgh Review* was not too inflexible a partisan, or too infallible an oracle, to claim immunity from the judicial duty *audire alteram partem*. So, when Cleon's case was argued out by so distinguished a counsel for the defence, the *Review* pleasantly cited Sydney Smith's observation, on a certain dog biting a certain bishop, that he should like to hear the dog's story; and remarked that it is by perceiving the similarity of Cleon's position to that of others, of whom we know two opinions to have been entertained, that we come to admit the possibility of reversing a decision which at first sight appears to be as unequivocal as it is unanimous. With Thucydides against him, and no ancient author on his side, the weight of testimony appeared overwhelming. Nor, as the reviewer further observed, is it "merely such writers as Mitford and Mr. Mitchell who have prejudiced the minds of the gene-

* Engl. Cyclop. Biogr., II. 287.

† Macaulay, History of England, vol. iv. pp. 422-3.

rality of readers against the Athenian demagogue. Dr. Arnold leaves him where he found him, while Bishop Thirlwall . . . describes him as an unredeemed reprobate.* Against such odds had Mr. Grote to back his man.

The evidence in chief of Thucydides, Mr. Grote at once impugned as that of a witness prejudiced against the demagogue who had been the author of his banishment. As early as in the third volume of his great work, this distinguished historian had defined "the demagogue" to be essentially a leader of opposition, who gained his influence by denouncing the men in real ascendancy, and in actual executive functions; and promise was then given of a future estimate of the value of "that unmeasured obloquy which has been heaped on the Athenian demagogues of the Peloponnesian war—Kleôn and Hyperbolus." Meanwhile the historian maintained that, assuming all this obloquy to be well founded, still these men were a material improvement on the earlier demagogues, "such as Kypselus and Peisistratus, who employed the armed agency of the people for the purpose of subverting the established government and acquiring despotic authority for themselves." Opposition by the tongue was a beneficial substitute for opposition by the sword.† Unhappily, says Mr. Grote, in his sixth volume, we have no specimens to enable us to appreciate the invective of Cleon. We cannot determine, on extant evidence, whether it was more virulent than that of Demosthenes and Æschines, seventy years afterwards; each of those eminent orators imputing to the other the grossest impudence, calumny, perjury, corruption, loud voice, and revolting audacity of manner, in language which Cleon can hardly have surpassed in intensity of vituperation, though he doubtless fell immeasurably short of it in classical finish. Nor can we even tell—to cite another of Mr. Grote's historical comparisons—in what degree Cleon's denunciations of the veteran Pericles were fiercer than those memorable invectives against the old age of Sir Robert Walpole, with which Lord Chatham's political career opened.‡ In another place Mr. Grote compares Cleon to "leading journals in modern times," inasmuch as he often appeared to guide the public because he gave vehement utterance to that which they were already feeling, and carried it out in its collateral bearings and consequences.§ In his reflections on the "curious scene" which determined the nomination of Cleon, "against his will," as general to Pylos, Mr. Grote observes that most historians seem to consider it as a mere piece of levity or folly in the Athenian people, who are supposed to have enjoyed the excellent joke of putting an incompetent man against his own will at the head of this enterprise, in order that they might amuse themselves with his blunders: "Kleôn is thus contemptible, and the Athenian people ridiculous. Certainly, if that people had been disposed to conduct their public business upon such childish fancies as are here implied, they would have made a very different figure from that which history actually presents to us." The reason Mr. Grote insists upon, why Cleon was forced into the post, in spite of his own unaffected reluctance (his taunt, "This is what *I* would have

* *Edinburgh Review*, No. cxci.

† Grote, *History of Greece*, vol. iii. part ii. ch. ix.

‡ *Id.*, *Ibid.*, vol. vi. part ii. ch. li., *passim*.

§ Ch. lii.

done, if *I* were general," being taken for a mere phrase of the heat of debate, such as must have been very often used without any idea on the part of the hearers of construing it as a pledge which the speaker was bound to realise)—the reason insisted upon for this compulsion is, not that the Athenian people loved a joke, but from two feelings, both perfectly serious, which divided the assembly—feelings opposite in their nature, but coinciding on this occasion to the same result. His enemies, the party of Nicias, loudly urged him forward, anticipating that the enterprise under him would miscarry, and that he would thus be ruined: his friends, perceiving this manœuvre, but not sharing in such anticipations, and ascribing his reluctance to modesty, pronounced themselves so much the more vehemently on behalf of their leader, and repaid the scornful cheer by cheers of sincere encouragement. The truth is, contends Mr. Grote, in replying summarily to Mitford and others, that "the people committed no folly in appointing Kleon—for he justified the best expectation of his friends. But Nicias and his friends committed great knavery in proposing it, since they fully believed that he would fail." It has hitherto been the practice to look at Cleon, Mr. Grote subsequently observes, only from the point of view of his opponents, through whose testimony we know him; but the real fact is that this history of the events of Sphacteria, when properly surveyed, is a standing disgrace to those opponents, and no inconsiderable honour to him; exhibiting them as alike destitute of political foresight and of straightforward patriotism—as sacrificing the opportunities of war, along with the lives of their fellow-citizens and soldiers, for the purpose of ruining a political enemy. Moreover, it was on good grounds, Mr. Grote contends, that Cleon still continued eager for renewing the war in Thrace, at a time when a large proportion of the Athenian public had grown weary of it; Cleon being, indeed, one of the main causes of that resumption of warlike operations, which ended in the battle of Amphipolis, fatal both to himself and to Brasidas.

So ready are most writers, the same historian complains in a later chapter, to find Cleon guilty, that they are satisfied with Aristophanes as a witness against him—and Mr. Grote unreservedly recognises the "consummate and irresistible" power of comic genius in the *Knights*, which, he says, exhibits the maximum of that which wit combined with malice can achieve, in covering an enemy with ridicule, contempt, and odium. "Dean Swift could have desired nothing worse, even for Ditton and Whiston." But he pleads that no other public man, of any age or nation, has ever been condemned on such evidence. No man, he argues, would think of judging Sir Robert Walpole, or Mr. Fox, or Mirabeau, from the numerous lampoons put in circulation against them; none would take measure of a political Englishman from *Punch*, or of a Frenchman from the *Charivari*. "The unrivalled comic merit of the *Knights* is only one reason the more for distrusting the resemblance of its picture to the real Cleon."*

Nor does Mr. Grote omit notice of an apparent discrepancy in the accounts given by Aristophanes and Thucydides respectively, as to Cleon's promise to take Sphacteria, and his fulfilment of that promise

* Grote, vol. vi. part ii. ch. liv.

("wonderfully favoured," as Mitford says he was, by "his impudence and his fortune, if in the want of another we may use that word"*) . Thucydides calls Cleon's promise, as we have seen, "insane," *μανιωδης*. Aristophanes avers that the glory of keeping his word, of fulfilling this maniacal engagement, belonged not to him, but to his able and experienced coadjutor, Demosthenes. But as the late Samuel Phillips† replied, the two statements are perfectly compatible, and even confirmatory of each other. And indeed he answers generally, that so far as comedy can confirm history, the comic character given of Cleon by Aristophanes confirms the historical character given of him by Thucydides. For though he readily concedes that a literal fidelity is not to be expected from caricature, yet a general fidelity, he submits, is to be expected from it, and, in fact, is necessary to its success. "If Aristophanes had represented Pericles as he represents Cleon, his satire would have failed. The portrait must be recognised, or nobody will laugh."‡

As the quarrel of Cleon with Aristophanes is said to have arisen out of an accusation which he brought against the poet in the senate of Five Hundred, on the subject of his second comedy, the "Babylonians" (B.C. 426), §—an accusation founded on its slashing ridicule not only of individual citizens, but of civic functionaries and institutions, such as Cleon denounced as a "dangerous exposure" before the strangers and subject-allies then present at Athens, at the Dionysiac festival in the month of March;—so the quarrel of Thucydides against Cleon has been traced to the alleged banishment of the historian by the demagogue. Marcellinus is the apparent originator of this report. And the argument which Mr. Grote bases upon it has been described as running rather in a circle: It is probable that Marcellinus is right in saying that Cleon banished Thucydides, because Thucydides speaks ill of Cleon; and it is probable that the reason why Thucydides speaks ill of Cleon is that Cleon banished him, as we learn from Marcellinus.

On the whole, though we may not unconditionally affirm with the classical critic in the English Cyclopædia that Mr. Grote's "extended and elaborate" defence of Cleon is entirely "unsuccessful," as an effort to remove from that demagogue the odium which almost every other historian has concurred in attaching to his name,—Mr. Grote's theory being that Cleon was in fact the resolute champion of popular rights, and that Thucydides and Aristophanes, from whom the received opinions respecting Cleon are derived, were his personal enemies, while Thucydides was further animated by party spirit;—still we may venture to subscribe to the spirit of another critic's conclusion, that our estimate of Cleon's character, all things considered, is not very materially altered by Mr. Grote's very able defence. But, with the *Times*' essayist,|| we can at least

* Mitford, *Hist. of Greece*, vol. iii. ch. xv. § vii.

† *Essays from the Times*, First Series, pp. 279-319.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 305.

§ See Grote, vol. vi. part ii. ch. liv.

|| A more recent essayist in the *Times* has instituted a parallel between Cleon and a Transatlantic general of notoriety if not renown: "General Hooker has some claim to the questionable honour of being styled the 'Cleon' of North America. Like his Athenian prototype he gained a command by an unparagoned and undignified abuse of men much better and abler than himself. If the generals were but men, he said, they would not allow themselves to be baffled by diffi-

thank him for throwing new light on the political position of the Athenian demagogues, as "opposition speakers" and checks upon the conduct of the official servants of the republic, who, in spite of the democratic nature of the constitution, seem to have been generally taken rather from among the wealthy and influential men of the aristocratic party. In this respect the historian has made it apparent, as Mr. Stuart Mill observes,* that Cleon, and men of his stamp, had been rather severely handled by previous authorities,—not that they did not frequently deserve censure, but that they were by no means the worst misleaders of the Athenian people. "The demagogues were," as he observes, "essentially opposition speakers. The conduct of affairs was habitually in the hands of the rich and great, who had by far the largest share of personal influence, and on whose mismanagement there would have been hardly any check, but for the demagogues and their hostile criticism." These opinions Mr. Mill considers to receive ample confirmation from the course of affairs, when, there being no longer any low-born Cleon or Hyperbolus to balance their influence, Nicias and Alcibiades had what he calls full scope to ruin the commonwealth.† In fine, and in a word, if Mr. Grote has not succeeded in reversing, he has been not a little successful in modifying, our general estimate of Cleon, as a motive power in the state.

EVENING AT THE LAND'S END.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

WHAT is the Coliseum's ruined pride?
 The castle mouldering on the steep,
 With tottering tower and ivied keep?
 What temples crumbling by old Nilus' tide?
 What the huge Pyramids that stand sublime,
 Defying earthquakes, and the scythe of Time,
 To Nature's ruins towering here?—
 Ruins in awful wildness hurled,
 Great God-built pyramids, that rear
 Their crests through earth's eternal year,
 Like wrecks of some old darker world.

Bolerium!‡ last grand buttress Nature raised,
 Whence Britain's genius hath long ages gazed

culties so contemptible as those before which they recede. By these arts he gained a command, but here unhappily the parallel ends. Nobody supposed 'Cleon' to be a great general, or even a valiant soldier, but Cleon did what he undertook, and what great generals and valiant soldiers had failed to do, while Hooker failed quite as ignominiously and with much better means at his disposal than any of his predecessors."

* In his review of vols. ix., x., xi. of Grote in the *Edinburgh*, Oct., 1853.

† See *Dissertations and Discussions*, Polit., Philos., and Histor., by J. S. Mill, vol. ii. p. 546.

‡ The classic name of the Land's End.

Tow'rd the blue distant West, resolved to wage
Unceasing battle with mad Ocean's rage;

Pillars of granite! fanes of rock!
Braving the blasting thunder-shock,
Smiling in grimness o'er the sea,
Furrowed by tempests, as they sweep
Through jagged arch, and gallery deep—
The tempests of eternity!

Giants in stone, that cry aloud
To the first billow, first wild cloud,
Reaching Britannia's shore—
"This is the land where power is dwelling,
Where freedom smiles, and fame is telling
Her golden story evermore!"

Then the responding surges roar,
And the dark cloud speaks forth its thunder,
Bidding the mermaids hark and wonder,
As though that "Yes!" filled echoing heaven—
The land to which a God hath given
Prosperity, each gift of love,
Peace, concord—angels ne'er to sever—
The land where Glory, like a dove,
Spreads her white-mantling wings for ever.

The soul is awed upon this granite tower;
Gazing upon the crags so wild and lone,
Uppiled, methinks, by some enchanter's power,
To be pale Terror's throne—

Gazing into the gulfs that boil below,
Till the heart quakes, the eyes all dizzy grow;
The waves, with white and endless flash,
Answering the tempest in each dash—
The waves that, in those sparry halls,
Sound like a thousand waterfalls,
Or deep-mouthed trumpets, pouring proud
Their boisterous music long and loud—
That awful pile of living stone,
Savage, majestic, and alone,
Traced o'er with lines that odes may be,
Not penned by children of the sod,
But poems of sublimity,

Writ by the hand of storms and God—
We well may yield to solemn, lofty thought,
How small the change long ages here have wrought!
We muse, and sigh—how brief are mortal hours!
What dust is man! how puny all his powers!

The sun sinks slowly down the mellowing west,
And the rough crags reflect his soft farewell;
The seamew, landward wheeling, seeks his nest,
And Ocean's organ peals with deeper swell.
The scattering spray is turned to dust of gold,
The Logan-rock is blushing ruby red,
The little heath-flower, in her craggy hold,
Shuts her blue eye, and bows her sleepy head.
Beauty Heaven-sent, solemnity profound,
Fall, like an angel's mantle, softly round;
God's works, not man's, claim reverence, love, and fear,
His mighty presence only reigning here.

TWICE SACRIFICED.

FROM THE DANISH. BY MRS. BUSHEY.

PART THE SECOND.

I.

THE BATTLE.

ONE dark December evening, about a month after the general's departure from home, the Danish army had encamped in the vicinity of Gadebusk. In spite of the darkness and the rough weather, there seemed to be an unusual stir and activity in the camp that evening, which betokened that something of importance was about to happen.

Shortly before it had become dark, a reconnoitring expedition which had been sent out returned with the intelligence that General Steenbock, the commander-in-chief of the Swedish army, had approached until within three miles of the Danish camp, and that, according to all appearances, he was preparing to attack the Danes at dawn of day. Messengers were sent in various directions. A few of these were to summon the general officers to a council of war, others to take orders to the different portions of the infantry who lay in cantonments in the nearest villages.

King Frederick IV. had arrived at the camp two days previously from Oldesloe. He had taken up his quarters at the little country town of Wakenstadt, whither the officers who had been commanded to assist at the council of war that evening repaired.

There was a striking contrast between the appearance of these gentlemen, who, on account of the presence of the king, wore their embroidered and dashing uniforms, and the low, dirty, peasants' parlour, where the meeting was to be held.

A peat fire was smoking and blazing in the open chimney; its lurid glare fell on the plastered clay walls, to which time and damp had imparted a greenish hue. Two small windows, whose panes of glass the storm raging without caused to shake in their leaden frames, had no curtains. The floor was of clay, the furniture consisted of a long bench and three straw chairs, which were arranged around a deal table that stood in the middle of the room, covered with maps and drawings, and the apartment was illuminated by two or three tallow candles. The moment, however, was too critical for any of those present to waste a thought upon the chattels around them.

The discussions in this council of war were long and stormy. Immediately after the king had communicated the intelligence brought by the scouts, there arose a difference of opinion between him and Reventlow, the commander-in-chief. The count thought that it would be unwise to accept battle at the place where the army then was, because the infantry either could not be assembled before the following morning, or, at any rate, they would be fatigued after their forced march, which it would be

necessary to undertake very early to arrive in time. To this was to be added that the Saxon auxiliaries, thirty-two squadrons of cavalry, happened that evening to be at eighteen miles' distance from the rest of the army.

The king did not see the force of the argument; he entirely differed from the count. Full of confidence in the continuation of the good luck which had placed in his power the most important of the German provinces of Sweden, he declared the position of the army to be excellent, covered as it was by hills, woods, and morasses. He hoped that the forthcoming battle would crown all his previous victories.

The shrewd courtier only adhered to his opinion until he saw that the king was determined not to give up his own. Thereupon he pretended to have been reasoned over to his majesty's views. He bowed smilingly, and exclaimed:

"I also agree that we should remain here. If we conquer, to your majesty will belong the whole glory of the victory. The whole glory, but above all the whole responsibility," he added, in a whisper to his neighbour, as he took his place again on the wooden bench at the table.

Reventlow's yielding to the king's wishes was a sign to all his party to act in the same spirit. One alone still contended that it would be wrong to accept battle under their circumstances—one alone, and he was Major-General Gregers Daa. He stood in that circle somewhat paler and more suffering than usual, cold, stiff, and stern as ever. He would not swerve from his opinion, gave reason after reason, and did not seem to remark that his coadjutors had by degrees changed their ground and had become his adversaries.

"But, by the Lord, Major-General Daa!" exclaimed the king, angrily, and evidently provoked at the general's cold, calm, but determined opposition, "you must undoubtedly have stronger reasons for contending with us all than those you please to name? From the time that you joined the army last you have been prevented by illness from taking any part in the earlier actions, and now that you appear to be well again, you are the only one who maintains that we ought to retreat. **ARE YOU AFRAID OF BEING KILLED?**"

A general silence followed this insulting question. All present looked by turns at the king and at the general. Gregers's face became deadly pale, his eyes flashed, and his lips trembled as if from cold, while he rose and replied:

"I shall answer your majesty's question to-morrow. I beg to say that I now quite agree with all the rest." With these words he bowed and left the room.

The king saw the terrible effect his insult had produced; and he called to Gregers to come back, but the latter seemed not to hear him. He hastened out, closing the door after him.

When Gregers had gone a little way beyond the village, where the camp commenced; he stopped for a few moments, as if in earnest thought; he cast a glance of deep distress up towards the heavens, and pressed his hand upon his breast. He then walked quickly back to the camp.

Here all was movement and noise. The sutlers had a rich harvest that evening. Crowds of soldiers lay around the watch-fires, chattering

together, or playing at throwing dice on the top of the drums. They sang, they drank, or prepared themselves for the coming dangers by relating the wonderfully heroic exploits that had been performed during those that were past. The report of the enemy's approach had already reached every one. Gregers continued his walk until he had reached one of the farthest-off tents. Here he came to a stand, listened for a moment, and then entered it.

Captain Krusé was sitting at a table, which stood near his camp-bed; he was supporting his head with both his hands, and was so intently gazing on an open letter, so absorbed in its contents, that he did not observe the general's entrance until the latter was standing by the table. He then quickly concealed the letter, and rose.

"Do I interrupt you?" asked Gregers.

"No," replied Krusé, evidently much confused.

"You have received a letter?"

"No!"

"It appeared to me, though, that you were reading one when I came in."

"The letter I was reading is six years old," said Krusé.

"Indeed! And at such a length of time after its date does it retain sufficient interest to carry it with you to your tent and read it on such an evening as *this*?"

"It is the memento of a loss—of a death; and you know, general, that the heart does not value its memories by their age, but by the estimation in which we hold those to whom they are traceable."

"No," said the general, "I am not aware of any such feeling, for I have no souvenirs, no cherished remembrances."

Krusé looked up in amazement at the bitter and almost despairing meaning which lay in these words. Gregers continued:

"I came to ask you to visit me this evening. There is a subject on which I wish to have some conversation with you. Have you time to spare?"

"Yes, general."

"Very well, come then to me in my tent, near the forest of firs, within an hour—not later, pray observe."

"I shall be punctual," said Krusé.

Gregers took leave, but, before doing so, he cast a glance towards the table, where Krusé had concealed the letter.

The captain remained behind, musing: he could not fathom the cause of this visit. Latterly, Gregers seemed to have avoided his society. During the foregoing conversation, it struck him that there was something harsh and unfriendly in the expression of his countenance which betokened a dark and hostile mood.

An hour later Krusé entered the general's tent. He found him sitting at a table, on which lay two pistols and a sealed letter. Gregers beckoned to him to come forward, and, pointing to a straw chair a little way from the table, requested him to be seated.

"Have you heard the news?" he began abruptly. "We are to fight to-morrow."

"Yes," replied Krusé. "So much the better!"

"I also would have thought the same at your age. I would, most likely, have thought the same now, if I, like you, were single, and had not bound another to my fate."

"You allude to the amiable lady yonder, at Hald?"

"Yes; and perhaps you are surprised that I should be thinking of her just this evening?" asked Gregers, sharply.

"No—certainly!" replied Krusé, somewhat astounded at the question.

"What is there to surprise me in your doing so?"

"You are not speaking the truth, captain. Among all living creatures, you are the only one who could dare to conceive a doubt on this subject. You," he continued, in a hollow and moaning tone of voice, as if the words he were uttering could with difficulty pass his lips—"you, who love her, and whom—she loves in return!"

Krusé was speechless for a moment, while Gregers was making visible and violent efforts to regain his composure.

"Now I understand him," he thought; "he has found everything out, and intends to murder me."

This thought had scarcely entered his mind when it took the shape of a conviction. In the deep silence now reigning in the tent, he heard the general's suppressed groans as he drew his breath heavily, and saw the arm, by which he supported himself as he leaned it on the table, tremble.

"What answer have you to give me?" inquired the general.

Krusé raised his head:

"It is true what you say, general. I do love her."

The admission did not make the slightest alteration in the expression of the general's countenance, as Krusé had expected it would have done.

"How long ago did your love for her commence?" he asked.

"I have loved Jeanné Rysé since my childhood. She was the first, the only one I ever loved—the only one I ever will love. And now, general! After this confession, I wait to hear what further you have to say to me. I see that you have prepared for what was to happen," he added, glancing towards the pistols which lay on the table. "I have been long expecting it, and, when you came into my tent, I anticipated that what sooner or later must end thus was close at hand."

Gregers remained silent for a few seconds, and then said:

"You are mistaken, captain! I was not thinking of killing you when I asked you to come here this evening. If such had been my intention, it would have been carried out long ago. For three years, Krusé, I have known that you loved her, but I saw, at the same time, how little guilt there was in this secret love." He held out his hand to Krusé. "Poor fellow!" he continued, "how could you help that you loved her? You, who were young, and whom God had destined for her. The error was, that no one gave me any idea of this until it was too late. I was a witness to the grief you both evinced; I heard the last words, the last sighs with which you parted from each other! I know it all. What you, on the contrary, do not know, is—that I also loved Jeanné."

"You!" cried Krusé.

"Yes; you are surprised at that, are you not?" continued Gregers, with a melancholy smile. "An old man, who had no other right to that

girl's love than what chance and authority bestowed. But I loved her, nevertheless, with an affection that in strength and devotion quite equalled your own. She was the only one, the last who bound me to life; my heart grew young again under the influence of this love, which, in spite of a husband's claims, preserved a lover's first timidity."

"You loved her!" cried Krusé, as if he must have the words repeated, in order that he might take in the possibility of their truth. "But Jeanné never suspected this."

"Nay, do not think that I could betray my feelings when I so soon perceived that she was not able to return them! From the garden below have I, like you, often and often gazed up at her windows, until her shadow and her light disappeared; I have felt myself intoxicated at inhaling the perfume she scattered around her; in short, I have been more easily contented than you, for you told her that you loved her, while I hardly dared to confess so much to myself. Nor will she ever know it until I have ceased to live."

Gregers stopped speaking for a few minutes, while he fixed his gaze on the empty space before him within the tent. Krusé could not find words to answer him, he felt so much moved by what he had just heard. A little after, Gregers continued:

"To-morrow we go to battle, or rather accept it, since the enemy offers it to us. It is possible that I shall not outlive the day; it is, indeed, almost certain."

"Certain!" exclaimed Krusé.

"Yes, my friend!" replied Gregers, quietly. "As you said lately one has one's presentiments in this world, let us suppose that mine will be fulfilled. In case this should happen, I have written a letter, which I now give into your keeping; take care of it, for it contains my last will. My first intention was that you should have remained for a time ignorant of its contents, but I have thought better of it. When I am dead, go back to Hald, its doors will open to you, not as heretofore, to receive your sighs and complaints—no, you will enter Hald as its master, Jacob Krusé! I give Jeanné to you, and when I have done that I have given you all, for my property shall belong to you both, since I am a childless man and the last of my race. Raise your head, my son! Why do you bend over the table in this manner? She shall be yours, as a reward for her fidelity and your sufferings! You must love each other. I bequeath her to you, and it is my wish and my prayer that you will make up for all the sorrow I have caused her."

Gregers placed his hand on the young officer's drooping head. Krusé sank to the ground, and knelt before him! As Gregers raised him, he flung his arms round his neck and burst into tears. There was something very strange in this scene between the husband and the lover!

"Oh my God!" cried Krusé, "I see it all; you will let yourself be killed."

"No, certainly not that, my friend!" replied the general. "But I shall be killed, that is all. I believe, as I told you, in presentiments, and I owe you both this reparation—you and her. Go, now! Go and take the letter with you. I wish to be alone a little time."

So saying, the general opened the tent, and motioned to Krusé to leave it.

The next day, about mid-day, the battle near Gadebusk commenced. Twice during the morning Krusé had gone to Gregers's tent, but the general had declined receiving him either time, upon the plea of having much business to attend to. The drums and the trumpets shortly after called the soldiers to muster in their ranks, and the captain was obliged to hurry to his duty.

When Gregers Daa rode past Reventlow, to the head of the division he commanded, he stopped his horse, and turning to the commander-in-chief, said in a low tone, so as not to be overheard by those near,

"General! I have a request to make to you."

"To me!" cried Reventlow, much surprised.

"Yes!" continued Gregers; "and I beseech of you, for the sake of that friendship of which you have given me so many proofs, to grant it."

"It is already granted, my dear general, if even only on this account, that within another hour I may not be in a condition to accede to any one's wishes."

"With the third national regiment, on the left wing of the army, there is one Captain Krusé in command of a company. I particularly wish that his life may be saved, if possible. Will you, therefore, kindly place him accordingly?"

"Colonel Eifeler," cried Reventlow, beckoning to one of the nearest officers, "be so good as to order a portion of the third national regiment, under Captain Krusé, to serve as cover for the height, on which his majesty has determined to take the command."

The colonel touched his cap, put spurs to his horse, and galloped off. Gregers Daa thanked Reventlow with a long and warm pressure of the hand, and then went on to join his own men.

The Danish army was drawn up on a hill, behind a morass; its left wing was protected by a river, its right by a large and thick forest of firs. Two hours before the commencement of the action the Saxon cavalry had arrived, and had united with the Danish.

The Swedes commenced the battle with a brisk cannonade, and stormed the hill under their watchword, "*Mit Gott and Jesu Hülfe!*" Shortly after all was enveloped in smoke, which the wind drove over against the enemy. The fire of musketry mingled with the louder booming of the cannons; the signal trumpets sounded; the drums rolled, and men were falling in the agonies of death.

An old chronicle says that the battle, "with great effusion of blood, lasted until five o'clock. As no one on either side would give any quarter, there were fewer prisoners made; officers fought each other as in a duel, and such were the individual combats, that the Danish and Swedish officers were generally found dead, lying close to each other on the field of slaughter."

The same chronicle tells us that the Swedes stormed the hill three times. The last time they were so fortunate as to be able to take up their position at the foot of the hill, without the Danes having the power to hinder them. Two attempts had been made in vain. The Danes were beaten back, the Saxon cavalry gave way, and fled in disorder; Steenbock followed up his good fortune, and sent troops to pursue them. The Danes, too, were beginning to give way, for the enemy's cannon, loaded with

grape, and discharged from a short distance, was making terrible havoc among them.

At that moment a squadron of Danish horse, led by a tall, thin officer, came dashing down the hill, and for the third time made an attempt to drive back the enemy. The spirited horsemen dropped on all sides, but others, who had escaped unharmed, continued their onset, and fell upon their foes, their brave leader charging at their head. The cannons were silent, while musket and pistol-shots flew hotly around. Shouts of triumph—groans from the wounded horses—prayers—the moans of the dying—and wild cries of encouragement, issued from that confused multitude, immersed in dust and smoke, amidst which were to be seen sabres flashing and sinking, and in the hottest of the fight the tall officer, who seemed invulnerable himself though he dealt destruction around.

From a height at a little distance King Frederick had witnessed the whole. He had seen the two unsuccessful attempts to drive the enemy back, and the dragoons who had galloped down the hill to make the third effort. Gregers Daa's name was in the mouth of every one around. It was he who was speeding on to fulfil his promise.

This furious attack took the Swedes by surprise, and they began at length to draw back. It was in vain that Steenbock sent them reinforcements; before these reached the battle-field he beheld his troops, as if panic-struck, take wildly to flight, and heard the noise made by the dragoons as they spiked the Swedish cannon.

In the midst of the field, among heaps of the wounded and dying on both sides of him, lay their commander, the heroic Gregers, struck by a pistol-ball, while he was trying to wrest the colours from a Swedish officer.

This episode—the gallant conduct of the dragoons—had given the Danes time to recover themselves, and the battle was resumed with fury at another place. Some of the dragoons jumped from their horses, and bore their wounded general away from the field. Gregers was carried to the village, and into the very same room in which, the evening before, he had been so humbled and insulted.

King Frederick soon after entered the chamber, went up to the bed, and leaning over him, took his hand, while he exclaimed:

"How this disaster goes to my heart, my dear general! I have sent for my own surgeon; he will be here presently, and he will do all that he can to preserve to our fatherland a life so invaluable as yours."

"You are mistaken, my liege," replied Gregers. "The surgeon will be of no use, and I am only fulfilling my destiny. Had your majesty been my equal, yesterday evening when you put upon me the humiliation of doubting my courage, I would have killed you; *that* being impossible, there was nothing for it but to let myself be killed. The ball is in my breast. It will realise my wish."

The king uttered in a low voice some words full of admiration of a heroism that sought death on account of a hasty and inconsiderate expression from his lips.

When Gregers had finished speaking to the king, he turned his head away from him. His eyes met those of Krusé, who was kneeling on the

other side of the bed. A sweet and happy smile stole over the pale countenance of the dying man, as he held out his hand to the captain.

"You see that my presentiments were correct," he whispered, in a weak and failing voice. "Now she will be happy, and you also; now you may love each other freely—for ever. And when you are happiest, sometimes spare a thought to me—an old man, who was ignorant that it was he who hindered your happiness—who went away when he discovered it. Farewell, my son! Be kind to her, whom we both love!"

Gregers drew a deep sigh, clasped his feeble hands, and his spirit fled to other worlds!

A month later, two persons were sitting in one of the drawing-rooms at Hald; the one was Jeanné, the other Captain Krusé, who the same day had arrived with the general's body from Holstein. Gregers Daa had been buried in his family vault in the cathedral at Viborg. Jeanné had read the letter he had addressed to her in his tent the evening before the battle. Krusé related to her, word for word, what had passed the same evening between them. Jeanné wept bitterly while he spoke, and when he had finished there was a long and unbroken silence in the room. A little after, Jeanné held out her hand to him, and said:

"Leave me now, my friend. I wish to be alone."

There was something of decision and earnestness in the tone in which she spoke that alarmed the captain. He held her hand in his while he asked:

"And when may I come back?"

"Never! Never come back!" replied Jeanné, with the utmost composure, "for I no longer love you!"

Krusé stood petrified. Then he whispered in accents which betrayed the deepest despair:

"And your vows, and your assurance that if you did not belong to him, no living creature should separate us?"

"I have not forgotten all that," she replied; "but I now belong to him more than ever I did. Go, Jacob Krusé, I beseech of you. It is not the living which separates us, but the dead!"

Having thus spoken she left the room.

What strange contradictions there are in a woman's heart! Jeanné kept her word, and remained until her death a lonely and sorrowing widow.

The following year Krusé fell at the siege of Tönning.

KILLARNEY, AND SOME PARTS OF THE SOUTH OF IRELAND.

PART THE FIRST.

NOTWITHSTANDING the great attraction which this far-famed site of picturesque scenery at the present moment presents to every inhabitant of Great Britain, owing to its having been visited by the Queen, and to its having met with so much of her admiration, I think the individual must be bold indeed that would take up his pen with the hope of having anything novel to add to what has been already said, sung, and trumpeted forth to the world, treating of this renowned Irish locality. Such a person would, at all events, never attempt to enter upon a statistic description of the range of lakes, mountains, streets, hotels, and towns, which are comprised in the idea of a visit to Killarney, for ample information and most explicit guidance would surely be more easily obtained by a reference to the numerous guide-books which the world is at present supplied with; and a panoramic view of the present Killarney and its environs, in these days of photography, may, doubtless, be had in all its exactitude, and might well serve to be substituted for any attempt which the graphic powers of any one could furnish to portray it, and bring home to those who love to hear of scenes of interest the leading features of its matchless beauty. Such helps and such appliances are now, doubtless, the ready resort of those who care not for the trouble of satisfying themselves with ocular demonstration, and thankful indeed must he be to the photographer, who, viewing the production of his unerring art, and finding brought home the faultless picture,

Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease
The globe and its concerns,

is freed from the care of examining the varied accounts which travellers and tourists have given, or comparing together the recollections which the impressions of the scenes have left upon its visitors, into whose society he may be thrown. I would, then, endeavour to bring back to my fancy the natural beauties of the lakes, their islands, their mountains, their rich woody hosts of evergreen shrubbery, the ever-spreading arbutus teeming with the beauteous colours which the autumn gives to its fruits, the multiform phases of mountainous grandeur, the peaceful serenity of the calm, placid Torc Lake, the craggy inaccessible Eagle's Nest, the lovely repose of Dinas Island, the fanciful form of the many rocks, huge and curious in their formation, bearing their different cognomens—The Horse and Groom of O'Donoghue, The Library, The Prison, The Pigeon-house, The Castle—the numerous islands, so choice, so exquisite, so singular in their kind, so clothed in verdure and shrubs, so far apart from vulgar intrusion at the time that I first knew them, each of them like the spot described by Moore in his "Lallah Rookh,"

A paradise so lone and lovely.

Then the relics of former ages: the Ross Castle; the Abbey of Mucross, with its ruined ivy-mantled walls, the yew-tree in its centre, and nave half full of skulls; the still more ancient abbey in Innisfallen. All these pictures are associated in my mind with what is romantic, loving, and

retired, and bear no reference to hotel-keepers, tourists, cockneys, fashionable loungers, or world felicity-hunters. So leaving the abodes of comfort, and the numerous adjuncts of sophisticated civilisation, I must ask the admirer of nature in its primitive aspects to accompany me in viewing some of the most interesting objects in a journey round the Lakes of Killarney and some parts of Cork.

I did not commence my journey on the beaten track of the railway which lies between Cork and Killarney. I shall avoid, if possible, the detail of the hosts of modern improvements which have rendered a trip to the lakes so easy and so accessible to every languid man, every woman, and every child in her Majesty's dominions who can afford to pay for the excursion. I know that the newspaper press, the periodical writer, and the advertiser, can treat these matters so much more amply and eloquently than I can, that I shall not venture to trespass upon their province. I was stationed with a company of my regiment, some years ago, at Millstreet, a wretched secluded Irish country town, about half way between Cork and Killarney. In point of the conveniences and comforts of life, I think I have seldom been in any sojourn that offered so few as Millstreet, and, in point of civilisation and society, there was really then a prospect as little inviting to one prizing those benefits as could possibly be imagined. There was, one may say, *no* society. When I asked the captain, whose party we relieved at Millstreet, whether he knew all the gentry who lived in the neighbourhood, he replied, "There is no one to know." And afterwards we found that his information was about correct. I must, however, add, that I recollect two large family mansions, the tops of whose houses peered through the trees, and which promised to be the homes of gentry; however, one of the gentlemen, who inhabited the nicest-looking of them, did pay us a visit, which we returned, and that was all that passed between us; and the other house was the property of a gentleman, or, as the railway officials say, a party, who preferred to absent himself from his native country, like a great many others of his fellow-countrymen. I shall not attempt a description of the village. There was a barrack in the centre, which we inhabited, and all the rest of the houses were built of mud, being cabins. The statistics of nearly every town in Ireland at that time could be very easily made out: thus, for instance, Macroom, consisting of a certain number of mud-cabins, dunghills, turf-stacks, pigs, and dirty half-naked bipeds, chiefly children; Kantark, of a greater number of the same sort of half-naked brats, pigs, filthy cabins, and dunghills; and Millstreet, the same in all respects as to quality of the objects which met the view, but differing, perhaps, slightly in their number.

This being the state of matters in the town and the immediate vicinity of it, my brother officer and myself were much left to our own resources for passing away the time, and it being summer, we bethought ourselves of visiting the mountains in the distance, of which we were told by the country people that the sport, in the way of fishing, was something extraordinary. We accordingly prepared ourselves for an excursion to them, resolving to pitch a small tent in any place which we could find most suited for the purpose, and to carry thither such stores as were indispensable, and trust for the rest of the eatables which we should require to the mountaineers—whose cottages or huts were occasionally to be found

even in the wildest of the solitudes—and to the fish which we should catch.

I well remember the loveliness of the climate, the time, the scenery, the buoyant nature of the exhilarating exercise of walking through the mountain-paths; the fresh heather, the deep dark glens overgrown with ferns, the craggy rocks apparently before untrodden, the circuitous tracks which we should never have known had it not been for the guidance of the mountain lad. A very accomplished individual amongst these lads, or gossoons (as they there called them), was he who could converse in English. For the generality, it was necessary to find out the Irish for lake, and the native name for the mountain which we were going to, in order to be conducted to the destination which we wished to reach. In the background, about four miles from Millstreet, commences a range of mountains which continue at various elevations all along that side of the country, until they terminate abruptly near the margin of the famed Lakes of Killarney. Of these, the principal heights are called the Paaps and the Torc Mountain; Mangerton and the McKillicuddy's Reeks loom in the distance. The large lakes of Glounafrihane, and the smaller lakes which lie both on the tops of the Paaps and in the valley between these last-named mountains, were the places which we designed for halting in and pitching our tent there for the purpose of what the Italians call a "villeggiatura," or al fresco residence for a few days. I have not hitherto met with a description of these unfrequented haunts and desert mountain seclusions, nor have I heard reports of the success of any who have essayed their skill in the angler's art by the sides of these lovely lakes; but the sport which I was witness to in the way of fishing there was certainly unequalled by anything that I have heard of occurring in any part of the United Kingdom. On the first day we threaded through the glens, covered with heather and in some measure planted, till we came to a mountain-pass, that gave us at a distance a view of the range of upland heights which girded the face of the country all the way to Killarney.

Continui montes, ni dissocientur opaca,
Valle.

We passed onwards about two miles through the level pass, which was, however, skirted by hilly ground closely on each side, and displayed every phase of the heathery, ferny surface such as generally clothes the mountain-sides, until we reached the great lake called Glounafrihane. I know not a shorter English name for it, or I would give it, but I do hope that it may be "done into English" some time or other. Just before approaching the lake we came to a plain, and there we pitched our small tent, and got our tackle in order for cross fishing the lake. The soldier-servants soon got up the tent, and one of the fishermen stood on the mountain-side of the great lake and began opening carefully the line of thin catgut, which was hung with artificial flies at intervals of about two feet apart. When he had opened them all out, and found, much to his joy, that the flies had not been marred or injured in the carriage, he tied one end of the line to his fishing-rod's line, and the other to a second fishing-rod which he gave his companion. The flies, which were attached to the numerous small lines that hung from the grand line intended to span the lake across, were of various colours, and were tied and selected by the sportsman, being meant to resemble the different natural flies which

usually he had seen buzzing over the surface of the lakes and streams in summer. Commencing from about twelve yards from each end of the grand line, there were about fifty flies attached to the smaller lines. When the sportsmen considered them fastened to their rods firmly enough, they raised the rods gently, and one of them, holding his own rod up, proceeded to the opposite side of the lake in a small skiff, which one of the country people rowed him in, leaving his companion standing with his rod in his hand on the other side. When he arrived there, they then gently lowered the line down to the surface of the water and began fishing. Every time there was a bite, the fisherman who was on the bank of the lake which was nearest to where the fish bit, and was hooked in the gills, called out to his companion in a loud voice, "In line!" and his confederate immediately let out his line from the reel so as to allow of plenty of purchase in the line for the purpose of letting the sportsman who had hooked the fish and had given the call draw in his prize to shore. Such prizes and such large trout were drawn in this first day as would astonish any one who had never seen angling; some trout weighing eight or nine pounds, some a little less, all of a dark black mottled colour, and as many as thirty fish, between the hours of twelve and five, were taken out of this large lake. So plentiful a take was there, that the fishermen resolved upon leaving two-thirds of the number in a large well of water which was near the lake. The fish tasted at dinner-time most deliciously—more so than any person can conceive who has not tried what sort of taste fish have when fresh taken out of the water and fried in the primitive mountain cook-house which our servants had got ready for us.

After this meal we resumed the sport at half-past six, and so on till evening, and then went back again to the small tent, where the ticks, stuffed with fresh heather, supplied us amply with couches more tending to repose than any pampered citizen or effeminate voluptuary could find in his luxurious mansion. I was charmed with the sort of life which this sojourn introduced to me. As for my companion, he was an old soldier, who had been in many lands, and to whom such vicissitudes were everyday occurrences. So much is it that

Use doth breed a habit in a man,
The shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
He better brooks than flourishing peopled towns.

The next day we resolved to devote to the visiting the Paaps, and seeing what sport there was in the smaller lakes. We set off at an early hour in the morning. We ascended the mountain which was nearest the place where we had pitched the tent, and saw down below in the basin formed by the valley, which lay at the extremest depth beneath, that there was a lake of what appeared a small circumference in its centre. We then descended on the other side through the boggy ground, heathery downs, and stony pathways. When we got half way down we stopped to look at the lake which lay below, and we were struck with surprise at seeing the numerous little circles produced in the water by its disturbance, owing to something rising upwards from it. We got nearer, and were soon convinced that these appearances were nothing but the rising of the fish—the trout—myriads of which the water was filled with, some of them merely darting their heads upwards, and some of them fairly jumping out of the

water. We descended very quickly, and taking the rods when we got to about one hundred yards from the margin of the lake, we asked two of the soldiers who were with us to go forward and choose the ground which would answer best for standing upon while we held the rods, for the purpose of cross fishing. The number of the fish springing out of the water induced the men to be eager in their search for this, and hurrying onward to where the boats were, clear of reeds and brushwood, they proceeded each in different directions. Before they had distanced three yards from the cover they were up to their middles in black slime, and we perceived that all round the lake the thick slimy mud was so deep that it was impossible for a man to approach the edge of the water. In this predicament we considered the best means to resort to was to procure some large stones, which we resolved to sink at the parts of the mud where we could best approach the lake, and as soon as we could get near enough to the water to allow of our dipping the line in, to form a sort of standing-place of stones, and stay there fishing. Also another such standing-place had to be formed on the other side of the lake. But by having the assistance of several of the neighbouring peasants, and patiently procuring the stepping-stones first, and making the small platform on each side available for fishing from, in the course of a couple of hours we were able to commence the sport, and after the cross fishing had continued for two hours (which was conducted in the same way as that which we had the day before practised), we counted the number of trout in the different panniers and baskets, and found we had caught six dozen. Every time the line was put down seven or eight trout bit at the flies. These trout were of a much smaller size, light yellow and brown bellies, speckled black and grey backs, and few of them larger than the ordinary trout, of a pound and a half weight, or about the size of common mackerel. I may add, also, that their taste when fried, as the others were, was delicious, even better than those of the larger lake. It was certainly wonderful to see the number of the fishes, and also to find that although this could not have been more than seven miles from Millstreet, there had not been others, either poachers or sportsmen, who should have visited this most prolific of waters. I never before or since saw a pond so overstocked with them, although doubtless the shoals in the ocean, or the fry which harbour near some of the seaports on the Malabar coast, would make their numbers seem quite contemptible.

When we returned with our well-laden baskets, we found groups of the mountain peasantry, who had assembled near the tent, and were making merry; they had a fiddler and a piper, who had been sent for from some distant town to do honour to the day. These country people, who invariably are ready for anything which promises amusement to them, had conjectured that the music and the presence of two or three girls, under the chaperonage of a matron from one of the adjacent cabins, might be acceptable to the English officers, and accordingly the only person of the party who could speak English, which was the fiddler, addressed us on our return with a question as to whether we should like to have some music after we had finished our dinner in the tents. We consented to this, and soon after our meal he struck up, and was accompanied by the bagpiper. The spirit and strength with which they played seemed to be well appreciated by the country girls. These resembled the dancers de-

scribed by Goldsmith in their unremitting exertions along with their rustic partners, who were some of the peasants that had assisted us :

The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down.

Their language as well as their manners were totally strange to us, but they seemed to have the same way of keeping up their dance, in which a man and woman moved opposite to one another in an active jig, as the Spaniards have in their fandango. The next two or three days which we passed in these mountains were similar to the ones which I have just spoken of, and our success in fishing was as great nearly each day, much to the content of the country people, who, besides being well paid for supplying us with potatoes, were given a plentiful stock of the fish we had taken. Shortly after we returned to Millstreet, one of those occurrences which so frequently took place formerly in the country towns in Ireland obliged us to prepare instantly for our departure ; in fact, so sudden was our move that the very orderly dragoon who brought us the route, brought us also a letter stating the reason of it. This letter contained an account of what had happened at the county town in Kerry—Tralee—where an election had taken place. There the populace had attacked the military with stones and other missiles, and the force being very small, had thought in their delusion that they might probably force them to retire. But the company of soldiers who were lining the streets stood the pelting and the striking with sticks most stoically for a few minutes, and at last the captain commanding coolly read out the Riot Act, and when this had not the effect of dispersing the mob, he ordered his men to load, and again warned the mob to disperse. This not having the proper effect, he gave the word to fire, and the soldiers fired and shot several men, who were afterwards known to have been the ringleaders in the commotion. This happened the day previous to the dragoon coming to our barracks with a notice for our instant departure, so we had but short time to pack up and move to Killarney to replace the company stationed at Ross Castle by a small force, and move on with the rest of the party to Tralee, to reinforce the military there stationed. I shall not enter into the story of the transactions which happened at Tralee, as after this there was the most perfect tranquillity there, but having been myself left in Killarney for a short time during the summer months of August and September, I had an opportunity of seeing the beauties of the different lakes.

Ross Castle is now a ruin. It was then in a tottering state, but how delightful in summer was the situation on the margin of the largest of the lakes—the lower one, by some called Lough Leane. I had a small boat, and with me were living a brother officer, who was my visitor, and a gentleman who was acquainted with the localities. I took the opportunity of a fine day soon after my arrival to join another party in one of the large boats which are there constantly for hire, and make a circuit of the whole of the lakes. We started at ten A.M., and agreed not to be tied down to our time during the day, but at six to rendezvous at Innisfallen, where we should have our dinner. We then in our small boat began our voyage, by pulling the boat along the margin of the lake, up by the wood which lies between the bay in front of Ross Castle and the point which

is called O'Donoghue's Groom and Horse. The water of the lake was smooth and deep, and the wood thick, and down to the water's edge completely covered with arbutus. About one hundred yards from the rocks, which exhibit the exact figure of a horse of gigantic stature, and a man standing beneath it with his arm to its mouth, we came to a steep rock standing like what the Italians call a scoglio, with its table-land completely surrounded by precipitous rocky sides, which rise straight out of the water. The cicerone told us that this was called O'Donoghue's Prison. He said that two years before this time there was a party of young men who had been dining at Innisfallen, and who were returning to Killarney in a boat, intending to row first to Ross Bay, that one of them was so noisy and uproarious—being drunk—that the rest threatened him that if he would not be quiet they would put in at O'Donoghue's Prison and leave him there; that he still kept up his uproar, and they actually rowed to the place, landed, and carrying him *nolens volens* to the top of the rock, left him there to pass the night, and it was not till six the next morning that they sent from Killarney a party to take a boat and release him from durance vile. This party found him fast asleep, and on awakening he was brought to a sense of his condition and the wholesome lesson which he had received. The view from the right of the rock was truly superb. There was the lovely island of Innisfallen, with its shady trees in great luxuriance, and ruined abbey; the island called Rabbit Island in rear of this, and in the background a somewhat flatter expanse of country, which bounded the vast lake. On the right of this the principal places of importance were Lake View and Lamb Island, but on the left the prospect of the woods of Tomies and Glenagh, rich and luxuriant in their almost impervious shrubbery of woods of arbutus. The foliage green (with the dark red berry interspersed) clothed with an everlasting mantle of leafy beauty the whole of the edge of the water, the low ground, the ascent upward to the heights, the sides of Tomies, of the purple mountain, and of Sheehy. The numerous cottages, I believe, now are seen with their air of cultivation, to take away the wild grandeur of the vista which then struck our view, particularly on the north-west side of this lower lake, but I feel that then no words could do justice to the beauty of this scene. The placid calm stillness of the waters in front of it seemed so charming, so cool, so grateful to the eye on a sultry summer day; the mass of bowing shrubs unbroken by the presence of cultivation; the roar of the cascade opposite Innisfallen, at an interval in the charms of the wild woods; the utter sense of loneliness which was suggested by the vast panorama of mountain heights clothed with woods, such as no place that I have seen elsewhere presents,—all these were seen to perfection from this point of our voyage at that time. We rowed onward, as it was impossible to take the circuit of the whole of the lower lake in one day, and resolved upon proceeding through the strait called Dinas Strait, which lies between the island of that name and Brickeen Island, and through by the Long Range and Eagle's Nest till we got to the head of the upper lake. On our way we were struck by the entrance to the lake called Torc Lake, which lies between Bricken Island and Camilla Wood, the last being part of Mucross demesne. The "high overarched embowering" woods of evergreen on each side of this narrow strait give it the appearance, at a distance—standing along-

side the bridge which spans it—of a huge Gothic window, but we did not approach near, as we had resolved to devote another day to the visiting the southern part of the lower lake and Mucross together, with the ascent of Mangerton Mountain. We had some small part of Torc Lake to go through, but this only lay between Dinas Strait and the meeting of the waters. The grandest of all the mountain cliffs on our way this day was the one called the Eagle's Nest. When we got here, we resolved to pull up to the party which were in the large boat, for the purpose of hearing the bugler, the famed Spillane, and hearing also the effect of the music as reverberated in the echoes which repeat the sound so frequently. As well might I attempt to express the feeling of pleasing delight which came to the mind by the reverberation of the melodious bugle sound—carried through its different dying falls till it gradually lost itself in the still calmness of ether—as essay to describe the different varying features of beauty which glided before our eyes, like the visions in a dissolving view, as we passed through the Long Range this morning—heights covered with the holly, lofty and precipitous, mossy dark caves, bare, frowning, rugged rocks. Sometimes a wild dark chasm overgrown with every variety of evergreen, and all as it were in wild disorder, which would give one the idea of a chaos. Some part of the way the sight—which had a surfeit from the varied features of scenery—was relieved by running through a calm, tranquil strait, which had no heights on each side, but the outline of the hills in the distance. When we got up to where the party in the large boat were, we all consented to pause and listen first to the great gun which is invariably fired from the cliff to let visitors hear the numerous echoes, and then the sound of the bugle music. The gun was on the top of the lofty cliff, and after it was fired I counted the echoes which reverberated from all around, and I heard distinctly fifteen sounds; then from the different directions the effect given was similar to that of firing a *feu de joie*. The strangeness of the phenomenon induced us to repeat this firing several times; afterwards came the more pleasing sound of the bugle notes. This instrument, so peculiarly adapted for the woods and rocks, could certainly have no better place for its effect than these narrow valleys in this part of Killarney. The soft and thrilling melody made us all wait in silence, enjoying the beautiful concord for several minutes, as it died away in the falling faintness of the echoes, in strains

Such as the meeting soul might pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out.

I have certainly never in the open air heard anything so charming; a military band may have more of grandeur and volume in its sound, and in a chamber a violin or piano may have more of refinement in their music, but for the burst of Æolian melody, the heart-stirring strain that flings its magic over the air which surrounds you, and, together with the accompaniment of all that is beautiful and pleasing in the horizon “dissolves you (as it were) into ecstasy,” I found never anything to equal the bugle music in the Straits of Killarney.

Very many were the parties during the summer which came to enjoy these beautiful scenes, and the party which we joined at the Eagle's

Nest was one of them. Of course, the leading stars in the attraction were the young ladies who were of this assembly; and really, however we may be disposed to murmur at the slovenly, unclean, and uncouth manners of the lower orders of the Irish, and to condemn the reckless and ill-regulated habits of the men in the higher rank of Irish life, I think that scarcely ever a due measure of appreciation has been rendered to higher orders of the Irish ladies. Many English visitors have attempted this; some say that they are forward; a mistake, I think, because their natural and winning frankness, like that eulogised by Sterne, "is not the effect of familiarity, but the cause of it, which lets you at once into their soul, and shows you the goodness of their nature." It at once gives you an idea of a person who speaks fearlessly, being unconscious of any bad purpose or idea either in their own mind or yours, and "thinking no evil." They are also called cold; but this is a libel which those men of pleasure who find themselves repulsed by that insurmountable barrier of principle which almost invariably hedges the character of an Irish beauty, may assert in vain, for coldness of heart they certainly have not. Perhaps the expression of their own poet, Moore, is the most felicitous in epithising the style of magic which these unsophisticated maidens avail themselves of in fettering their admirers:

Nature's dress is loveliness, that dress you wear,
My Nora Creena.

But, after all, in speaking of their personal attractions, I feel I am adding only another failure to the numerous ones which have been made by those who have seen, and who have admired, those features so truly captivating, of creatures blest with indescribable magic:

And having seen we thus have vainly sought,
To paint the charms which varied as they beamed.

A photographer may catch one phase of the countenance, but neither he, nor the painter, nor yet the poet, could do justice to the whole of its expression in all its varying moods.

Having lingered long in listening to the music as well as the comments upon it from the voices of our fair friends, we resumed our oars, and pulled up to the end of the upper lake. In rowing round the shore surrounding this lake, it seems more tame and less abundant in wood than that which lies round either Torc Lake or the Lough Leane, but it is not till you have gone into its various creeks that you can form any idea of the situation of its varied scenery, and find that it is not without its beauties. The rocks in their different formations surround nearly all of it, and its size has the effect of disappointing you after leaving the other one, whose expanse of water is stretched over such a large space. I heard that Walter Scott, having reached this upper lake after an inland journey, and being rowed across it, exclaimed, "But where are the Lakes of Killarney?" There is quite enough, however, here to admire and to attract, were it not for the recollection of the much more favoured spots which you have just left in its vicinity.

We rowed in our small boat the whole of this day; we took it by turns, and certainly I think there is no exercise which is more calculated to develop the chest and strengthen the arms. The fatigue of the first half-

hour is succeeded by one's getting into the knack of the movement of the arms, and it becomes, like walking to an accustomed pedestrian, quite a pleasant motion. It is doubtless a great exertion, however, but no sort of exercise worthy of the name is to be practised without undergoing a long apprenticeship of labour. After all, the rowing in a lake is much the least tiresome of all sorts of rowing, not being subject to the opposition of currents or the force of the surges. But with the exhilarating nature of the air and the loveliness of the lake scenery, we had our full enjoyment of the exercise this day, and at six o'clock put in our boat alongside the wharf which was just in front of the ruined abbey in the small island of Innisfallen. Of all the woody, rocky islands, islets, small rocks, and shrubby-like promontories which lie in and about the lakes of Killarney, there is no spot more pleasing than Innisfallen Island. There is a sort of table-land in the centre, and on this particular day this table-land was the scene of several large parties, who had been collected to dine *al fresco*. The cooking of the salmon took place in another part of the island. This fish, which at this season of the year is found in great numbers in the lakes, is here peculiarly good, and on being taken fresh out of the water it is cut to pieces, and each several piece is fixed in a skewer and set to roast by a wood fire. The skewers are of the *arbutus* wood, which the inhabitants insist gives a relish to the salmon. The dinners for the parties chiefly consisted of cold collations, which had been brought from Killarney, and the only articles which required preparation were the salmon and the potatoes, which were soon prepared by the boatmen on the island. The music, the society, the beautiful prospects around, made the time pass very agreeably, and shortly afterwards we took to the water again to row backwards to Ross Castle peninsula. On the way back the voice of the singers on the water, in the still summer evening, sounded delightfully; we had all sorts of songs, comic and sentimental. When we got near the castle, the boatmen told us there was a remarkable echo from the walls of the castle, and so instantly we all rested on our oars to hear. Then one of them who was blessed with strong lungs called out loudly, "How do you do, Paddy Blake?" and almost instantly there was a sound from the building, "Very well, I thank you," which showed that some confederates had been at hand to carry on this joke, which I believed was being constantly played on all the visitors who came to the lakes. On our landing, we were assailed by hests of persons with *arbutus* boxes, screens, paper-knives, &c., all made of Killarney *arbutus*, but we determined to defer the examination of these specimens for another occasion.

STRATHMORE;
OR, WROUGHT BY HIS OWN HAND.

A LIFE ROMANCE.

By THE AUTHOR OF "GRANVILLE DE VIGNE," &c.

PART THE FOURTH.

I.

THE DAUGHTER OF EVE IN THE GARDEN OF ROSES.

STRATHMORE very rarely got up early; usually he had his chocolate brought to him, glanced through new novels, read his letters, had his first cigar before he rose, and then lounged down among the latest to breakfast. He was accustomed to say, that your best *causeur* is dull over his coffee; with his cutlets, a man thinks of consols and coupons, and with anchovy only finds relish for telegrams; in the oil of his sardines his satire is swamped, and as he breaks his plover's eggs he's only good for reading and speaking political platitudes; his head's admirably clear, but his wit isn't ripe. Therefore Strathmore's rule always was, "Do your own business before noon; but don't be bored by your friends till after. In the morning we're all cautious, not convivial: so breakfast and write to your lawyer in solitude; congregate at luncheon, and take *croustades* and conversation together!" It was a very good rule, I think—letters written in the morning never compromise you; mots made in the morning never amuse you—and it was one he seldom broke.

But the morning after his arrival at Vernonçeaux, when Diaz entered his chamber to draw up the persiennes and fill his bath, the breeze as it blew in from the windows, which had been partially left open through the hot night, came so pleasantly laden with the fragrance of the rose-gardens, the pine-woods, and the vine-covered hills, that it seemed for once more tempting than his yellow-papered *roman* and his chocolât à la Vanille, which had both a strong flavour of Paris; a flavour than which ordinarily *on ne peut mieux*; but Paris, like partridges, may want change sometimes, and pall—as what doesn't, from women to wine?—under the ruinous test of "*Toujours!*" For once Strathmore felt tempted to get up early; and he rose, dressed, and sauntered out by an *escalier* that led, without passing through any part of the building, from his wing of the château down into the gardens below.

"A device of some dainty châtelaine, some *dame des beaux cousins*, for her lover to pass up to her chamber without waking the seneschal, or risking his limbs by climbing," thought Strathmore, as he stood on the grey stone steps looking over at the gardens that lay before him. "Well! we have *escaliers dérobés* still! Licence may have gone out of the language, but it hasn't gone out of the manners; we've learnt to be hypocrites, but we haven't altered our tastes. To advance in Civilisation is after all only to perfect Cant. The nude figure remains the same delight to the precisian as the profligate; but he drapes her discreetly in public, while he gloats over her undraped *in petto*. Men don't change their natures, only their faces!"

With which, Strathmore sauntered down the steps, and took any way that hazard led him, which was through the bronze trellis-work gates that opened into his hostess's rose-gardens, mazes of blossom, where the birds sang under the roses, and the air was full of the rich fragrance of clusters of crimson bloom, as he strolled slowly along, profaning these sacred precincts, that were as *voués aux dames* as the gardens of Odalisques, with the scent and the smoke of his Manilla. There is something in the freshness, the stillness, the sunny calm of early morning, that has its charm, even when we are least inclined to give way to these things, and most inclined to sneer at them. Strathmore—essentially a man “of the world, worldly”—who lived in courts, clubs, and salons, who had never got up and come on deck to see the sun rise any day that his yacht was at anchor in the Bosphorus; whose manual was Rochefoucauld, and breviary Bruyère; whose life had been spent in an atmosphere scented with perfumes and pastilles, where daylight was never needed and never remembered, and a purer air would have lacked in excitement; even Strathmore, though nature was not much more to him than to Talleyrand or Grammont, felt the freshness, the tranquillity, the peacefulness of the hour. It was perfectly still and solitary round him, there was not a sound but of the wood-pigeons cooing from afar off, and the wind gently stealing through the fragrant aisles of the rose arcades, while the sun fell on the eastern side of the silent château, and on the terrace, with its grey balustrade covered by gorgeous creepers, that looked like the background of some Louis Quinze picture. He knew no one would have risen except the household at that early hour, and as he walked on, just under the terrace, that was at some considerable elevation above him, a voice startled him as it fell on the air:

“Since when have you become pastoral? I should not have fancied you had had sylvan tastes, *mon ami*!”

She stood immediately above him, leaning over the stone balustrade; behind her was the ivy-hung façade of the château, with its peaked *tourelles* and its long range of Gothic windows; beneath her sloped the ivy wall of the terrace, covered with the broad leaves of creepers and the profuse blossoms of the twining roses: the whole scene was like a landscape of Greuze or Lancret, and she who completed it added to its colouring of the *Beau Siècle* where she leaned on the parapet, looking down with a smile on lips that rivalled the half-opened roses. As he glanced upward, her loveliness swept over him like the intoxication of some dreamy perfume, now in the cooler judgment of morning, as at midnight, a few hours before, when the light of the chandeliers glanced on the scarlet camellias. Away from her he could criticise, condemn, displace, defy her; in her presence, with her eyes smiling down into his, with her voice vibrating on the air, he might resent, but he could not resist her. She enthralled him by the senses, so subtly, so seductively, that she drew him within the charmed circle of her power, even while he hated her for her dominance over him.

“Sylvan tastes or not, would not any one, from an idler to an anchorite, be irresistibly drawn where the early morning proffers such a reward to all those who rise early?” said Strathmore, as he ascended the terrace steps to her side.

He had not seen her, until her greeting made him look upwards. But

what man can tell the precise truth to a beautiful woman? She smiled as she gave him her hand, white, small, soft, with the jewels of an Empress upon it; a hand to close gently but surely on the life of a man, and make it its own; a hand to be raved of by poets, and hold sages in thralldom; to be modelled by sculptors, and coveted by courtiers.

"Last night you were quoting from Genesis to show the mischief done by a woman! How can you be so inconsistent as to seek one in Eve's special province of mischief—a garden? A diplomatist tasting the dew of the dawn, and sunning himself among roses!—you *are* an anomaly, mon ami. Is it your lost écarté which has dwelt on your mind, that you are wandering at such an unearthly hour?"

"It is more likely to be remembrance of the one who lost me the écarté!" said Strathmore, bending towards her.

His voice had an unusual softness, his eyes darkened and dwelt on her, fascinated by the voluptuous charm of her beauty, and the confession broke from him unawares. She arched her delicate eyebrows, and looked at him with mischievous amusement, where she leaned against the rose-wreathed parapet.

"Of M. de Clermont! You must be very deep in his debt for him to haunt you!—or perhaps you were meditating some sure, silent revenge on him?—that would be more à la Strathmore!"

"I thank you for the hint and the reminder, belle amie; I *will* revenge myself for the game that I lost on the tactician who threw me off my guard! But the revenge, like the payment I spoke of last night, must wait; it would be too great rashness to risk taking either as yet——"

He spoke softly, and with meaning; her power was winding itself about him, his senses were yielding themselves to the languid charm, the subtle spell of her beauty; Strathmore, who denied that any woman could be dangerous to him, might have known, then, how dangerous *one* might be! She blushed slightly, softly, and played with one of the rings of her left hand—the diamond-studded circle that was the badge of her marriage—was it by hazard, or as a warning? Be it which it might, it served to recal to him that the woman he looked on was Marion Lady Vavasour, the arch-coquette of Europe.

"I was unaware your tastes were à la Phyllis, Lady Vavasour," he went on, with the smile, slight, cold, half a sneer, which piqued her more than anything, since it perplexed her as to its meaning, and only gave her a vague idea that her game was foreseen, and—defied. "What charm can the early morning have for you? Your preferences, surely, are no more sylvan than mine, and there is nothing to be captivated but the bees and the birds! I have read in some old Trouvère song of a *brevage* for perpetual youth and beauty, to be gathered from the first dew of roses—can *that* be your mission? If so, we must pity, as under de L'Enclos, generations unborn, who will suffer like us!"

"Don't use the first person!—*you* never suffer," she answered him, toying with the hanging sprays of the roses. "The charm that guided me was what rules me always—the caprice of the hour: I admit, no other law! In Paris one never thinks the day is aired till two; but in the country—*c'est toute autre chose*—I heard the birds singing, the scent of the roses came through my windows, and—Ah, Lord Cecil, though we

live in the world till we forget it, there are things better than pleasure, there is an air purer than the air of the salons! I am young, I am flattered, I reign, I love my sovereignty—who does not, that has a sceptre to grasp?—and still, sometimes I wish that I were a peasant-child, playing with the brown chesnuts under the trees, and catching the butterflies in the sunshine!”

I have said that she had now and then a *tendresse*, a mournfulness, real or assumed; and at such moments, while the lids drooped softly over the black gazelle eyes, and a shadow of sadness stole the brilliance from her face, she was yet more resistless than in her most dazzling coquetry. Even Strathmore felt its charm, though, now, with the gesture that had recalled to him her title and her ownership, he had steeled himself afresh against her.

“Indeed!” he answered her, with the smile she mistrusted. “The world would scarcely credit you, Lady Vavasour; to play with men’s lives must be more amusing than with fallen chesnuts, and to catch Princes and Peers in your net must be more exciting than the child’s yellow butterflies! Who shall hope to be content if the envied of all wishes to alter her lot!”

“Ah! mon ami, those who envy us do not always know us. Among all rose-leaves there is one crumpled!” Her voice was saddened, the lustre of her eyes grew languid and softened, and her fingers unconsciously played with the diamond wedding-ring upon her finger, as it sparkled among the roses. Again the action spoke more eloquently than words. Besides her fascination, she tried now a charm more dangerous for him—she claimed his pity! “Look!” she went on, as she took one of the flowers, and opened its fresh crimson leaves. “Look! as the rose swings in the sunlight, how lovely it is—the Queen of flowers! And yet, at its core lies a canker!”

“Is it so with *our* Queen of flowers?”

He asked it involuntarily, bending lower towards her, till he saw the faint sigh with which her bosom heaved, under the gossamer lace that shrouded it.

“Hush!” she said softly, with a light blow of the rose spray on his arm. “You must not ask. I wear the badge of servitude and—silence!”

And silence fell between them; such silence as fell between Launcelot and Guinevere, when the first subtle poison ran through the veins of the man whom Arthur loved.

With a light laugh the silence was broken, as she flung the gathered spray off on the sunny air, and let her white hands wander afresh among the twining blossoms:

“I like roses, don’t you? They are the flowers of poetry. I don’t wonder Cleopatra had her couch of them, and the Epicureans loved them showered down as they sat at banquet, and strewn upon the floors ankle-deep! They are the flowers of silence, of revel, of love; the flowers of the Greek poets and the Provence Trouvères; of the chaplets of Catullus and the lays of Chastelâr. Roses are for all time—while they bloom afresh with every summer, how can the earth fail to guard its eternal youth?”

While she spoke, she drew out one of the roses from the rest, crimson,

and fresh, and fragrant, with the dew glittering still in its odorous core; and broke it off with its unopened buds and dark shining leaves.

"Is it not worthy Cleopatra?" she laughed, holding it up in the light before her eyes and his—his that followed her as she fastened the rose in her bosom with negligent grace, where it nestled half hidden, half seen, lying against the white skin that the tracery of the lace covered without wholly concealing, and contrasting its snowy beauty with its deep crimson petals. "Come! we have been talking mournfully, and I meant to teach you epicureanism—you who trample aside the roses of life, and covet only the withered yellow laurels of Age and Power. Adieu! I must leave you to finish your solitary promenades; I am going in to my chocolate!"

His eyes dwelt on her, on the rose, where it lay half hidden on her heart, on the hair lit to gold by the sunshine, on the antelope eyes that glanced at him through their black lashes, on the exquisite and voluptuous grace of her form. Though it had fastened fetters on him which had made him this woman's slave for life, he could not have resisted his impulse to follow her then; she fascinated him by the senses, and it was a fascination to which he chose to yield. What evil could lie in it for him? He was strong in his own strength, secure in his own coldness; he believed he could handle fire without feeling its flame; he believed he could let the whirlwind sweep over him, without being stirred by its breath; he believed he could meet the sirocco, and neither be blinded, nor staggered, nor scorched by it. Actually, he would have called the man a lunatic who did these things: metaphorically, and quite as dangerously, he did them all. A scornful self-confidence made at once the grandeur and the weakness of Strathmore's nature.

As Lady Vavasour turned from the parapet and swept over the grey pavement of the rose-terrace to re-enter the château, the snowy folds of her dress gathering up the fallen crimson leaves, and her head slightly turned over her shoulder in adieu to him, he followed her, bending to her with a few low words:

"Who would not learn epicureanism or any other creed from such a teacher? You have given that senseless rose so fair a lodging; do not banish *me* utterly! I am going to my chocolate, too; must I take it in solitude? For the remembrance of our tête-à-tête meal under the limes, let us breakfast tête-à-tête this morning!"

The daughter of Eve had tempted him in the garden of roses, and while yet he might have turned away, he chose to follow and to linger with his temptress.

II.

IN ROYAL BROCELIANDE.

In the breakfast-room every déjeuner delicacy was waiting, ready for such of the English guests at Vernonceaux as it might please to come down stairs early. None had so pleased that morning save themselves, and this breakfast *was* tête-à-tête. He was alone with her, and in that solitude she ceased to be Lady Vavasour, whom he prejudged and mistrusted; she was the songstress, the incognita, the witching waif and stray of the Bohemian lindens. Almost *too* dazzling at night, with its exquisite tint, and its singular contrast of eyes and of hair, her loveliness,

losing none of its brilliance, gained much in softness with the morning light. Moreover, you saw then how real was this youth, how wholly from nature this marvellous colouring; for, stream down on her as the sun would, its strongest rays could never show a flaw or a blemish. Used to the women of Courts, no woman would have had charm for Strathmore who had not had wit on her lips and a finished grace in her coquetteries, and that nameless air which the world alone gives; the fairest *bourgeoise* beauty he would have passed unnoticed, and rustic loveliness was no loveliness in his sight. Condemned to love, he would have made his condition like Louis Quatorze, "*qu'on m'aime mais avec de l'esprit!*" Therefore, Marion Vavasour had her subtlest charm for him, in that exquisite grace which empresses had envied her; in that sparkling play which, if it were not wit, sufficed for it from such lips; in that very worldliness which might have chilled as heartlessness, men less *petri* with the world themselves, than Strathmore was. What had struck him the night before as startling and bizarre, what even in his momentary breathless admiration of her had repelled him, and made him think of Clytemnestra and La Borgia, had gone,—perhaps, with the scarlet camellias! She was dressed simply, in snowy gossamer folds of muslin, with floating azure ribbons here and there, and the richness of her yellow hair, gathered back in its natural waves and ripples, looked but one soft mass of dead gold now it was unmixed with any colour. There was nothing to mar the spells of her beauty, and those spells she wove to her uttermost witchery as she sat daintily brushing the bloom off a grape, or toying with her strawberries, adding the cream to her chocolate, or touching the tiny wing of some delicate bird. With all her caprices, her coquetteries, her rapid wayward mutations, she was ever essentially feminine; too skilful not to know that the surest charm which a woman wields over men is the charm of difference—the charm of sex; and that half this charm is flown when Christina of Sweden wears her Hessians and cracks her whip; when her imitators of to-day, chatter slang with weeds in their mouths, and swing through the stable-yards, talking in loud *rauque* voices, of dogs with a "good strain!"

They were full an hour alone, and in that hour she led him far on a dangerous road; none the less dangerous because he knew her tactics and deemed himself secure to defy them. She was a coquette, therefore he was armed against her; she was a woman of the world, therefore he could trifle with her with impunity; she was Lady Vavasour, therefore he knew the worth of every smile, the value of every glance, which were but golden hooks flung out by skill to catch and fasten the unwary: so Strathmore reasoned—he who was a man of the world, and would lose his head for no woman!—and in his security lay his risk. For he felt that she had already a certain power over him—the power for which he hated her when he threw down his losing cards at *écarté*—the power with which her beauty had swept over him as he had come suddenly upon her in the sunlight of the rose-garden; but to have feared it would have been to confess that he might yield to it, and Strathmore held that he could evoke a storm and then arrest it with "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther;" he held that he could let poison flow into his veins and then eject it with "I do not choose to receive thee!" The disdainful strength of the Strathmores had ever, I say, been their weakness; and the ruin that had

come to them had ever been wrought by their own hand ; the graven steel of their unyielding race ever the reed that bent beneath them.

The tête-à-tête breakfast was as seductive as any meal ever has been since she of the Golden Shuttle entertained the wanderer at Ogygia. Through the shaded windows the rose-scented air stole fragrantly in, while stray rays of sunlight streamed upon the amber grapes touched by her delicate fingers, and on the crimson rose lying hid in its snowy nest. Her moods were as variable as summer clouds, and her mood that morning was soft, subdued, gentle with all its gaiety, triste with all its coquettishness, and I am not sure it was not the most bewitching of all.

"What is your White Ladies like—they say it is such a superb old place?" she said, when her mischievous witticisms ceased, as though tired with their own play and sparkle. "Charlie St. Albans—who told me your family legend, by the way, one day at Biarritz—raves about its beauty. It was an abbey, wasn't it?"

"An old Dominican monastery—yes. It has a beauty of its own, the beauty of that past when men sought rest as we now seek reputation, and found in solitude what *we* find in strife. May I not hope you will some day honour it with a visit, Lady Vavasour, and judge of it yourself?" he answered her, stroking her greyhound ; his prejudice against her was quickly fading since he invited her to White Ladies—the daughter of Eve to the ancient Monastery !

She smiled the dazzling smile that had intoxicated wise men to worse than the madness of the opium-eater.

"Perhaps. Some day—some day. Ah, what may we all do 'some day!' You and I may be foes à *outrance* some day—who knows?"

"Foes? Nay, surely not. Did you not tell me 'destiny threw us together, that we must be friends?' *Dieu le veut!*"

"*Dieu veut ce que femme veut, mon ami!*" said the belle Marquise, arching her eyebrows. "You know that ; and on a man who disdains the love of all my sex I am not at all inclined to waste my own friendship!"

"Why? You had better rather cure me of my heresy in both. What teacher could convert me to her soft doctrines with such success? what rebuke could be at once more merciful and more convincing to me?"

A *tristesse* almost tenderness shaded the dark gazelle eyes for a moment as they met his, and she was silent. Lady Vavasour knew the charm of silence when the eyes may be trusted to speak. A moment after she laughed coquettishly:

"Merciful? Perhaps not, monsieur, if I *did* take your conversion in hand."

"True. Perhaps the denial of your friendship is more merciful than its donation would be. Nevertheless, at all risks, I will seek it."

"You love risks?" she said, looking at him with a dash of tantalising malice. Strathmore laughed slightly—a laugh that sounded to her like contempt of her power.

"Well, I confess I do not fear many."

"Nor did Ragnar Ladbrog, mon ami, the northern Scalds tell us; sheathed in his armour of ice, what could attack him? How scathless he went for so long! And yet he came at last to his Hella, and he languished to death in the cave of the serpents. Take warning!"

Strathmore smiled.

"I am not quite so Quixotic as the Bersaker, and before I handle serpents I take out their stings! Grasped rightly, no serpent can bite. But surely, *belle amie*, you do not pay yourself so ill a compliment as to compare the gift of your friendship with the fang of an asp? 'Though perhaps you are right—it may be as dangerous!'"

"But a danger you smile at! Well, take it if you will. Shall we be friends, then, Lord Cecil?"

Her eyes were resistless in their witching softness, and a certain tremulous smile that seemed half born of a sigh was on her lip, as she held out in playfulness yet in earnest her white jewelled hand, as she leant slightly towards him. What man could have rejected the hand or the friendship? Strathmore bent forward and accepted both: as he took the warm fingers within his own and met the glance that dwelt on him as they sat there alone in the shaded light, his pulses quickened, and his own eyes gleamed with something of the swift dark brilliance that she had sworn to lighten there—the dawn of the passion she had vowed to awaken in the nature that, by character imperious and unyielding, deemed itself by a fatal error to be also cold and calm. He released her hand suddenly, and threw himself back in his chair; the doors opened, and with Beau-desert and Clermont there entered Lord Vavasour and Vaux.

"Bon jour, messieurs," said the Marchioness, including her lord in her negligent, graceful salutation. "I suppose you have all been wasting the hours over cheerots and novelettes that I have been giving to the roses. Ah, if you were all to see the sun rise once in a way, what a deal of good it would do you! I will have a Trianon, and then perhaps you *will* learn to be pastoral. M. de Clermont, will you milk the cow like the Comte d'Artois? Vavasour, did I ever tell you that it was to Lord Cecil Strathmore I owed my escape that dreadful night at Prague? No? I ought to have done; then you have never thanked him?"

Her husband, thus apostrophised, turned to Strathmore, and addressed his thanks to him, complimenting him with as gracious a courtesy as that pampered, gouty gourmet, whose general manner was guilty of Valdor's impeachment, a "*ton de garnison*," could assume for any mortal. "Singularly striking-looking man—quite Vandyke!" thought the Marquis, while he uttered his gratitude for his wife's rescue; "but I am sure he will do something bad some day—come to a violent death, perhaps. That *physique*—very much so!" Which possibly was a complacent source of gratification to his lordship, as he had just come in on a tête-à-tête.

Strathmore received his thanks with that cold negligence which had the effect of making him cordially disliked out of his own immediate set, and lay back in his chair, playing with the greyhound, and joining now and then in the conversation. He knew that this woman's beauty stole on him despite himself; when her magic was off him he hated her for the food that she had made him give her vanity; but a seductive sensuousness allured him in her glorious loveliness, which, though he rated it lightly, should have made him place distance betwixt him and its subtle temptation—betwixt him and the wife of Lord Vavasour. A weak man might have done this, and been strong; Strathmore, a strong man, stayed, contemptuous and defiant of the weakness. A man less cool, less

keen, less nonchalant of all danger, might have taken warning; he saw no danger possible in it. One careless, over-confident turn of the hand may mar the whole of the statue which the sculptor deems plastic as clay to his will, obedient to every stroke of his chisel! The statue that Strathmore at once moulded and marred was his Life: the statue which we all, as we sketch it, endow with the strength of the Milo, the glory of the Belvedere, the winged brilliance of the Perseus!—which ever lies at its best; when the chisel has dropped from our hands, as they grow powerless and paralysed with death; like the mutilated Torso, a fragment unfinished and broken, food for the ants and worms, buried in sands that will quickly suck it down from sight or memory, with but touches of glory and of value left here and there, only faintly serving to show what *might have been*, had we had time, had we had wisdom!

"Well, wasn't I right; isn't she divine, eh?" said Valdor to him that day, as they were playing billiards.

"She—who? My dear fellow, there are half a dozen divinities here who wear the cestus of Venus, or claim it at the least! Be a little more definite!"

"The deuce! Who should I mean? Nobody can hold a candle to her. Vavasour's in luck to have a wife that everybody envies him."

"Dubious luck!" said Strathmore, sticking his penknife through his cabana. "A wife of the first water, like a diamond of the first water, is rather a perilous possession. It's apt to be disputed by too many owners! You can't ever be sure the wards haven't been picked and the casket been rifled!"

"Exactly," said Legard. "Marriage is a disagreeable legal necessity for men with titles and entails, and the best colour for a wife's a discreet plainness! No Bramah can protect you so effectually as an ugly physique; besides, I shouldn't think it's bad for yourself upon principle; if Lucretia's unlovely you must relish Lais and her graces all the more. One never enjoys a good omelette at Véfours so much as after an ill-done one in the Grisons."

"There's something in that," said Valdor, reflectively. "But then—twelve hours with an ugly woman would kill one! Why *are* any of them ugly, I wonder? They were created on purpose for us. What's the good of giving us five out of six, as we don't like them? If they were all such as the Vavasour, now——" And Valdor paused, in mute contemplation of the delicious universal seraglio that might then be commanded.

"The Vavasour's something that comes once in a century. The deuce! how that woman does flirt!" interrupted Dormer, in the tone, half disgusted, half admiring, with which a man might say of some magnificent drunkard, like Piron, "How that fellow does drink!"

Strathmore sent his ball to make a *ricochet* with a certain impetus, as if the conversation annoyed him, and did not join in it.

"If fifty naughty stories ain't rife about her before next season, I'll bet you a thousand to one," went on Dormer, offering his wager generally, but nobody, it seemed, having sufficient confidence in her ladyship to be chivalrous enough to take it up! "They *do* say it's only flirtation—as yet; and I believe she's as heartless as ice; but she does horrible mischief, if she's never absolutely 'compromised,' and I think *that's* open to doubt! At Biarritz, last year, she played the very deuce with Marc

Lennartson; you remember him, don't you, Strathmore—Austrian Cuirassiers, you know? She drew him on and on, made him follow her about like her greyhound, fooled him before everybody, and then turned him off coolly for the Prince de Vorhn, and laughed at him with a blow of her fan. Lennartson had lost his head about her, and he shot himself through the brain! I know that for a fact; nothing but that woman at the bottom of it; and the very night she heard of his death she went to a fancy ball, fluttering about in her diamonds. By Jove! it was too bad, wasn't it?"

Strathmore made a hap-hazard cannon, with his coldest sneer upon his face: the story angered him.

"My dear Dormer! if a man's such a fool as to 'follow a woman about like a lapdog,' whether he goes out of the world or stays in it doesn't matter very much, I think. Yours is a romantic story; it would charm the women, but, *pour moi!* I must fancy there were some heavy debts hanging over Lennartson's head, or some more rational reason for your sentimental finale. I don't credit those things quite so easily."

"It *was* true, whether you like to believe it or not."

Strathmore lifted his eyebrows and dropped the subject; he would have said it did not interest him!

"What a voice of lamentation there was in Ramah when Vavasour married her," said Beaudesert, who was betting on the game. "The women had made such hard running on him all over Europe; when the regular troops had always missed fire, it was a horrid blow to have an outside skirmisher knock him over!"

"Of course! Virtuous women love to take in hand the conversion of a sinner when the penitent can give them a coronet; they are very happy to be taken, like soda-water after a debauch, if the debauchee excuses his past orgies with a page in Burke. There wasn't a *précieuse* in England that wouldn't have sold her pure soul to the devil and the Marquis, for his settlements. The morals of *monde*, and *demi-monde*, don't differ very much, after all, only the inferior goods are content with Rue de la Paix jewellery, and Lady Vavasour et C^{ie} don't let themselves go under anything less than the family diamonds!" said Strathmore, with his coldest sneer. It gratified him to fling the sarcasm at that marriage of convenience where Helen of the antelope eyes had bartered herself for the gold and the titles of gourmand Menelaus; perhaps the flash and sparkle of the diamond circlet he had seen among the roses, added, by its memory, point to his irony.

"Quite right!" laughed Beaudesert. "And when we have to pay such a much heavier price to *monde*, and get so much better amused by *demi-monde*, how the deuce can they wonder we prefer ease to imprisonment, and *laissez-faire* to *il faut faire*?"

"Perhaps they *don't* wonder, my good fellow, and in that lies the essence of their pique and the root of their philippics. If the debatable land's so agreeable, they know very well the time may come when the legitimate kingdoms will be left altogether," laughed Strathmore, as he went back to his game, and, Lady Vavasour not being there to spoil it, won it, as he piqued himself on winning most things that he tried for in life, from billiards upwards.

As he finished it, a servant entered to tell him that the horses were

coming round; he had promised to make one of a riding-party at four o'clock, and left the billiard-room with Dormer to obey the summons.

"The pretty panther, how handsome she looks! She has merciless *griffes*, though, and her graceful play's death to those who play with her," said Dormer, under his moustaches, memories of Biarritz rising savagely within him as they passed out of the long gallery leading from the billiard-room into the great hall.

The "pretty panther," as he called her, was just at that moment standing on the grand staircase with some men about her, holding her jewelled whip in one hand, and the violet folds of her habit in the other, the light from the long range of stained windows falling on her, and on the tapestried arras, the damascened armour, and the dark oak carvings of the wall behind her. Strathmore glanced at her, and gave Dormer his coldest laugh.

"Fearfully poetic you are to-day, Will! Have you been scratched yourself?"

"No; but you're about to be."

"I? You don't know me much, my good fellow."

"But I know *HER*, and I bet you five to one that she is trying to play the deuce with you, Strathmore."

"Let her try! I have one bet pending already on that event, but I'm quite willing to take yours too."

"Glad to hear it; but forewarned's forearmed, you know."

"Thank you," said Strathmore, with that negligent coldness which was as chilly as ice; "but when I need counsel I ask for it, my dear Dormer. It is a dish I am not very fond of having offered me."

His eyes had lightened to the swift dark anger of his race; and Dormer, a good-natured, easy, indolent fellow, accustomed to be put down by him, and to be silenced by his sneer, held his peace with an obedience, the relic of their old Eton days; while Strathmore joined the group on the staircase, and, by a nonchalant finesse, displaced the others, who had a prior claim as before him in the field, and leading her out into the court, assisted Lady Vavasour to mount the spirited Spanish mare that he had admired as it had reared with her, when he had seen the riding-party from the distance the previous day. Assistance, indeed, she needed little; an inimitable rider, she sprang, lightly as a bird to a bough, to her saddle; but to have the foot beautiful as Pompadour's placed on his hand, the light weight leant upon him for an instant, the perfumed hair brush near him, the hand touch his as he put the reins within it, the lips softly thank him,—these made a service bitterly envied to Strathmore. As she dashed out of the great gates of the court, the mare rearing and plunging with the fire of its Spanish blood, Lady Vavasour had never looked, perhaps, lovelier, with her delicate cheeks flushed from the exertion of her strength, her light, defiant laugh ringing out, her eyes flashing with impatient *will*. Yet for one moment as he saw her teeth clench tightly, her eyes gather a sinister light, her whip cut the mare with sharp, stinging strokes, it crossed Strathmore's mind that the real instinct, the true pleasure of this soft, dazzling woman might be, after all, Cruelty—the cruelty of the young cat that loves to see the wounded bird flutter and shriek and struggle for its liberty with the blood dabbling the broken wing, and to let it go for one fleet mocking moment, and then to seize

on it afresh, till the death-cry rings sharp and clear upon the air, and its own white teeth tear asunder the quivering flesh.

The fancy crossed him, and the aversion, amounting to almost the strength of hatred, which, mingled with the fascination that Marion Vavasour had for him, flamed up in all its bitterness. "She danced in her diamonds the night that poor devil shot himself!" he thought; "I dare say. What fools men are to let a woman play with them."

But twenty minutes after, Lady Vavasour turned her head towards him with her brightest smile. "Lord Cecil, you are our cicerone; which way leads to the *Brèche du Gaston*?" And as he spurred his horse to overtake her, and cantered on by her side, the wiser thought was forgot, the danger that was in this woman served but to give piquance to her beauty, as the thorns of the rose which pique those who admire to gather it; and as though she had divined the verdict that his reason was giving against her, she chained him to her side during the ride, and had all that softness of manner which, when she chose to assume it, would have made the testimony of men and angels weigh nothing against Marion Lady Vavasour!

"So, if I come to England this year, as Lady Beandesert tries to persuade me, you will be prepared to do me the honours of *White Ladies*?" she said, laughing, to him an hour afterwards, as, having outstripped the rest of the party, they rode through a waggon-way that ran under the shelter of the hills, with the wild vine clustering in rich luxuriance from bough to bough, and the glowing light slanting in, to turn the moss into gold, and burnish the ripening grapes into bloom.

"But too gladly! Since the *Reine Blanche* was received there the Abbey will never have sheltered so fair a guest. But Mary Stuart came to us as a captive; you will come as a captor omnipotent! Your sceptre rests on a sway that men cannot break, and your kingdom lies in a power more potent than mailed might——!"

"Ah!" she said, softly and mournfully, "but don't you know the *Reine Blanche* had my sceptre and my kingdom too, and yet—her hair whitened and her head was bent to the block! She was a captive at *White Ladies*? and I dare say my lord of Strathmore was a courtly but a pitiless gaoler, had many a courtier phrase upon his tongue, but never relented to mercy! What a *triste souvenir*! I shall be afraid to come there; perhaps you will imprison me!"

Strathmore bent down in his saddle and looked into her eyes, while his own grew dark and brilliant, and the coldness of his face softened. Was it the warmth flung on it from above by the amber sunlight that was streaming through the vine-leaves and the purpling grapes?

"That I shall be tempted, I would not deny! Who could, who spoke truth?"

The reins drooped on their horses' necks, they paced slowly over the yielding mosses, their speed slackening, their voices softening, under the leafy boughs and the tangled tendrils of the drooping vines; the warm sun fell between the stems of the trees, the leaves were stirless in the sultry air, the birds sang with subdued music in the woodland shadow—and they rode onwards, as in the days of the past Lancelot and Guinevere rode through the silent aisles and forest shades of Royal Broceliande.

III.

THE WEAVING OF THE GOLDEN SHUTTLE.

BERTIE ERROLL sat at the head of the dinner-table at White Ladies with other spirits like himself, keeping the house open, as he had been bidden to do by his absent host in the first week of September. Dinner was just over, and the Sabreur lay back in his chair, lazily peeling a nectarine, recommending the Marcobrunn to Langley of the Twelfth, vowing it was deucedly warm, and lamenting pathetically that Strathmore would prefer the click of the roulette-ball to the glories of the open, the pleasures of *Pair et passe* to those of the stubble, and forsake White Ladies thus perpetually for the Continent.

Some half-dozen men were down with him for the shooting; Strathmore had always bade him look on White Ladies as though it were his own home, to open to whom he would; and they were chatting over their grapes, peaches, and comet wines this warm, mellow September evening, while the last rays of the setting sun fell across Erroll's fair frank face as they slanted through the painted windows of the dining-hall, where the scutcheon of the Strathmores was blazoned, with their merciless motto, "Slay! and spare not!" radiant in gold and gules.

"We don't want women in September," Rockingham of the Guards was observing, with more truth, perhaps, than politeness. "They're delightful in their season, but when we're shooting we're better without 'em! Paullet took Valérie Brown and that lot down to Market Harborough last season, and we were positively ruined by 'em! Champagne suppers at two in the morning, and all the rest of it, put us shockingly out of condition; we were hardly in at a death, any one of us, all thanks to those confounded women——"

"Phyrne v. the Pytchley! St. John's Wood morals spoiling Northamptonshire runs! You should write a 'Tract for the Times' on it; a 'Warning to the Pink not to trifle with the Rouge,' " laughed the Sabreur, pouring himself out some Rhenish. "Well, thank God, I'd suffer deterioration any day from that quarter. A bright-eyed brune is better than a brush any day, and two good things can't spoil one another. I say, Phil, did you see in the papers that Jack Temple's run away with Ferrars's wife?"

"Never read the papers, my good fellow," said Danvers. "Froth in the leaders, gall in the debates, acid in the on dits, and flummery in the court news, make an *olla podrida* that don't suit my digestion. Poor Jack! what could he be thinking of? She weighs nine stone, and is shockingly sallow in the daylight——"

Danvers stopped, the dogs gave tongue, the man handing the coffee round paused in his duty, Waverley looked up from his olives, Rockingham dropped half a dozen almond soufflés on to a terrier's nose, Erroll sprang from his chair: "My dear fellow! By Jove! how glorious!" And, as the groom of the chambers flung the door wide open, Strathmore entered his own dining-hall, unannounced and unexpected.

"Keep your seat, old fellow! You or I, what does it matter which?" he laughed, as he shook the Sabreur's hand, and forced him back into the chair at the head of the table, looking on his old Eton chum with a

warmer glance than women had ever won from him, as the other men gathered round to greet him. "How are you all? Who's shockingly sallow by the daylight, Phil? Nobody you've brought down here, I hope, is it? Sit where you are, Bertie. I'm your guest to-night, *s'il vous plaît!*"

With which Strathmore, refusing to take the head of his table, and looking with eyes of love upon Erroll, sank into an empty chair, told the servants to bring him some soup, and sat down at White Ladies as though he had never left it. He had arrived only some half-hour before, but had gone straight up to his own room, forbidding the groom of the chambers to disturb the dinner-party by announcing his arrival.

"My dear old fellow, this is prime! How are you, Cis?" said Erroll, lying back to look at Strathmore with an unutterable satisfaction, fully content to give up his *pro tempo* ownership of White Ladies to see his friend back again.

"All right, old boy. You're astonished to see me to-night, Bertie?"

"By Jove I am! I thought you were at Baden?"

"I was at Baden. I only left on Tuesday, and shouldn't have left then but I had asked some people here, and given them *carte blanche* to fix their own time, and they fixed it at such a short notice, that I had only just days enough to come over to receive them. It wasn't worth while to write, as I should have come with the mail-bag."

"Are there any women coming?" asked Rockingham, with prophetic *pitié de soi-même*.

"Some. Why?"

"Nothing, only I hate the sex in September," muttered the unlucky victim to Valérie Brown and "that lot" in the shires. "So your Jack of Trumps colt didn't win the Prix du Fôret Noir?"

"No; only came a good third. I rode Starlight myself for the Rastatt; we did the distance very nicely."

"By Jove you did, and gave Ninette a dress of your colours, I saw in the *Post*. How's the pretty *bouquetière*?"

"Handsome as ever. She asked for you, Erroll; I don't think there's one of the Jockey Club who cuts you out with her. She looked very charming in the scarlet and white. A poor devil of an Englishman shot himself on Monday night, after losing his last Nap, but all Baden was too occupied with Princesse Marie Volgarouski's desperate *engouement* of a young Tuscan composer to pay much attention. It's quite Pauline Bonaparte and Blangini over again. She's a striking looking woman, but I don't care for those Petersburg beauties, they're too olive."

"Ah, by George, Strath! you put me in mind," interrupted Erroll, with all the eagerness of a retriever scenting a wild duck—"you said you saw Lady Vavasour in Paris?"

"So I did."

"Well! What's she like? Have you seen her again?"

"Oh yes. She's been staying at Vernonceaux."

"The deuce she has! and you never said so? What do you think of her—how do you like her—what style——?"

"My dear fellow, don't ask me to describe a woman!" interrupted Strathmore, indifferently. "They are like kaleidoscopes, and have a

thousand phases, all pretty for the time, but never to be caught, and always changed when a new eye's on them."

"Hang you!" swore Erroll. "You wrote just enough to *intriguer* one about her, and now shove one off with an epigram! Come, is she the atrocious coquette they all say?"

"All women are coquettes, except plain ones, who make a virtue of a renunciation that's *de rigueur*, and hate their virtue (like most other people) while they brag of it!"

"Confound you! I don't ask about all women, only about one. You set out with a dreadful prejudice against her; you'd seen her at one masked ball, and wrote me word on the strength of it that you thought it particularly lucky that the Marquis was of elastic principles, and that you didn't envy him his wife, because her mouth, though perfection, would whisper too many infidelities to please you!"

A dark shadow of impatient, intolerant annoyance passed over Strathmore's face, and glanced into his eyes for an instant as the sun fell on it, slanting through the "Slay and spare not!" of the motto blazoned on the painted panes; but there was no trace left of anger as he looked up and laughed slightly.

"I dare say it is particularly lucky the Marquis has elastic conjugal principles; it's lucky for any husband that has a handsome wife, and yet likes to live in peace with his brethren. Lady Vavasour is a very exquisite beauty, there's no disputing that; *you'll* rave of her, Bertie; at the same time, I never heard beauty reckoned as the best guarantee for marital fidelity!"

"The devil—not exactly!" said Scrope Waverley. "The Vavasour's the most abominable coquette—shocking, on my honour, isn't she, Strathmore? Be warm as the tropics on you one minute, and cold as the poles the next."

Strathmore looked at him with his chilliest contempt:

"Perhaps you have suffered! Acrimony generally bespeaks adversity. Not having been the subject of her ladyship's caprices, I cannot compare notes with you, Scrope, nor yet back your experience, though—in your case—I don't doubt any part of them, except that you ever basked much in the tropics!"

Waverley looked sulky as he picked over his olives, not quite certain how to take the shot that had told in a very sore spot; while Erroll, ever good natured, and who could no more take pleasure in making a man smart than a dog wince, turned the subject, and postponing his own curiosity, asked Strathmore who the people were that were coming?

"Who? Oh, some of the Vernongeaux set," answered Strathmore, taking a Manila out of the little silver waggon. "The De Ruelles, the Beaudeserts, Madame de Cevillae, your old friend Lady Camelot, and—Lady Vavasour."

He paused a moment before he added her name, but then spoke it indifferently enough.

"The Vavasour!" echoed Erroll and all the other men with him.

"By Jove! Strath, you don't mean it!"

"Why should I not mean it?"

"The Vavasour? By Heaven!" ejaculated the Sabreur, stroking his moustache in beatified astonishment. "I thought you didn't like her, Cis?"

"I don't think I ever said so? *De plus*, she invited herself, and reigning beauties are like reigning fashions—one must obey them."

"Does the Marquis come too?"

"God forbid! At least, he comes for a day or two, but only en route to the Sprudel to cure his dyspepsia. Like the Roman, he goes to a bath that he may come back for a banquet."

"And leaves his wife a *droit de chasse* in his absence?" laughed Erroll. "But the idea of keeping that to yourself all this time, letting us talk of her and never telling us! What an odd fellow you are! You called her a sorceress, and said she tried her wiles on you at the Luilhiers's ball. Has she bewitched even you, old fellow?"

"Not exactly!" said Strathmore—his tone was more contemptuously cold than he had ever used to Erroll—"but I like beauty as I like a good Titian, a good charet, a good opera, a good racer. Who doesn't? To hear you, Bertie, one would certainly think no woman had ever been entertained at White Ladies since Mary Stuart! If Lady Vavasour wished to come here with Beatrix Beaudesert, could I say I wouldn't have her? Besides, I had no wish to say so; she is very charming. By-the-by, Phil, who was that you were talking about when I came in, who's sallow in the daylight—most blondes are that, though, after twenty?"

He spoke so carelessly, as he lay back in his chair, that not a man present, guessed, that the name of Marion Vavasour was anything more to him, than the names of fifty fair women, who had been, season after season, recipients of the stately hospitalities of White Ladies: except, indeed, Erroll, who looked at him with a puzzled look clouding his clear azure eyes, and drank his coffee in silence. He, the sworn Squire of Dames, who worshipped everything feminine that crossed his path, felt a vague dislike rise up in him against this witching beauty, whom Strathmore denied had had charm for him, and yet who was bidden beneath the roof of White Ladies.

That night, when they had left the smoking-room, Strathmore, sitting alone in his own room, thoughtful yet listless, with a restless indifference which had grown on him of late, and which he had vainly doctored with very heavy betting at Baden, and dangerous *coups de hasard* at roulette, threw open his despatch-box and took out a little note—a note which was not very many lines, which placed his title before his name, and which was chiefly gay, mischievous badinage and pretty command, with but here and there touches of something deeper, and these only deepened to friendship. Yet this letter had sufficed to bring him from Baden at its bidding; it had been looked at many times, where no other note addressed to him had ever served for any other purpose than to light his cigar, and it had a fascination for him which no words written by a woman's hand had ever claimed, for it was signed—"Marion Vavasour and Vaux." Letters have a strange glamour!—with this, the sweet mocking voice echoed in his ear, the smile of the dark antelope eyes laughed into his, the fragrance of the amber hair floated past him, and he flung the note back into its resting-place with a fierce oath—he hated the senseless paper! For he hated the hot, insidious passion that was creeping into his blood, and that, in night and solitude, wreathed round him as the serpent folds round the Laocoon, sapping his strength, and only twisting closer and closer with each effort to thrust it aside; the passion that would

make him the slave of a woman, the vassal of a smile, the bond-servant of a kiss!

In the simplest trifles Strathmore was remarkable for an unswerving tenacity to truth, too proud a man not to hold his word his bond even in ordinary colloquial intercourse; yet that night, when denying to Erroll that she had any sway over him, he had for the only time in his life *lied*. It was the first trivial unnoticed step of the downward course that he was even now commencing, as the first unperceived loosening of the snow is the signal for the downward sweep of the avalanche.

Marion Vavasour had a power over him such as no woman had ever gained before her; the strange force, with which absolute hatred mingled with the charm her beauty had over his senses, served only to heighten and give it a sting which excited and enthralled a man, whom a tamer or wiser love would never have governed. Strathmore had stayed on at Vernonceaux, voluntarily remaining in the danger, which a weaker man would, or might, at least, have fled from while there was yet time; finding in this new beguilement, this woman's intoxicating loveliness, a spell, subtle and resistless, the same dazzling, sensuous delight as lies in a soft Bacchante of Coustou's golden chisel, or a voluptuous *rêveuse* warm with the rich varied colours of the canvas of Greuze. Constantly in her society, meeting her alone in the freshness of the early morning, strolling with her at evening under the trellised roofing of the vines, bowing to the sway of her coquetries in the salon where she held her gay omnipotent reign, Strathmore did not dispute the "destiny" which she had said had decreed them to be friends. For him, too, she had her most certain and most dangerous charm: capricious, mutable, scattering her coquetries à *pleines mains*, as the Hours of Corregio scatter their roses; she had a softness, a sadness, a tenderness, *I* call it—*she* termed it a "friendship"—for and with Strathmore which seemed to bespeak that something warmer than vanity, something deeper than mere pride of conquest, might be awakening in her. Amidst the largesse of adoration that she levied from all who came within sight of her brilliant banner, which fluttered with its audacious motto, "*Je regne partout*," from north to south, from east to west; she made a distinction towards the man who had saved her life at the Vigil of St. John, which gave good ground for attributing a preference that every man, from Monsignore Villaför downwards, bitterly envied him as they began to yield place to him as of necessity, and to couple his name with hers in the card-room or smoking-room, when neither he nor the Marquis were present. The latter was the only one at Vernonceaux who never troubled his head which way his Marchioness's caprices might be turning; it was a matter of profound indifference to him, and he dozed, and read French novels, and played *écarté*, and discussed *l'art de goût*, and let his wife go on her own ways, like a gentleman of breeding who did as he would be done by.

Half hating her, half beguiled by her, one hour accrediting to her all the velvet treachery, the wanton cruelty of the panther; the next, subdued by that sensuous charm which he had little wish and less will to resist; one instant, bitterly contemptuous on the witchery that made his pulse beat quicker at the mere fragrance of a woman's hair; another seeking with all the skill the world had taught him, to make the softened glance of her eyes deepen into tenderness;—so the golden shuttle of a woman's

power had woven its woof and wound its web round Strathmore, and so he had courted, even while he rebelled from, its enchanted toils. And just at the very moment when the surest meshes of its twisted threads were entangling round him, when he was first beginning to feel it a necessity to be in her presence—just then, Lady Vavasour left Vernonçeaux. Without announcement, without preparation, she went; carefully avoiding any *tête-à-tête* farewell, bidding him "*au revoir*" with laughing negligence in a crowded salon, with an indifference which Strathmore was not slow to simulate in imitation. Yet that adieu, by its very avoidance of him, by its very abandonment of that *tendresse* which she used as her habitual weapon of war, told him, by his experience of women, might equally mean one of two things: that she felt nothing, or—felt too much! *Which?* The question was left open, and pursued him ceaselessly; nothing in his life had ever haunted him so persistently as that single doubt. I believe that weeks, months spent in her presence, would not have rooted her in his memory so firmly as that well-timed absence, that insoluble uncertainty. Away from her, it was in vain that he contemned, as he did with bitter irony, with pitiless rancour, her coquetries and her caprices; or mercilessly dissected her faults, her foibles, and her fascinations: her power had begun! *Insecurity* is to passion as the wind to the flame—without the cold breeze wafted to it, the embers would have faded fast, and never flared up into life; with the rush of the cooler air the fire leaps into flame, and its lust is not sated till it has destroyed all before it.

The Strathmores of White Ladies had never loved the women who had slept innocently on their hearts, and laid their pure lives within their keeping; the only passion that had ever roused them had been some fierce forbidden desire, and the guilty leaven of the dead race was alive in the man who bore their name and their features. From Vernonçeaux Strathmore went to Baden, and if any feeling was strong in him towards the woman whose beauty, when the scarlet flowers bound her amber hair, had made him think of Frédégonde, of Sifrid, of Lucrezia, of every living Circe who had drawn men downward by the witching gleam of her white arms till they lost all likeness of themselves, and sank into an abyss whence they could never more rise again into the pure light left for ever at her bidding; he would have said, and perhaps said rightly, that it was—hatred. If pity be akin to love, believe me passion is as often allied to hate! It would slay what it vainly covets; if it cannot kiss the lips it woos, it would blur them out of all beauty by a blow; what it seeks so fiercely, it loathes for the pain of its own unslaked desire; and what it is forbidden to enjoy, it would thrust away out of its own, and other eyes, into the darkness of an absolute, or of a living death; with the hatred of Amnon, to the tomb of Heloise!

Such was the passion now wakening in Strathmore; which, whilst it made him hate the woman who fascinated and blinded him, because he knew that the softness of such hours as that upon the rose-terrace was but a more fatal phase of her brilliant and studied coquetries, were but the shadows which, with a cunning art she threw in, to heighten a dazzling picture; had still made him leave Baden the instant that the note he now flung aside had reached him—the note which accepted his invitation afresh, and selected White Ladies from amidst a hundred other

places that were open to the honour of her ladyship's bright and sovereign presence.

In his own room that night he read over the delicate fragrant letter that had made him leave Baden (and would have made him leave Paradise!), and with an oath threw it away from him, as though it were tainted with poison. He hated the mad fool's delight that lay in it for him because her hand had touched it, yet he longed with ungovernable desire to feel that hand lie once more within his own; and Strathmore, who held that he could mould his life like plastic clay into any shape that pleased him, did not seek to inquire whether the clay would break or harden in the fire which was beginning to seethe and coil around it!

As he flung the letter away and rose, he pulled back the curtains of the window nearest him, and threw one of its casements open. He felt impatient for the air, impatient with himself, intolerant with all the world! The night was very hot, and he stood looking out for a while into the moonlight. The scene was lovely enough, and the old monastic lands, as far as he could see, were his own; but Strathmore, absorbed in his own thoughts, looked little at the landscape. It was a mere hazard that the figure of a man crossing the turf caught his eye.

"A poacher as near the house as that; impossible! That Knightswood gang *are* the very deuce for audacity, but even they'd never——" he thought, as he leaned out to get a good look at the intruder; in the clear white light the form, though distant, was distinct enough, and the red end of a cigar, as it moved through the gloom, sparkled like a glow-worm.

Strathmore looked hard at the mysterious shadow till it had gone out of the moonlight into the deep shade of a cluster of elms.

"By Jove! Erroll, as I live! Another of my tenant's daughters come to grief, I suppose! What a fellow it is; if he's away from Phya of the Bijou Villa, he takes up with Phyllis of the Home-farm! I wonder how cider tastes, faulting champagne? Rather flat, and terribly homely, I should fancy; better than nothing, though, I suppose, for the Sabreur. Well, it's a very nice night for an erotic adventure. Byron's quite right—

The devil's in the moon for mischief;
 there is not a day,
 The longest, not the twenty-first of June,
 Sees half the business in a wicked way
 On which three single hours of moonshine smile—
 And then she looks so modest all the while!

He might have said, too, that in that respect the women who make the mischief are like the moon that looks on it! Chaste Diana of the skies, or of the sex, only veils that she may lend herself—to something naughty!"

With which reflection Strathmore shut the window down and rang for his Albanian, giving no more thought to Erroll's moonlight errand. Long afterwards, when it formed a link in that chain which his own passions forged about his life, the remembrance of this September night came back to him.

IV.

FEATHERY SEEDS THAT WERE FREIGHTED WITH FRUIT OF THE FUTURE.

"It was a fine moonlight night last night, my dear fellow, and Hampshire 'moonrakers' do go fishing after contraband goods, *au clair de la lune*, but I didn't know *you* belonged to the fraternity, Bertie," said Strathmore, the next evening, as they walked home brushing through the ferns, after a good day out in the open.

Erroll turned with a certain dismay; the Sabreur, though in the teeth of a convicted wickedness he would stroke his moustache with the blandest *plaisir*? look of innocence, was thrown a little off his guard, and confidence was such a habit with him with Strathmore, that it was difficult to get out of it.

"The dence, Strath, you're as bad as a detective!" he murmured, plaintively. "Where did you see me?"

"Where you were very easily to be seen, my dear fellow, as I told you once before. If you walk about in the open air as large as life, with a cigar in your mouth, I can't understand how you can very judiciously expect to go *unseen*, myself! What have you got about you, Erroll, to confer invisibility? You seem to expect it as your prerogative!"

"Bosh!" interrupted Bertie, striking a fusee. "But, by the way, my dear Cis, how came *you* to be looking at the moonlight last night? That isn't your line at all."

"Thank God, no! Who will may have the moon-rays for me: we can spend the night much more pleasantly than by looking at it! Who is she, mon cher? Such nocturnal depredations are poaching on my manor-rights; however, I don't grudge them to you. Katie or Jeanneton may make a very pretty picture with a broken pitcher or a gleaner's bundle for Mulready or Meissonnier, but in real life—no, thank you! No Psyche can lie on a hard pallet under a thatched roof. Bah! I thought better of you, Sabreur!"

Erroll laughed and didn't defend himself, but he looked a trifle thoughtful and worried for so insignificant an affair as a provincial *amourette*, which to that universal conqueror was usually something what knocking over a swallow with a stone might be to a splendid shot after the best bouquets of prime battues.

"Don't say anything about it, there's a good old fellow!" he said, carelessly, after a moment's pause—a pause apparently of some hesitation and indecision on a subject on which he seemed tempted to speak fully.

"Did I say anything about the other, last summer? If I were a man now who liked cabbage-roses, I should take my *droits de seigneur*, and turn you out from your monopoly. But on my life, Bertie, I don't understand your village *liaisons*," went on Strathmore, thinking no more about the matter than that the Sabreur's equal worship of Eros, whether the little god of mischief lived under a lean-to roof or a ceiling painted after Fragonard, was not his own line of action, and seemed an unintelligible elasticity of taste. "'A Gardener's Daughter' and 'Jacqueline la Boquetière' look very well in poetry and painting; so do rags and tatters; but, in real life, I can no more fancy making love to them, than taking to a beggar's clothes by choice. Love's born of the senses; then why the deuce take Love where half his senses must be shocked?"

"*L'amour est niveleur*!" laughed Erroll, a little more absent still

than usual. "He's the only real republican, the only sincere socialist going, my dear Cis; he won't complain where you take him so long as he has a soft nest in a white breast, and can talk in his own tongue! What do you know about him? You only 'make love' languidly to some *grande dame*, who blinds him with sandal-wood and stifles him in lace; or some Champs Elysées Aspasia, who drenches his wings with *vin mosseux*, smothers him in *cachemires*, kills him with *mots*, and sells him for *rouleaux*! Your god isn't *the* god!"

"My dear fellow, will you tell me in what religion my god is ever *the* god according to my neighbour's orthodoxy?" said Strathmore. "I say, Bertie, didn't you lose a good deal at the Spring Meetings? I told you that miserable bay was worth nothing."

Erroll laughed gaily.

"I *did* drop a good deal, but I cleared a few hundreds after at Goodwood, that put things a little square. Things always right themselves: worry's like a woman, who, if she sees she's no effect, leaves off plaguing you. Bills, like tears, are rained down on you if they disturb you an inch, but, if you're immovable to both, you see no more of either!"

"Comfortable creed! I never knew, though, that the unpaid and the unloved were quite so soon daunted! But, Bertie, you promised me that—that if——"

"My dear old fellow, I know I did!" broke in the Sabreur. "If I were in any mess for money, I would tell you frankly, and take from you as cheerfully as you'd lend——"

"Parole d'honneur?"

"Parole d'honneur! Won't that satisfy you?"

"No! I want to free you from those beggarly Jews. You might let me have my own whim here. Name any interest to me you like—a hundred per cent., if that will please you—but only——"

"Sign a bond that you'd tear in two and scatter to the winds, or thrust in the fire as soon as it was written! You served me that trick once," muttered Erroll; but his eyes grew soft with a grateful and cordial light as he looked at Strathmore. "Old fellow, you *know* how I thank you; but I can't let you have your whim here, though you're as true as steel, Strath, God bless you! I say, what does Paris think of Graziella? She's not worth half they rave of her in the Guards' Box, and her ankles are so atrociously thick!"

"The deuce they are! She owes everything to her face; her *pas de seul* would never be borne in public, only she's so extremely handsome for a *pas de deux* in private! Carlotta has ten times more grace; but Carlotta got a *claque* against her from the first; she began by being—virtuous, and, though she's seen the error of her ways, the imprudence will never be forgiven her. Virtue is as detrimental in the *Coulisses* as Honesty on 'Change! The professors of either soon get hissed down for such an eccentric innovation, and tire of its losing game before the sibilation!"

With which truism upon Life and Virtue, Strathmore walked on through the ferns, talking with Erroll of the topics of the hour, from the *carte* of the coming policies of Europe, to the best site for a new tan-gallop. That evening, as they strolled homewards in the mellow sunset, smoking and chatting, while Our Lady's bells chimed slowly and softly over woodland and cornland, over river and valley, in the Curfew chant,

was the last hour in which they enjoyed, untainted, the free, frank, *bon camarade* communion of a friendship that was closer than brotherhood and stronger than the tie of blood. It was the last before a woman laid the axe to its root.

And even now their conversation lagged, and their voices dropped to silence, as the thoughts of both were occupied by her whom neither named—Erroll musing with an impatient curiosity, a prophetic pre-science of distrust, on this sorceress-beauty which men attributed to the Marchioness of Vavasour and Vaux, yet which his friend averred had assailed him no more than the lifeless perfection of some Titian chef-d'œuvre; and Strathmore thinking of the hour, now near, when her hand should touch his, when the light of her eyes should glance on him again, when his own roof should shelter the loveliness which was fast shattering to the dust the proud panoply of his chill philosophies, and whose seductive sweetness had stolen into his life unperceived, from the first night that he had looked by the light of the spring stars on the *blonde aux yeux noirs* in Bohemia.

That evening Lady Vavasour drove through Paris; she had been staying with the Court at Compiègne, and was here but for a day or two in her favourite residence, which was peerless among cities as herself amidst womanhood. She and Paris both brilliant, sparkling, proud, without rival in their path, with their days one brilliant *fête de triomphe*, and their sovereign sceptre wreathed with flowers, suited and resembled each other—the Queen of Cities and the Queen of Fashion! And if in the Past and Future of the woman, as in the Past and Future of the city, there were cruelties which teemed with the ferocity of the tigress, lustful vanities which rioted with the licence of a Messalina, dark hours in which the Discrowned tasted of the bitterness of death; with both, the past was shrouded, and the future veiled. Paris, fair and stately, lay glittering in the sunset, with its myriad of lights a-lit, its song, its revels, its music; and Marion Marchioness of Vavasour and Vaux drove through the streets, her moqueur smile upon her lips, her silken lashes lazily drooped as she mused over a thousand victorious memories, her delicate form wrapped in costliest silks and laces, the very crowds doing homage to her as she passed through them, and they turned into the streets to glance after the loveliest woman of her day.

The carriage with its fretting roans, its mazarine-blue liveries, its outriders *à la Reine*,—for she passed through Paris with well-nigh as much pomp and circumstance as Montespan or Marie Antoinette,—halted before the doors of her hotel, and the people thronging on their way to the Boulevards and the Cafés chantants, turned to gaze at the superb equipage, and more at the loveliness which lay back upon its cushions, negligently indifferent to their gaze. Among the crowd was a woman, a gipsy, at whom a Quartier Latin student, who lived on a pipe and three *litre* a day, and dreamt of high art when he was not drunk with absinthe, looked, thinking ruefully what a model she would have made had he had a sou to give her; for as the double light of the sunset and the *réverbères* fell on her, her vagrant dress was Rembrandtesque, and her olive features had the dark, still, melancholy beauty of an Arab's—that mournful and immutable calm which Greek sculptors gave to the face of

Destiny and of the god Demeter, and which on the living countenance ever bespeaks repressed but concentrated passions. And this woman, mingling among the passengers that thronged the trottoir, drew nearer and nearer the carriage as it stopped before the Hotel Vavasour.

The horses pawed the ground impatient, the outriders pulled theirs up with noise and fracas, the Chasseur lowered the steps, and Lady Vavasour descended from her carriage, sweeping onwards with her royal, negligent grace, the subtle perfume of her dress wafted out upon the evening air. The Bohemian had drawn near; so near, that as she stretched forward this vagrant obstructed the path of the English peeress, and her heavy, weather-stained cloak, covered with the dust of the streets, all but touched the scented, gossamer, laces, and trailing train of the Leader of Fashion!

"*Chassez-la !*" said Marion Vavasour to her Chasseur, as she slightly drew back;—she, for whom sovereigns laid down their state, and before whose word bowed princes of the blood, to have her passage blocked by a beggar-woman! The Chasseur, obedient, struck the gipsy a sharp blow with his long white wand, and ordered her out of the way. She fell out of the path, and Lady Vavasour went onward up the steps of her hotel, and passed at once to her own rooms to make, still more elaborately than usual, her dinner toilette—S. A. R. le Prince d'Etoile and his Eminence the Cardinal Miraffora dined with her that night, and ere bringing down royal stags she loved to know that all her weapons were primed and burnished. As she sank into her couch, and resigned herself into the hands of her maids, she tossed carelessly over the hundred notes that had collected in her absence, and were heaped together on a Louis-Quinze salver, chased by Réveil; she glanced at this, threw that carelessly aside, till she had dismissed dozens, scarce reading a line; at last over one she paused, with an amused triumph glancing away the languor from her eyes, and a smile playing on her lips—a smile of success; while as she looked up from the letter to the face reflected in the mirror before her, the thought that floated through her mind was a fatal truth:

"My cold, proud Strathmore, who dared to disdain the power of woman!—you own it now, then, at last!"

And underneath the windows of her stately hotel the Bohemian still lingered, as though loth to leave the place, while the crowds brushed past her, and the carriage and the outriders swept away. When the blow of the Chasseur had struck her, and he had ordered her out of his path like a cur; the fixed, immutable melancholy of her face had not changed: she had spoken no word, made no sign, only her teeth had set tightly, and the light as of a flame had leaped for one moment into her eyes; this had been all. She lingered some moments longer, while the rush of the throngs jostled and moved her unnoticed: then she passed slowly away, walking wearily and painfully, with her head bowed, as the daylight faded, and the gas in the lamps glared brighter; while amidst the gay babble and the busy noise of Paris, her lips muttered to herself in the mellow Czeschen patois of her people:

"My beloved! my beloved! Redempta has not forgot thee, Redempta will yet avenge thee! Her hireling struck me, at her bidding, like a dog—that was not needed *too*. Patience!—the lowliest stone may serve to bring to earth the loftiest bird that soars!"

MY OWN EXPERIENCE OF A GHOST.

THOUGH some startling records have given interest to a recent volume,* it must be admitted that, as a class, ghost stories have gone out of favour: a natural consequence of the degradation of ghosts themselves.† Changed from objects of "a venerable superstition" to accomplices in a course of unpleasant illusions, they are no longer the mysterious beings who visited the glimpses of the moon, or stood before us at "the silent solemn hour when night and morning meet," in the gloomy chambers of some moated grange; they are made to affect the customs of the day—to have at Home's, receptions, where (though unseen) they are exhibited for a consideration; and when their proprietor or presiding genius retires from business, I suppose that, like other dealers in excitable commodities, he advertises his "remaining stock of spirits for sale." Personally they have become mere Raps of very doubtful character; if asked to appear, they simply make a bad Hand of it; and, like Money-lenders, must be dealt with through a Medium. It was not always thus. If we did not wish to have them on our visiting lists, we regarded them with respect; and I had myself this feeling in a very high degree till one of them deceived me; as I mean, in this brief paper, to relate with the veracity of a sworn witness before a bench of magistrates.

The event I refer to occurred in the early years of my minority. It was when I was living at Cheveley with a maiden aunt, who, under her brother's will, had the somewhat troublesome office of guarding me till I was of age. There was also living with her a Miss Melmoth, a young lady about whom there was considerable mystery. Indeed, she was in every respect a remarkable person. Her appearance was remarkable for a union of beauty and dignity unusual in one so young. Her acquirements were remarkable. She was acquainted with almost every language of civilised Europe. Her drawings had an excellence far beyond amateurship, and her music was not a mere accomplishment. As it is connected with my subject, I may also mention that she was a passionate devourer of romances.

She passed as the orphan daughter of a clergyman, but it was sometimes whispered that she was the natural child of the Earl of Colemore, whose place of Castle Colemore was not many miles from Cheveley. He had become attached, while at Rome, to a lady, who was herself of good family; but the attachment was a most unhappy one; there were painful circumstances of various kinds connected with it; the lady died, and scandal insinuated that she had previously given birth to the very lovely being who was known as Miss Melmoth. As an old friend of Lord Colemore's family, my aunt had disregarded these rumours, and for some years Miss Melmoth had been her guest at Cheveley. It was an old Elizabethan house, very little changed by modern improvements, full of long passages, barricaded doors, and strange recesses, and with mullioned

* *Strange Things Among Us*. By H. Spicer, Author of "Old Styles's." Chapman and Hall.

† Vide, *passim*, the article on Modern Spiritualism in the *Quarterly Review* for July: more especially pp. 179, 189, 183, 186, 193, 197, 201; but rather differently expressed.

windows of every size and shape. Here I lived entirely as a boy, and here I afterwards always passed my holidays.

As I generally returned there pretty well tired of severer studies, I should have become, if I had been allowed my own way, a huge reader of novels and romances; but my aunt had a notion that a love of fiction would probably have destroyed my reverence for truth. Though very different in every other respect from that celebrated personage Mr. Gradgrind, she had the same veneration for facts. Truth was not to be tampered with; and so long as her power over me continued, I could only indulge my fancy by occasionally purloining the books which Miss Melmoth obtained from the circulating library. I say purloining, because she had too much regard for my aunt to admit of her encouraging me in a taste which that good lady had condemned.

Lord Colemore had recently made frequent visits to Cheveley, and the day following the last of them, an open carriage, drawn by four splendid horses, had been sent to take Miss Melmoth to stay a few days at Castle Colemore. It was a fine autumn afternoon that she left us, accompanied by her maid, a person whom I greatly disliked.

I knew that there was in her room the third volume of a romance that had already powerfully excited my interest—it was, I believe, "*Caleb Williams*"—and in the evening, while there was still a kind of obscure light, I went in search of it. I could not venture upon taking a lamp, lest it might have led to inquiries. The room was a dark wainscoted chamber, with a single oriel window. I moved quietly to the door;—as I opened it I heard a moaning sigh, and, to my astonishment and dismay, I saw Miss Melmoth, whose departure I had myself witnessed, standing near the foot of the bed. I was never deficient in moral courage, and would at any time much rather encounter a ghost than a gorilla; so, after looking at her, fear-stricken, for a moment, I rushed forward to satisfy myself, but had scarcely come near her when she sunk and vanished.

I was at least sufficiently unnerved to prevent me from again entering the chamber; and in the morning a messenger from Castle Colemore brought the intelligence that the horses in the carriage she occupied had taken fright at a procession of Foresters—a circumstance very likely to have occurred—the carriage had been overturned, Miss Melmoth had died where she had fallen; her maid was so seriously hurt as to be unable to come back; and this had happened at the very time I had seen the apparition.

It was altogether so extraordinary an event, that, having devised a pretext for opening the door, I told my aunt all that I had seen. She listened to me very attentively, and as she was satisfied that I had been telling her the truth, the story was circulated amongst her friends, and I was made important by the many visitors who came to question me on the subject. Though I told them simply what I have here related, the usual additions were made. The apparition was said to have vanished in a Bengal light to the sound of soft music, or with warnings to myself of the certain wages of sin if I continued my habit of walking in the woods at sunset with the gamekeeper's daughter.

Amongst others who came to satisfy themselves was our respected Rector, a gentleman whose opinions were orthodox on all points. After hearing my narrative, he exclaimed that "It was very strange!" and he

then entered into a metaphysical disquisition upon our probable state of being after death. "We all admit," he said, "that spirits exist, and if they exist, why should they not sometimes show themselves?" As I was not aware, at the time, that this *why* was a mere figure of speech, and not a question intended to be answered, I innocently replied that "I really did not know. Probably they might not like the change of climate." The Rector looked at me somewhat suspiciously, and again exclaiming "It was very strange!" departed.

Matters thus remained, till, at the end of a few weeks, Miss Melmoth's disagreeable maid, Mrs. Evans, who had been under medical treatment at Castle Colemore, returned convalescent. I do not myself believe that much had ever ailed her. She fancied that Lord Colemore's valet meant to marry her, but he meant nothing of the kind, so she came back at last to ascertain, as she expressed it, what was to be her future position in Mrs. Townley's small establishment.

Cheveley, I have already mentioned, had been very little changed. Like many ancient mansions, it contained a room on an upper story, from which the mistress of the house could communicate with the servants in the large and lofty hall below. In my aunt's absence I often went there; for there were many nice things upon its shelves, and, amongst others, some pots of better marmalade than I ever partook of when I was, long afterwards, in the Crimea.*

During my present visit I heard the servants in the hall in animated conversation. "And pray," said Mrs. Evans, "what's the story that's being told all over the country of the ghost seen by that ugly little wretch Master William?" Ugly! This I must confess was rather too much; I felt hurt. I knew that I was little, but I had not till then the least suspicion that I was ugly. "Well," replied the upper chambermaid, "I'll tell you." And, to do her justice, she did tell it very correctly: the appearance, the sinking, the vanishing; no Bengal light, nor any of the silly additions that had been made. Mrs. Evans went off in a scream of laughter that I at first thought was hysterical, and then with her vile, shrill voice called out, "And was that all?" "Why, wasn't it very awful?" inquired the chambermaid. "Not a bit of it," rejoined Mrs. Evans; "it was nothing but her white muslin dress, poor thing! which I had hung to the gilded lamp-chain in the middle of the room, and I suppose when he touched it that it fell." "Well, now you mention it," said the chambermaid, "there *was* something lying upon the floor, but I durst not have meddled with it for the world; I suppose it must have been taken away by Mrs. Hare." Mrs. Hare was one of those humble helps who, in houses where there are many servants without much to do, are occasionally engaged to assist. "And I'll take good care," cried Mrs. Evans, "that Molly Hare don't keep it!"

The marmalade fell untasted from my lips. What had not this brief dialogue inflicted? My person libelled, my connexion with the supernatural destroyed; I felt like a deposed king, deprived of the throne I had unworthily occupied, and sent forth an exile into the regions of ridicule and contempt. All of the marvellous that remained was, that I should have survived my fall.

* As I do not pretend to be a fighting man, I may as well say frankly that my appointment was in the Commissariat.

MADELON.*

ALEXANDRE DUMAS père has in his chef-d'œuvre of fiction, "Monte Christo," worked out the idea of Providence acting through the medium of man in bringing about the eternal decrees of a retributive justice. Edmond About has devoted his powers to working out a somewhat similar idea, only that in what he manifestly intends to be also his chef-d'œuvre—a labour of love, and of three long years of "obstinate application and minute care"—a woman, one the parallel to whom can only be found in the tragical episodes of heathen mythology, is, unknowingly to herself, made the passive instrument of working out good and evil.

Laying aside the questionable means employed—upon which point there can be no two opinions—it may also be inquired by some if such is one of the legitimate provinces of fiction. Our answer would be, decidedly so. To those who believe that the eternal principles of right and wrong—that beauty and right, for example—can, under all circumstances, only be beauty and right, and that they are not conditional qualities, all such labours would appear supererogatory; but to those who, like ourselves, believe them to be conditional qualities, it appears to be a legitimate object of fiction to depict how, in this imperfect world of ours, good may be wrought out of evil. It is not given to us, even as free agents, to determine what is just or unjust, human or inhuman, in the decrees of the All Merciful, although the school of Dr. Colenso assume the power to do so as an axiom; but it is clear not only that excellence and right, which are only other names for perfection, are as dependent on the qualities of him who prescribes (in other words, on attendant circumstances) as on the qualities of that respecting which the prescription is made. Take, for example, as an abstract proposition to men of this age, the command, "To destroy thousands of men, women, and children for national evil courses—to withhold the eye from pity." Even to destroy utterly may be, as some think proper to describe it, "unjust and inhuman;" but if, by its execution, one hundred times the number of those destroyed would be turned from like evil courses, and would not have been reclaimed by any other means, it would be unjust and inhuman to command or to permit "the eye to pity, and not to destroy utterly." It required a Napoleon to put down the sanguinary saturnalia of the Republicans; but Napoleon was also, for wise purposes, constituted an ambitious man: his wars entailed retributive justice in the destruction of thousands and tens of thousands, and twice brought coalesced Europe to the ensanguined capital of the Franks. Something of the same kind may at the present moment be enacting in the New World. It is not for us to determine, still less to judge. Time will do that. But it is not an illegitimate province of fiction to fancy, paint, or depict, how in this strangely constituted world of ours unanticipated results may be brought about by the working of unanticipated causes.

* Madelon. Edmond About. Paris: Hachette et Co.

We hasten, however, to introduce this modern Lachesis to our readers. The words of the describer himself will be most appropriate :

Madelon (for it was herself) contemplated her friend from head to foot, opening, at the same time, two grey-blue eyes, neither large nor small, neither beautiful nor ugly, but charming. The real merit of those eyes, their only originality, consisted in I know not what, of naïveté, of constant astonishment, which is generally met with only in the look of children. She was not a beauty this Madelon, so brilliant and so much sought after; she was less, and yet she was more. Her forehead was low, and she almost entirely buried it under a multitude of little curls, fine as the silk of a young griffon. These fair curls, much talked of in Paris, did not group into a very dense forest; putting them all together, you would only have had a handful. But they were soft to the touch, and their colour married agreeably with the clearest and most roseate complexion in the world. The lovers of stupid classical regularity found no end of faults with her figure; the celebrated Ducasson, historical painter, pupil of Girodet, and praised by M. Delécluze in the *Débats*, in vain attempted to paint her. He almost showed her the door of his study, saying to her, "No one will ever paint your portrait; you have no lines!" I think, however, that Van Dyck or Lawrence, or even Edouard Dubufe, could have made something of her strange beauty. Although her nose was neither aquiline, nor straight, nor turned up; although her teeth, small and white, were not as regular as Prussian soldiers, the want of correctness in her features melted away in the softest harmony. One felt, on seeing her, the same sensation that is experienced in smelling a bouquet of heliotropes, or tasting a delicious fruit: it was a plenitude of the senses, something complete and superabundant that made the heart flow over. Her person, excessively delicate, and not disguised by the filling up of her toilette, moved with undulating grace. Her bust was too short and her legs too long; a common fault with the finest statues of Greek art. The chaste and youthful waist appeared to belong to a child of fifteen years of age; the magnificent fullness of the haunches indicated the ripe woman. This strange creature, a mixture of incredible perfections and of still more charming defects, had a long foot, curved like that of a hunting Diana, a hand perhaps a little too thin and transparent, but so soft that it exercised an irresistible attraction, and it took possession of a man merely on touching the extremity of his fingers. She had a tremulous, unequal voice, liable to harshness, but penetrating, divinely tuned, sweet and incisive at the same time.

Her age, her origin, her education, her talent, everything about her, was the subject of discussion, and men spoke of her in most diverse senses in the "cercle" between midnight and two in the morning. Such a one gave her twenty years or more, another averred that he had seen her dance in 1824 on the stage at Bordeaux. Her name was Madeleine Dunois, according to some, and she descended in a direct line from the heroic bastard; according to others, she was the child of a concierge, Lenoit by name. Some said she was endowed with wit and conversational powers; some papers went so far as to attribute very amusing repartees to her. Others declared that she could neither read nor write, still less converse correctly. Her education had been perfected in the Sacré-Cœur of Bordeaux, according to some; in a public-house that neighboured the convent, according to others. She was proclaimed to be rich and avaricious, and then of being prodigal and indebted to her washerwoman alone in 80,000 francs. One of her best friends, interrogated as to the resources that might be at her disposal, replied, "How can she ever be happy? She is a baby who can't live for less than 100 Louis a day!" The persimistes pretended that she had gone through every possible grade of infamy; her servants related that she gave 100 francs to the postilion on coming home from Chantilly. The sons of good families, whom she had reduced till they had been obliged to enlist in the Chasseurs d'Afrique, were

named in the same breath with a poor youth with whom she had lived secluded at Meudon, clothed with wool and feasting on fresh eggs. No female was more extravagantly praised and calumniated at the same time; no other enjoyed to the same degree the pleasant and the bitter privileges of being a celebrity in Paris.

The women whom she had supplanted, and they were not few in number, were inveterate against her, and the men whom she had repudiated scandalised her at the clubs; there are always a few to be found at such places who are more loquacious than magpies. But she was just as energetically defended by the men whom she favoured, and, what is most strange, by those whom she had favoured. He who had conversed with her once on intimate terms remained her friend for life. Hence it was that it was said of her that under pressing danger she had only to beat a drum in order to collect an army.

Such, then, was the personage who filled so important a place in Parisian society at the time of our story, and whose favours were at that very moment coveted by three persons of different age and position. Gérard Bonneville, a young diplomatist, nephew to M. Champion, deputy and director at the Marine; "His Insolence" Prince Astolphe d'Armagne, a spendthrift and a roué, but not devoid of a certain originality of character; and the old Marquis de Gigoult, little, spare, and seventy years of age, but active, clever, and rich, and, more than all, triumphant. The position of the three in relation to Madame de Fleurus, as Madelon was called in society, engendered, as may be imagined, no small amount of rivalry; but poor Gérard, after exhausting his means in the pursuit of the syren, got his dismissal by a curious incident, he having become almost unintentionally the bearer of a letter to the fair one from M. de Gigoult renouncing his pretensions, as he said he did not wish to be made the subject of ridicule. When the exquisite received this farewell note by the hands of her admirer:

"Read it!" she said to Gérard, throwing him the precious epistle. "You do not calumniate yourself, 'mon cher,' you have been 'archibête.' But, for Heaven's sake, never make such a fool of yourself in the presence of a woman who may have had illusions on your account."

The poor youth read with a piteous eye the epistle that learnt him many things. But as he was young and French, he rebounded from the blow.

"My dear friend," he said to Madelon, "I have lost the game, and you are justified in laughing at me before my nose. You shall not see me again till I have had my revenge."

The woman of the world, however, exposed to the enamoured youth the folly of the steps he proposed to himself to take, and which would only render the ridicule more public. She concluded her exposition of the matter by declaring that the old marquis should be restored to her. She did not love him, she said, a bit more than Gérard; but she said, "People, do not leave me. It is I who dismiss them. Witness the young and unfortunate Bonneville!"

"You no longer love me, then?"

"No longer is rather an assumption. Are you quite sure that I have ever loved you? Under any circumstances, mon cher, you exist no longer for me, since you have made yourself ridiculous in my eyes. We sometimes pardon the man who beats us, never he who makes us laugh. It is hard, but so it is. Your age and good looks destined you possibly to play

the part of a lover, but the marquis's letter involves you for ever in comedy. Good night."

Gérard Bonneville remained thunderstruck on the pavement. What was worse, his confusion was witnessed by Belley and Magran, two young friends upon town, from whom he in vain attempted to disguise the real state of affairs. An Italian, discarded by his mistress, meets a friend, throws himself into his arms, weeps, and tells everything. A Frenchman orders a dinner. Gérard made the best of his way to the Moulin Rouge, and ordered dinner for two in a cabinet. He wished to keep up appearances to the last, but his clever manœuvres deceived no one, as he happened to be, on that cold evening of December, the only person dining at that rural restaurant. Gérard Bonneville's position was not an enviable one; not only had he been discarded by his mistress, but so lavish had he been in his expenses, that he was literally left at the same time almost "*sans le sou*." At this crisis his uncle, deputy and "director of Marine," came to his aid. M. Noël Champion is perhaps one of the best sketched and most original characters in the series. Of all the adventurers who had risen by successive revolutions to become a statesman, M. Champion was the most distinguished in point of his cravate. His high stock of black satin framed a most dogmatic face, all jaws and "toupet." The remnant of a head of hair, so designated, rose like a pyramid of pepper and salt from his bald cranium, stiff as a brush, and with an aspect of defiance. It was more than an ornament, more than a flag; it was positively a weapon of defence! Looking at it, the spectator was involuntarily reminded of the horn of a rhinoceros, which is also a "toupet" of agglutinated hairs. A small nose, a retreating forehead, little eyes, long, yellow teeth, and strong jaws, complete the head, which itself was sustained upon a small but knotty body, with a prominent abdomen, knees turned in, prodigious ankles, and flat feet.

M. Champion's precedents were edifying. As a student, he had rendered himself useful to M. Mauginet, whose lectures he stereographed, and whose books and papers he carried to and fro. So he got himself adopted as an "interne" at the professor's house, and soon, upon the occasion of the professor's indisposition, took his place in the professional chair of "Moral Philosophy" at the Collège de France. So great was his success—a success won by flattering his audience—that when M. Mauginet recovered, the pupils would not listen to him, and insisted upon having M. Champion. An especial chair had to be created for him before peace could be restored at the college. At the same epoch he married Mademoiselle Sophie Bonneville, a rich orphan, who fell in love with the eloquence of the man. This lady did not, however, long survive the treatment she experienced at the hands of this gnome, and who, seeing that her health was failing her, induced her to draw up an informal statement in his favour. This document was contested by a brother, but M. Champion avoided litigation, and saved his life-interest in Meillan—such was the name of the property—by leaving M. Bonneville in possession, and securing the reversion to our friend Gérard, M. Champion's nephew, and M. Bonneville's son. He also won over M. Bonneville's interest as a candidate for the representation of the department, and it was thus that, in 1828, he took his seat among the deputies of the Left, under the Martignac ministry. In 1829 he foresaw a catastrophe, and

at once selling off everything that he could dispose of, including an interest he had obtained by covert means in a daily paper, he was enabled to lay by two hundred thousand francs in a strong-box. The catastrophe came, the value of property fell, and M. Champion, who had been offered a prefecture by the new government, but which he exchanged for the directorship of Marine—with the business of which department he was as much acquainted as the gorillas from which he descended—turned his two hundred thousand francs into two hundred thousand crowns. Nine years after that, his salaries, his revenues, and the interest upon accumulations—for he spent little or nothing—brought him in about one hundred thousand francs a year. There is nothing a French romancer likes to dwell upon so much as fabulous sums of money and El Dorado incomes. Hence the popularity of English milords and Russian princes in the Quartier Latin and Rue Breda, with Madelons and their biographers.

The meeting of the uncle and nephew on the morning after the catastrophe before alluded to was of an interesting character. The wily M. Champion was perfectly aware that his precious nephew was bankrupt in finance, and his object was to make the most he could out of the circumstance. He did not, however, know that he was bankrupt in love at the same time. Upon this occasion the uncle came with a proposition. It was to the effect that the young man should accept a situation as sub-prefect of Frauenbourg, in Alsatia, with an annuity of twenty thousand francs mortgaged on the house in the Rue St. Honoré, and as a condition that he should make over his reversion of Meillan, so that the property might be sold. Gérard, who, like all young Parisians, believed that it was impossible to live anywhere but in Paris, naturally declined—the more so, as he understood that the said sub-prefecture was to be obtained through the instrumentality of his rival, M. de Gigault. M. Champion was not, however, the man to be put aside from what he had resolved upon with a mere refusal. He determined to visit Madelon herself, in order to induce that lady to lay aside her pretensions upon Gérard. Great was his surprise and delight, then, when in the presence of that charming person, he heard that she had already given him his dismissal. The interview between the old cynocephalus and the fair lady is one of the best scenes in the book. Everything combined against the quondam professor, now minister of state. The furniture, the pictures, the very atmosphere of the place, all redolent of ease and luxury, made assaults upon his virtue, which the charms of the lady converted into a positive capitulation. Learning, wisdom, propriety, dignity, even age, succumbed before the seductions of the Rue Louis le Grand, and the formidable M. Champion concluded his visit by abject requests for permission to return. "Allow me to come and see you, to have the pleasure of conversing with you occasionally, as Socrates used to do with Aspasia. It may benefit you some day. Aspasia would never have been wedded to Pericles if the friendship of a sage had not raised her in the estimation of the Athenians!" Poor M. Champion, on taking leave, was so prodigal as to present Frédégonde, the lady's maid, with a franc; but she returned it, saying that the Louis he had given her was of silver—he had to disburse twenty. The same night the Socrates of the Collège de France, and the Demosthenes of the Left, put on a false nose and moustaches to go to the bal at the Opéra. Madelon was there. Gérard, on

his side, had in the mean time applied to all his intimate friends for loans, but he met with nothing but excuses. He had no alternative left but Frauenbourg or Clichy, and before two months had elapsed he gave himself up—wrists and ankles in shackles—to his uncle. M. Champion acted like a prince, he paid his debts, ensured him an income of twenty thousand francs upon making over his reversion, and obtained for him an appointment as sub-prefect. It was the last act of the ministry that fell on the 1st of March, 1840.

The leading families of Frauenbourg—a pretty little town at the foot of the Alsatian Vosges, consisting mainly of one street, a place of repose for waggoners, on which was then the highway from Paris to Strasburg—were the Guernays and the Jeffs. The Guernays were at once the great farmers and millers of the place. The head of the family was the Baron Hubert de Guernay; he belonged, according to our romancer, to the same family as the Gurneys of England. He inherited the property under his mother, the daughter of old Sturm, the miller, and who had wedded his father when a lieutenant in a marching regiment, and thus settled the Guernays at Frauenbourg.

Baron Hubert, given chiefly to sports of the field, had wedded early in life Marguerite Honnoré, daughter of the mayor of Frauenbourg, and the family was so united that the Honnorés took up their residence at the château, as the house and farm—not the mill, although the latter with its six pair of millstones brought in a very handsome revenue—was called. There were six children, four boys and two girls, sprung from this felicitous union.

The next two most important personages were the Jeffs, father and son, usurers and misers, who reside at the old neglected château of Krottenweyer, or “the Toad’s Pool,” so called from a pond in front of the château, which was at certain seasons of the year frequented by hosts of these repulsive *Batrachia*, that came down from the forests to breed in its stagnant waters. A thousand evil stories were current regarding these two personages—old and young Jeffs—how they had obtained possession of the said château, of land and vast forest domains, by trickery, and how by usurious practices they had entailed the suicide of some of the inhabitants of the place, and now they lived, guarded by ferocious dogs, a cat-and-dog life themselves, with only two attendants in the house.

Monsieur Honnoré père attended to the farm and to the mill, whilst the baron, in the prime of his age, followed the pursuits of the field. The old mayor of Frauenbourg was a theorist, or rather a utopist, and he entertained peculiar views as to the future of his natal town. At this epoch the railway to Strasburg, now a reality, was only a matter of the future. M. Honnoré hoped that the line would pass through Frauenbourg; he was well aware that the town depended for its existence on the fact of its being a place of transit for the waggoners on their way from Strasburg to Paris, and that the railway would supersede altogether that important source of revenue; but he expected that this evil would be counterbalanced by the facilities which the said railway would present for sending the productions of the country to market. But here a formidable difficulty presented itself in that oft-discussed legal arrangement by which in France the rights of the eldest are abrogated, and landed pro-

perty is thus divided and subdivided with the progress of time into the most infinitesimal portions. M. Honnoré met this difficulty by a remarkably ingenious hypothesis of his own. As it was impossible to farm to advantage except on a large scale—small portions of land becoming only so many small gardens—he projected uniting as much land as possible, under a kind of limited liability company, the whole to be farmed for the benefit of each proprietor, each receiving his share of profits according to the amount of land he had contributed to the general farm, and a fair division of profits upon the whole. This scheme presented another advantage, that it left small proprietors time to devote themselves to other profitable pursuits, instead of toiling to obtain a wretched existence from an infinitesimal fraction of territory. The greatest difficulty that M. Honnoré had to combat with in carrying out these wise and philanthropic ideas had their origin in the malpractices of the Jeffs, who profiting by the poverty of these small landholders to advance them money at usurious interests, thus held the greater portion of the land under bond, and stood in the way of its being used for the common benefit. It may be easily imagined that this, combined with other circumstances—one of their victims, an innkeeper of the town, having selected the mill-pond as his place of suicide—had engendered a permanent state of hostility between the two camps, the Honnorés and De Guernays and the Jeffs.

This long preamble has been rendered necessary, inasmuch as the interest of the story is made in part to depend upon the development of these theoretical projects of M. Honnoré, and the opposition of the Jeffs—the latter having, in fact, ultimately succeeded by their manoeuvres in driving the railway over another part of the Vosges, by Saverne and the beautiful valley of the Zorn.

It was the custom at the mill to invite every year a whole host of friends to the opening of the shooting season. The forests of the Vosges, as well as the cultivated lands and marshes below, all abound in game: wild boar, deer, hares, cocks of the wood, grouse, partridges, quails, with woodcock and snipe in the season—everything, indeed, save pheasants, which did not acclimatise, and rabbits that were extirpated as a nuisance. There were fifteen spare bedrooms, and a whole arsenal of fowling-pieces and ammunition. The reception of so many guests entailed great additional labour on Madame Honnoré, but she never grumbled, but went about her work with inexhaustible energy and good humour. Among the invited of 1840 was "son insolence Astolphe, Prince d'Armagne." Astolphe had established for himself one of the worst reputations as a roué and spendthrift in Paris, but we are told that that is just what made him the greatest favourite with the fair sex, and his company was anxiously sought for from one end of France to the other. Without having any peculiar talent, he was a finished gentleman, dressed well, rode well, talked well, and, above all, by his energy and activity, kept a whole party alive and in motion that without him might have been in danger of a collapse.

Astolphe arrived at Frauenbourg from Baden-Baden on the 13th of September, just seven days before the annual fête, dressed in a costume of plaid; and he had not been a day in the house before he had made a confession of his passion for Madelon, whom he had left in company with M.

de Gigoult, on the Rhine, to his old friend Baron Hubert de Guernay. The baron expostulated in the language of a man of sense and rectitude against this foolish passion. Was she not a venal, unprincipled person, altogether unworthy of his passion? Astolphe admitted the fact; he even exhibited to his friend a document originating from the prefecture of police, and which had been obtained by his sister, in order also to detach him from his ruinous infatuation. It ran as follows:

Madeleine, alias Madelon, alias Bordeaux, alias Schottish, alias Blondine, alias Refait, alias Madame Poteau, alias Madame de Tosty, alias Madame Love, alias Madame de Fleurus, born at Bordeaux between 1810 and 1815, of unknown parents; brought up by the woman Lenoit, wool-comber, who appears to have speculated upon her from her early youth; engaged as figurante at the theatre of that city, condemned to six months' imprisonment on the 11th of January, 1833, for pilfering a watch from a box in said theatre; arrived in Paris in 1834, upon the suicide of the young M. her lover; soon attained celebrity in the balls of the left bank of the river; fell into great poverty. Inscribed on the 22nd of August, 1836, imprisoned for six weeks for not observing the rules; kept by Monsieur Poteau, draper of the Rue Saint Denis, whom she hurried into bankruptcy; rehabilitated in the world by the Neapolitan Baron Tosti, who perished in a duel; enriched by the Scotch banker, M. Love; and finally, after innumerable adventures, protected by the Marquis de Gigoult. A very dangerous personage, endowed with an agreeable appearance and a singularly attractive manner, she has been the ruin of many sons of good families. Plays high stakes, but not at her own house, and possesses a luxuriously furnished home. Her actual residence being Rue Louis le Grand.

The worthy Hubert had not much difficulty, after perusing this precious document, in calming the febrile excitement of his friend. He reasoned with him, indeed, so long and so well, as to induce him to write a letter to the syren, breaking off all further connexion. The letter was as follows:

MY DEAR MADELON.—Your tribulations are over; I will no longer persecute you with my love. I love you no longer; I am, indeed, almost certain that I never loved you. That is what I have discovered on arriving at Frauenbourg. It is a pretty little town that one passes through in posting from Baden to Paris. Yes, my dear, Providence has thrown me, all palpitating, into the midst of a family of worthy people; it is as if I had taken a bath of virtue. Do you know that there is something very refreshing in virtue? I beg your pardon, how stupid I am to write to you about such things. Certain it is, however, that I no longer fear you, that I have become myself again, that I shall go out shooting to-morrow, and that I shall dance on Sunday and the following days with pretty and virtuous girls at the festival of St. Eustache, which is that of the place. May you be happy after your own fashion, and endeavour to lay your hand upon another fool, more incurable than your old adorer!

ASTOLPHE.

Clever and experienced as the prince was in the ways of the world, he did not admit to himself that every word of his letter was an invitation to Madelon to the festival at Frauenbourg. And as might have been anticipated—for nothing excites a character of that description so much as a little opposition—this most dangerous lady fell like a bomb-shell into the midst of the rural festival in the Vosges. She had simply announced to M. Gigoult that she was weary with Baden, and had forthwith packed

up for her departure. They started without the marquis scarcely knowing whither he was bound; they breakfasted at Strasbourg and dined at Frauenbourg, where Madelon, discovering accidentally that it was the fête of the place, prevailed upon her companion to stop the night, simply that they might enjoy the variety of a rustic ball. What was still more singular, and just as accidental, was that M. Champion also followed in the train of the same happy party, and fell with similar unexpectedness into the company of his cherished nephew, the sub-prefect of Frauenbourg, and the rest of the assembled party.

The result of this gathering of old and new lovers was attended by events little expected. Madelon appeared at the ball in a dress of white muslin without a jewel. The calm of innocence was impressed upon her roseate countenance; a virginal perfume emanated from her whole person; her fair hair, her eyelids lowered, her modest smile, made up an angelic total. It was the Margaret of Goethe before she met Faust. She was at once hailed as the queen of beauty in the ball-room, and was soon surrounded by a circle of admirers—without her own court—which, as we have seen, was “accidentally” very large at Frauenbourg. Among those who were most captivated was the miserly recluse, Jeffs. So impetuous did his passion become, that he was engaged the same evening in a scuffle because Madelon had failed in an engagement to dance with him, led off by the irresistible Astolphe. He did not, however, allow his feelings to carry him away so far as to accept the reparation that was offered to him, and which is usual among gentlemen in such cases. His person was of too great a value to him.

The event suggested to the astute Astolphe, however, a line of proceeding which was replete with strange consequences. He knew that Jeffs was the Guernays’ greatest enemy—that he alone frustrated all their projects for improving the condition of Frauenbourg—and thinking of wolves devouring wolves, he came to the conclusion that Jeffs’s destruction could not be more effectively secured than by taking advantage of the miser’s sudden passion for the fair Madelon. He accordingly encouraged him in his folly, represented the Marquis de Gigoult as her uncle, and recommended an application in form to be made. M. Jeffs employed for this purpose a German Jew, Molsheim by name, whom he despatched the next morning to the Three Kings with a formal demand for the hand of Madelon. M. Gigoult saw at once through the mystification practised; he received the envoy like a man of the world, and contented himself with excuses on the plea of the young lady’s tender age and delicate health! Molsheim was, however, a wily practitioner, and, not satisfied with a formal application to the marquis, he at the same time addressed a less formal one to the lady herself through her maid, Frédégonde. Astolphe, who, as a rival, detested M. Gigoult almost as much as he despised M. Jeffs, made his appearance at the Three Kings the same morning. He brought the conversation in the presence of Madelon upon the proprietor of Krottenweyer, exalted his qualities, praised his person, his mind, intellect, and courage, dwelt modestly upon his passionate devotion, and enlarged eloquently upon his boundless means and possessions—his millions—the *sine quâ non* of a Parisian. M. Champion also came in the same morning; Jeffs was of use to him in his candidature as a deputy, and he spoke with political cor-

diality in his favour. Madelon, who at first had joined the old marquis in laughter at the expense of the boor, exclaimed at last,

"Let us be off to Paris. I shall allow myself to be tempted at the end."

The marquis, who began to see matters were getting serious, at once ordered the baggage to be got ready, and in a few hours uncle and niece were on their way through Champagne, leaving Champion, Astolphe, Bonneville, and Jeffs, in the lurch.

There is, however, as the proverb says, a skeleton in every man or woman's house. Madelon had hers in the shape of a rude, uncultivated, unprincipled, spendthrift brother, who went by the name of Lenoît. This brother, on her return to Paris, was labouring under a severe form of scarletina. Madelon and M. de Gigoalt both caught the infection, and by the time that Astolphe returned to Paris the marquis was no more; but Madelon and her brother were convalescent. The report of the fatal malady in the Rue Louis le Grand had spread, however, over all Paris, and while Madelon's friends carefully avoided the house of ill repute, that lady's creditors, on the contrary, terrified at the disappearance of her wealthy protector, flocked to its doors. Did a disease of whatsoever malignancy ever terrify a creditor? Madelon paid all she could, and when she could no more, she sent Frédégonde to the Mountain of Piety, as the Parisians call the establishment distinguished by the three Lombardian balls. It was under these circumstances that Astolphe, backed by Frédégonde, who had been largely bribed (with promises) by M. Molsheim, returned to the charge:

"Madame must admit," the soubrette ventured one evening, when it was wet and rainy, notwithstanding which the creditors were still knocking at the door, "that Paris is not very amusing—as seen from hence!"

"Hold your tongue! I hate it and all its inhabitants, men, women, and Auvergnats."

"If I were madame, I should prefer the country."

"No doubt; I think I see you in your wooden shoes."

"They don't wear wooden shoes in châteaux."

"Don't talk nonsense; if I were to play the honest woman, I might take up the part seriously."

"And why not? There are many worse men than that M. Jeffs, who loves you so much."

"Madame Jeffs! that would never do; but we could take the name of the property. Every one can have jewels and horses, but every one cannot have a real husband. Six months in the country, two at Baden, four at Paris, a box at the Opera. Jeffs does not look the man of the world; but once decorated, leave that to me."

"He will not know what it will cost him."

"That concerns myself. The die is cast. You can write to Father Molsheim."

The worthy Jew was busy at that moment with M. de Bonneville in ensuring the return of M. Champion. The Guernays supported a young barrister of Colmar, a young man of high principles, of great promise, and a sound reformer of existing abuses. Jeffs himself was engaged in the German principality of Teufelschwantz, where he was bidding for a large forest, the property of Prince Mathias XXIII. This was an old game of his. He bought a forest, repaid the capital by the sale of the

wood, and thus obtained the land for nothing. The election decided in favour of the immaculate Champion, Molsheim hastened away to his patron to inform him as to the tenor of advices received from Paris. Jeffs was so delighted, that he hastily concluded his purchase and hurried off to the metropolis. On arriving, he, in his impetuosity, even ordered a fly forthwith to Rue Bellechasse, No. 122, the address given by Frédégonde. The Hôtel Rue Louis le Grand was too well known to carry out the intended comedy. An old family house in the Faubourg Saint Germain had been selected for the purpose. Madelon, who had great regard for proprieties, dismissed her intended, however, forthwith to the Hôtel Meurice, and told him, if he came to pay his court, he must make a more formal call on the morrow. Then there was the notary to be seen. Matters, however, went on expeditiously—the rustic miser was stimulated by love, the lady by apprehensions of a catastrophe. Her marriage was the tenth and the most singular of all the incarnations of this female Vishnu, and the rumour of this alliance was spreading far and wide with perilous rapidity. At one moment Madelon's heart misgave her, and she appealed to Astolphe to make an honest woman of her.

"It is too late," the prince contented himself with observing. "I would rather you should wed M. Jeffs."

The ceremony was gone through, and it was followed by a *déjeuner* at the Moulin Rouge. Jeffs's relatives were there; Madelon had none, so they were represented by her friends, who knew how to keep their countenances, and to show due respect to the lady's orange-blossoms. The *déjeuner* was followed by the usual promenade in the Bois de Boulogne, and the happy Benedick was somewhat taken aback by the number of gentlemen who nodded familiarly to his young wife.

"Oh! it is the custom in Paris," one of Madelon's friends explained; "pedestrians take off their hats to a funeral, cavaliers nod to a marriage."

Madame Jeffs was materially assisted in rehabilitating Krottenweyer by a myriad of knick-knacks and curiosities which she disinterred from the old cabinets and closets in that roomy château. Arms, bronzes, tapestry, sculptures, paintings, Florentine furniture, consols, pianos, all came to her hand from out of these accumulations of the two misers, who had for years consigned all these works of art to the spiders. Some months were thus passed in the not unpleasant occupation of setting her new house in order, and as her husband's devotion rather increased than diminished in her company, she accommodated herself so thoroughly to the new position in which she was placed as even to become perfectly pleased with it. Nay, she even took an interest in her husband's speculations, and whilst he plotted the ruin of the Guernays' property, and of the Limited Liability Land Company, by cutting down the forests, digging up the peat, and inundating the low lands, she was amusing herself with the more humble occupation of selling the fish and toads that abounded in the pond of Krottenweyer. She had read somewhere that English horticulturists encouraged toads in their gardens to destroy snails. Unfortunately, twelve thousand interesting animals, despatched to that country *viâ* Havre, perished on the way, whilst the pond, having been overstocked with carp, became a piscine cemetery. Madelon became convinced that speculation was not her forte, so she left it to her husband. "Decidedly," she said to her better half, "you were born to make money. I was born to spend it. Well! let us each retain his speciality!"

Unfortunately, the enmity existing between the Guernays and the Jeffs broke out in open hostility. The ladies were rival patronesses of the society of *Bon Secours*, the gentlemen in politics, in the municipality, and in business. The ladies, thrown involuntarily together in a good work, soon came to open war. The hostility of the gentlemen also became infinitely more inveterate when the quarrels of their respective ladies came to add to previously existing bitterness. M. de Guernay held a terrible weapon in his possession. He had the paper consigned to him by Astolphe, the police record of Madelon's antecedents, and he could at any moment irretrievably injure her reputation with her husband and every individual of *Frauenbourg*; but he kept his secret amid all the trials to which both himself and his wife were subjected by the brutal cupidity of the man, and the impudence and arrogance of the woman; for he knew the objects which the prince had in view when he had plotted the marriage, and he waited for time to bring about the anticipated dénouement.

There is, however, no man so virtuous but that he has his weak point. Hostilities were carried on with so much impetuosity, that M. de Guernay was induced, in the excitement of the moment, to betray to Madelon the secret that was in his possession. The line of conduct which the lady adopted, under circumstances that would have crushed any other woman, were worthy of her reputation and experience. She declared herself to be in love with the baron—a perfect Nimrod, but a child in the ways of the world—and he had the folly to believe her. M. de Guernay actually ran away with his own and his wife's greatest enemy—*Madame Jeffs*! This, too, at the very moment that M. Honnoré was just gaining a long, tedious, and most expensive litigation that he had inaugurated against the Jeffs. The proprietor of *Krottenweyer* was half ruined and widowed the same day. Madelon, however, soon left Hubert at Venice, whence she fled to Naples, after robbing him of his last swanzig, in company of the tenor Antonio Pajaro, and Hubert returned a wiser and a better man to the bosom of his family, where he was received as if nothing had happened.

On the 10th of June, 1853, Astolphe, who had succeeded to the title of Duc de Cambry, and the Baron de Guernay, were breakfasting in a little hotel in Paris. The baron had come to town to place out his sons, and had sought his old friend to assist him in obtaining the said places for them. They were talking over old times.

"Poor woman!" muttered Astolphe, "I loved her very much. But, my dear friend, we were wrongly inspired that night of the famous ball! I said to you there are two bad characters, let us marry them in order to punish them. We did not foresee that their punishment would entail that of all the worthy people who were connected with them."

"And Jeffs, too," remarked the baron; "he went distracted under the double blow, was admitted an inmate of an asylum, but recovered upon the sight of an old coin, resumed his usurious speculations, and is going on now as well as ever!"

"The end of all true histories is the same," remarked the duke—"virtue punished, vice recompensed. M. de Champion is a millionaire and a 'rouge'; M. de Bonneville has changed his name to *Estrangeville*, the title of his wife's property; and as to Madelon, they say she poisoned herself when abandoned by her tenor for a rich and old English lady."

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The conversation was interrupted here by a valet bringing in a card. "Countess Lena! Who the deuce is that? Well, show her in!" exclaimed the duke.

The door opened; it was Madelon herself.

"Ah, poor Astolphe!" she said, smiling, "you are petrified. But it is just myself, Madeleine, alias Madelon, alias Schottisch, as is said in the prefect's song."

"And where do you come from?"

"From Germany. But, my dear baron, I did not notice you!" And she stretched forth her hand as if to a mere passing acquaintance. "You thought I was poisoned. I was certainly ill; the conduct of the *tenon* Pajaro disgusted me with life. But I was brought back to a sense of its enjoyments by the attentions of a German prince—Mathias XXIV.—whose father—Mathias XXIII.—had just been carried off by the gout. He would marry me if I were only a widow. What a pity! Failing that, he has constituted me Countess Lena, and has rehabilitated me in the world."

"Poor Prince Teufelschwantz!" said the two friends, with the same involuntary sigh.

I THINK OF THEE WITH HAPPINESS.

BY FREDERICK ENOCH.

I THINK of thee with happiness,
 With joy I think of thee,
 I know thy life is made to bless
 Where'er thy lot may be;
 I know thy faithful heart will take
 A bliss where'er it goes,
 And goodness with its being wake
 As sunshine wakes the rose.

I think of thee with happiness,
 I know thy life must be
 A happy course, that none the less
 While blessing blesses thee;
 A gentle stream I see it glide,
 And mirror'd in its love
 Are flowers that bloom on either side,
 And light that shines above.

BAYARD:

"THE FEARLESS AND IRREPROACHABLE KNIGHT."

FROM THE GERMAN.

PIERRE DU TERRAIL, commonly called the Chevalier Bayard, was the son of a nobleman, who possessed a castle and a moderate property in Dauphiny. Chivalric virtue seems to have been hereditary in this family, for the grandfather and great-grandfather of Bayard both ended their days on the battle-field.

Bayard, a strong courageous boy, though thin and pale, cared for none but athletic pastimes. He loved to train wild horses, and his highest ambition was to be considered the bravest among his comrades. At fifteen, his uncle, the Bishop of Grenoble, took him under his care, and had him educated; but Bayard's hours of recreation were always spent either in fighting or riding. After a few years of study and industry, his uncle took him as page to the court of Savoy, at Chambéry, and he had not long been there before he became celebrated for his horsemanship and dexterity in all feats of arms.

It happened that Charles VIII. of France visited the Duke of Savoy soon after Bayard's appearance at that court, and being an admirer of athletic sports his attention was drawn to the youth, who had the honour on one occasion of being requested to tilt before the king for the space of two hours. Charles could not weary of watching him, but kept calling out, "Piquez, piquez encore une fois!" (Tilt again!)

The Count of Ligny, thinking to please his sovereign, engaged Bayard as his page, and they accordingly proceeded to Lyons with the king. During Charles's sojourn there, a nobleman from Burgundy craved permission to show his strength and skill with lance, sword, and battle-axe, before his majesty. The request was granted, and the nobleman erected his shield in the open square, as a challenge to any knight who might choose to compete with him. Many a practised knight came forward, and amongst the most eager was the pale Bayard, a stripling scarce eighteen years of age. There was some hesitation whether he could be allowed to enrol his name on the list or not; but the king, who admired a daring spirit, encouraged him to try his skill. Accordingly, when the tournament took place, and one by one the ablest and strongest had been beaten by the powerful Burgundian, the slim Bayard entered the ring, and combated the giant so successfully that he called forth loud applause. The surprise of the assembled company was great when, at the close of the day, the knights rode before the ladies with their visors raised, and the young and apparently sickly face of the conqueror was disclosed.

Charles now took Bayard formally into his service, presented him with a horse out of his stables, gave him money to travel, and an appointment in a company of gendarmes, who were at Aire, in Artois.

Here also his bravery won for him much celebrity, and time after time he was declared victor at the little tournaments arranged by him with the nobleman of Aire and with the neighbouring garrisons. His first cam-

paign was in Italy, when Charles VIII. set out to conquer Naples. In one encounter the dauntless Bayard had two horses killed under him. He fought in company with the excellent knight Von Ars, whose generalship and bravery were the theme of every tongue. Bayard was with him likewise in the campaign against Milan, in 1499. The year following, when the Milanese again threw off the French yoke, and recalled their duke, Ludovico Moro, Marshal la Trémouille was sent to retake the town, and Bayard accompanied him. It chanced that three hundred of Moro's men, under the command of the brave Captain Cajazzo, were at Binasco, a place about a league and a half from Milan. Bayard heard of this, and lost no time in requesting to be allowed to attack them with fifty of his comrades, men whom he knew he could depend on. Permission was granted, and the knights set out on their adventure without a leader. Cajazzo, informed of their approach, went to meet them, and a fierce battle ensued. Seeing that his men were weary, and getting worsted, Cajazzo called them off in orderly retreat. Bayard perceived the advantage they had gained, and shouted out, "Holloa, my friends and comrades, the victory is ours!" With this, they all rushed again upon the Italians, who formed into line to meet them. Cajazzo's men gave way after a short resistance, and the disorder became general, every man taking flight for Milan whose horse had strength to carry him. In vain did the gallant Cajazzo strive to keep them together; the confusion was beyond his control, and Italians and Frenchmen galloped madly towards the gates of the city; nor was it till they were close upon the drawbridge that the latter halted in their hot pursuit. Bayard, however, maddened by victory and the chase, followed on, and never gave a thought to where he was going till he found himself in front of the duke's palace. Here he drew rein and stared about him, as if labouring under some enchantment. The danger of his position seemed to burst upon him at once, and, indeed, he ran great risk of being stoned to death by the citizens, soldiers, and women, who had collected in great crowds around him. Retreat was out of the question, and the only course open to him was to surrender at once to Cajazzo. This he did, and his noble enemy placed his own house respectfully at the disposal of so brave a knight. The duke, who had seen the unequal battle from the town, sent to invite Bayard to supper, and when he arrived at the palace asked him what brought him to Milan.

"The desire to conquer," was Bayard's reply.

"Did you think to take Milan single handed?"

"No, I thought my comrades were with me."

"You would have found such a thing impossible, even with them to back you."

"That may be. At all events, they were wiser than I," Bayard added, modestly; "and they are free, whilst I am a captive, though in the hands of most generous and brave men."

The duke went on to inquire, in a somewhat disdainful tone, of what number the French army consisted.

"We do not count our army," said Bayard; "but, I can assure you, it is composed of picked soldiers, and your men will not be able to stand against them."

The duke remarked, with some irritation, that the result would be other than he anticipated.

"Would to Heaven the battle were to-morrow, and that I were free!" ejaculated Bayard.

"You are free," said the duke. "I admire your courage and fortitude, and will give you whatever you may ask of me."

Touched by this unexpected kindness, Bayard threw himself at Moro's feet, prayed forgiveness for the haughty answers he had given, and professed eternal gratitude to the noble duke, asking for nothing but that his horse and weapons might be returned to him. Cajazzo brought them at once, and, when Bayard took leave, he broke a lance before Ludovico's windows, waved a light-hearted adieu, and rode to the gate of the city.

A few days later, the capture and imprisonment of the duke ended the war.

The young king, Francis I. of France, entered Italy at the head of an army very soon after his coronation, and Bayard was with the expedition. The battle of Marignano, of two days' duration, was won, and placed the king in possession of Milan. By the evening of the first day Bayard's armour was riddled with holes, and his horse was severely wounded by a blow, which tore off the armour protecting its head, and carried away its bit. The rider thus lost all control over the animal, and, wild from the pain of the wound, it bore him away into the midst of a company of Swiss soldiers, where death seemed inevitable. Fortunately, however, twilight had already fallen, and Bayard was not recognised as an enemy. After a wild gallop his horse halted under a wide-spreading tree, which, as is frequently the case in Italy, was thickly entwined with vines. Bayard dismounted cautiously, threw off his heavy armour, let the wearied animal stand where it was, and slid off in the direction in which he thought he should most probably find his countrymen. He threw himself on the ground when he heard a noise, and crawled on hands and knees. Thus for many hours did he work his way through marshes and thickets, and over ditches, till at last he heard the distant war-cry of "France! France!" Redoubling his exertions, he arrived at the French outposts in a most exhausted condition. The Duke of Lorraine gave him a horse, others supplied him with weapons, and, after a few hours of refreshing sleep, he was one of the first to put foot in the stirrup.

The second day decided the battle. The young king, Francis, was greatly elated with this his first victory, and his heart was warmed towards the brave warriors who had fought so courageously by his side. After many expressions of gratitude to them, he declared his wish to be made a knight in the midst of heroes on the field of battle, and in accordance with the ancient custom and form of knighthood. Turning to Bayard, he said:

"I know no one in the army who is more universally esteemed than yourself. Listen, Bayard, my dear friend; I will be made a knight by your hand this very day, for one who has shown himself on all occasions to be so perfect and true a knight has, undoubtedly, the greatest right to create others."

Bayard turned modestly to the princes and noblemen present, and said such an honour could only be theirs; he could not venture to accept it in their presence:

"A king," he said, "is a knight by birth."

"No, no," cried Francis; "I desire you to make me one."

"Well then, sire," replied Bayard, "be it so; and were once not sufficient, I would perform the ceremony a thousand times, not to disobey my king."

Francis knelt, and Bayard, drawing his sword, struck him gently on the back with the flat blade, and said:

"Sire! may this act be as efficacious as if it had been performed by Roland, or Oliver, or Godfrey de Bouillon! You are the first prince whom I have created knight! Heaven grant that you may never fly from battle."

Tears of joy started to his eyes as he pronounced these words, and perhaps it was the happiest hour in his or the king's life. Bayard looked at his sword with a sort of childish affection, and exclaimed, in addressing it:

"You, my good weapon—you, too, are right fortunate in having this day conferred knighthood on so virtuous and powerful a monarch. I will keep you as a relic, and honour you above all other swords. Never will I use you save against Saracens and Moors!"

GIPSIES.

WHEN folk reckoned from Christ's birth 1417—so we read in the quaint old description of the world by Sebastian Müller—gipsies were first seen in Germany, a lazy, black, coarse, vagabond lot, remarkably fond of stealing. Many judicial and police ordinances have since confirmed this by no means flattering description. Centuries have passed during which the gendarmes and police paid special attention to the Zigeuner, and the savants none at all. Their assertion that they came from Egypt was unhesitatingly accepted, and as their language was considered a self-manufactured argot, the sole source which might have supplied any information as to their history was neglected. Groffunder and Pott were the first to correct this oversight, and we now know with the utmost certainty that the gipsies are Hindoos, for their language is based on Sanscrit. It will probably never be discovered when they quitted their native land, for they possess no history of their own, not even myths and traditions. The sacred books of the Hindoos certainly contain historical matter, although it is rendered almost unrecognisable by fabulous admixture, but what they relate refers exclusively to the chosen vessels, and outcasts, such as the gipsies indubitably were, are treated with lordly contempt. Nor do we know either how long the gipsies remained in Persia and other countries conterminous with India, nor how they reached Europe after peregrinations which must have been continued for centuries. All we know is that they suddenly appeared, and could not be expelled again by persecution and ill treatment of every description.

Herr Richard Liebich, a German magistrate, with thirty years' experience, has just produced a work which adds materially to our scanty knowledge of the Zigeuner. All that he tells us emanates from the personal statements of the gipsies, but it has been critically examined. From this work we purpose making a few interesting extracts.

The external appearance of the gipsies is familiar to our readers. The black shining hair, the close black beard, the olive tinge of the skin, under which not the slightest ruddiness is visible, the firmly cleft lips, the dazzling white teeth, the fiery eyes overshadowed by long lashes, betray the foreigner at the first glance. They are generally of middle height, their bodies slim and well developed, and the features are animated, expressive, and pleasing. The women are inferior to the men in personal attributes, although there are exceptional beauties among them. Two of the most charming and noble Russian ladies, the Princess Gagarine and the Countess Tolstoi, are said to be of gipsy birth. The ordinary gipsy women are rapidly developed, and fall off with equal rapidity. Owing to their unsettled life, and the rough treatment to which they are exposed from their husbands, we need not feel surprised at their becoming hideous Megæras at the age of thirty. The men consider them so unclean that they will not eat any food which a woman has even touched with her dress. Hence, a gipsy will never have an underground cellar, for women would walk over it, and thus render the articles stored up in it unclean. Fear of defilement by foreign contact is also the reason why every gipsy has his own cooking implements and eating vessels. In this he seems to retain a Hindoo habit.

The gipsy does not appear to possess any distinct religious views. He believes in a great God in heaven, from whom thunder and lightning, snow and rain, come, and who lights his candles aloft every night; but his ideas are generally confused and misty. More sacred than God in his sight is the earth, which has existed through itself from the beginning, and, consequently, was not created. Whether he believes in a future existence after death seems more than doubtful, although he offers oblations on the grave of his co-religionists by pouring on them wine, beer, or brandy. Externally he is attached to the cross-makers, by whom he means the Catholics: he despises the Protestants, and calls them thick-heads. He has no hesitation to let his children be christened in the Protestant faith, because he only cares for the presents made on such occasions. Some gipsies have been christened several times at different places. The gipsy does not trouble himself about the marriage rite unless he requires a regular passport for his wife. His notion of the God of the Christians is that there is a grown-up God and a youthful God. The great God is dead, or has abdicated the throne, and the little God governs the world.

On their first appearance all the gipsies were under one supreme head. This king has only been kept up in England, and the rest have chiefs. In Germany there are three of these: the first in Old Prussia, the second in New Prussia, and the third in Hanover. Thus the German gipsies form three communities: the Old Prussians, whose colours are black and white, and who pay special reverence to the fir-tree; the New Prussians, colours green and white, and whose sacred tree is the beech; and the Hanoverians, whose colours are black, blue, and gold, and who venerate

the white thorn. The chief's absolute authority and power of life and death over his subjects no longer subsist. He now exercises a certain police authority, holds the seal, on which a hedgehog and a leaf of the holy tree are engraved, confirms and dissolves marriages, keeps the register of births and deaths, settles disputes, and inflicts punishments, consisting either of personal chastisement or expulsion from the community. He also restores an expelled brother by allowing him in a solemn assembly to drink from his own cup.

The last king of the German gipsies was probably one Maximilian, who lived during or after the Thirty Years' War. He has attained the proportions of a myth among the gipsies. In a wood near Sellstädt a primeval beech is still pointed out into which iron hasps with rings have been driven. To these rings Maximilian fastened his horse when he held his court under the beech-tree, in a splendid costume, and with a golden-sheathed sword by his side. As he punished the slightest offences with death he was always accompanied by a hangman, and execution followed immediately on the sentence. His tyranny at length became insupportable by the gipsies, and one of them—according to the fable, his own brother—shot him with a silver bullet. His silver drinking-cup is said to be still preserved in the church of Sellstädt.

At the present time the captain is chosen by the grown men of the tribe, special respect being paid to families which have once held the rank. When the name of the new captain has been announced amid shouts and the braying of trumpets, a pitcher full of wine, standing on a garlanded plate, is handed to him, and his head is covered with the symbol of his divinity, a three-cornered hat with a silver fringe. The captain is expected to empty the pitcher at a draught, and then dash it into sherds: he also swears perfect observance of the gipsy laws, and plants a sacred tree. A banquet, at which there is any quantity of drinking, singing, dancing, and firing, concludes the solemn affair.

Each band has a so-called gipsy mother, always the oldest woman, without whose sanction nothing can be done. In the family the husband holds unbounded authority, and each member hands over to him all moneys gained. Marriages take place at an early age, and always in the presence of the captain, who pours a few drops of wine from an earthen pitcher on the couple kneeling before him, then empties the pitcher to their health, and hurls it high in the air. The happiness of the couple is estimated by the number of sherds into which the pitcher is broken.

The gipsies have remained faithful to their nomadic life up to the present day, and it is remarkably difficult to settle them in fixed abodes. Their language, in which there is no word signifying dwelling, seems to indicate that they have always been nomadic. When travelling from town to town, the gipsy, if he has the choice, will always sleep in the fields or woods rather than enter a house. He is a sociable animal, and for that reason they always travel in bands. If you ever meet a single gipsy, he is either a spy or an expelled member. He feels the most intense horror of a prison, because it chains him down to one spot. In order to escape arrest, he makes the most roundabout marches, and carefully avoids every spot where a danger may threaten his liberty. He loves disorder and dirt almost as much as liberty. Even the women neglect

their hair, and go about in rags and dirt. If a gipsy wear boots, it is merely to make himself a big man among his fellows. You may frequently see his toes peering out in front, and bright spurs on the heels. Both sexes, as a rule, are passionately fond of finery. The woman like gay-coloured clothes, and a bright striped handkerchief is never absent from her head. The man prefers a brown or grey hat with some sort of feather, a coat with green collar, and facings of the same colour, and long boots coming up over the trousers. The green collar shows that he is a man of unblemished character, but his dress may have as many holes and rents as he likes.

If the gipsy is at liberty to choose his food, he eats very fat meat. Dainties for him are hedgehogs, squirrels, foxes, chickens, goslings, and ducklings. He always has fish-hooks and line about him to capture poultry, and now and then he throws it out to linen hung up to dry. The hedgehog is captured with dogs trained for the purpose, abundantly filled with garlic or onions, and roasted on a spit over a bright fire, or else boiled with vinegar and onions. The fox, on the other hand, must lie for several days in running water before it can be baked in a hole heated with hot ashes and covered with leaves and earth. Dandelion is employed as salad, and prepared with vinegar, milk, and coarsely-shredded onions. Spirits are indispensable with gipsies of every age and both sexes, and even children are habituated to them at the earliest age. The most immoderate daily consumption of spirits does not appear to do the gipsy any harm, and merely intoxicates him temporarily. He smokes, snuffs, chews, and eats tobacco. A gipsy will eat with great pleasure the entire contents of a snuff-box as well as a goat can. These people have but few illnesses, as they are hardened from their earliest youth by wind and storm, frost and heat, hunger and thirst. They regularly die a natural death of gradual decay, unless they lose their life through some accident.

In all European countries the gipsy displays the same moral character, the same habits, and the same vices. Although absent and inattentive, the gipsy is clever and cunning, endowed with rare powers of observation and good sense, if he have no school training. He is a spy by birth, and has frequently been employed for that purpose. Although swayed by fear and cowardice, he easily becomes impudent and coarse; but then directly afterwards courteous, obliging, and even cringing. He is naturally very covetous, extravagant, and luxurious, but at the same time capable of the greatest privations when circumstances demand it. He is so kind to his children as to display weakness. He is ignorant of any sense of honour. Hatred of work and laziness, frivolity and mendacity are, with cruelty to animals, his usual faults; gratitude and devotion to benefactors his most striking virtues.

The gipsies have various ways of earning a livelihood. The first of these is music, for which they possess an extraordinary talent. They are trained to it from their youth up, play the fiddle in a masterly way, and even contrive to draw admirable sounds from the Jew's-harp. Their own music is melodious, fiery, wild, stormy, and then again tender, soft, and melancholy. As black and lock smiths they enjoy a well-founded reputation; they are clever in every sort of wire-work, and carve wood ex-

cellently. If they learn a trade, they only practise it under compulsion, and as a parergon. They carefully avoid any task which demands extra exertion. Owing to their agility and lightness they make excellent tight-rope dancers. They are rarely seen on the stage, but manage puppet-shows very cleverly.

When they first appeared in Germany, theft and robbery, murder and arson, followed closely in their track. The terror which they spread around was the greater, because the people regarded these foreign-looking savage fellows with superstitious fear. Their unusual readiness in learning foreign languages, their pretended medical knowledge, their conjuring tricks and prophecies, caused them to be taken for sorcerers and witches. How greatly they were feared at times is proved by the events that occurred in the Saxon village of Lugan, in 1714 and 1715. For nearly eighteen months a tribe of gipsies levied black mail on the farmers, and when they were unable to give more, fired their houses. The gipsies at last became so daring that they broke into farm-houses in broad daylight, plundered provisions, and extorted money. A schoolmaster was their secretary, a gamekeeper their receiver. At length a bevy of all the farmers in the vicinity was raised, and the gamekeeper's house, in which they sought shelter, was carried by storm. There were persons killed on both sides; but few prisoners were made, as the gipsies cut their way through. Lugan, at any rate, was freed from their presence.

The modern gipsies refrain from serious crimes. In neighbourhoods where superstition still prevails they commit many acts of swindling as interpreters of dreams, prophets, and treasure-finders. They also sell secret recipes against cattle diseases, bad harvests, and fires. Their robberies are generally restricted to trifles—edibles, articles of clothes, and other necessities. The reports that they used formerly to steal children are probably mythical. They have always been copiously provided with children of their own, and the latter can be far more easily trained to gipsy tricks than Christian children. Our author devotes a chapter to the swindling acts of the German gipsies, but they in no way differ from what we read periodically in our country papers.

Their swindling and thefts render the gipsies greatly disliked guests. As they can be easily driven away by severity, they generally proceed to countries where the police and the administration of justice are in a leaky condition. They are very numerous in Hungary and the Danubian Principalities. In the whole kingdom of Austria their numbers were estimated at 146,000, and in European Turkey 120,000. In the Principalities they were serfs up to 1855, and sold, the price of a gipsy varying between ten and twelve ducats. The attempts at settling them have proved equal failures there.

RENAN AND D'EICHTHAL.*

IRENEUS, Bishop of Lyons in A.D. 179, said that there were four Gospels because there are four quarters of the globe and four cardinal winds; but, according to St. Jerome, four Gospels had been predicted by Ezekiel, when he described the four beasts in front of the altar of the Eternal, also alluded to by St. John in the Apocalypse. That the four Gospels should not agree with one another, is a matter which has never been the subject of any formal decision on the part of the Church. Numbers both of churchmen and laymen have laboured at their co-ordination, but with results that are as opposed as the two poles. Tatian, a disciple of Justin, and a contemporary of Irenæus, and Theophilus of Antioch, were among the first to attempt to establish a union between the four Gospels. Ammonius of Alexandria did the same thing, taking the Gospel according to Matthew as the basis of his labour. Jules the African made an endeavour to reconcile the discrepant genealogies of Jesus left by Matthew and Luke. Eusebius undertook the more difficult task of reconciling John with the other three evangelists. The treatise "De Consensu Evangelistarum" of St. Augustin constituted, however, the type and starting-point of all subsequent works upon the subject. A list of the chief of these will be found in Tischendorf's "Synopsis Evangelica," and in Ebrard's "Wissenschaftliche Kritik der Evangelischen Geschichte." The result of these labours have been the formation, as it were, of two camps, one of which strives to prove the evangelical concordance of the Gospels, while the other avers the existence of discrepancies impossible to reconcile, and therefore denies to these texts the character of that absolute and incontestable truth which the Church attributes to them. These extremes are met with in two works of our own times, the "Concordance, or Evangelical Synopsis," of Tischendorf, and the "Life of Jesus, or Table of Evangelical Contradictions," of Strauss.

The French appear to have caught up the spirit of the Germans on these critical questions, and books are now appearing in France which manifest in a high degree the perseverance of research for which German scholars are distinguished. M. d'Eichthal's critical and comparative examination of the three first Gospels is the result of ten years' study, and in no previous work have the harmonies and discrepancies of the Gospels been brought out with more instructive minuteness of analysis, or with greater breadth of view. The result has been, as with M. Renan, to create a sense of the irreconcilable character of many state-

* Les Evangiles. Par Gustave d'Eichthal. Première Partie. Examen Critique et Comparatif des Trois Premiers Evangiles. Paris.

Histoire des Origines du Christianisme. Livre Premier. Vie de Jesus. Par Ernest Renan. Paris.

Lettre adressée à M. Ernest Renan à l'occasion de sa "Vie de Jesus." Par Henri Didier, Avocat. Genève.

Le V^{me} Evangile de M. Renan. Par H. F. D.

M. Renan et la Vie de Jesus. Par Ernest Hello.

Une Pretendue Vie de Jesus, ou M. Ernest Renan, Historien, Philosophe, et Poète. Par M. l'Abbé Jules-Théodore Loyson, Docteur de la Faculté de Théologie de Paris. 3^{ième} Edition.

ments, as well as to create doubts, not as to the divine mission, but as to the divine nature of Our Saviour. Such doubts are, however, mainly created by presuming that obvious discrepancies are interpolations. Mark, for example, is silent with regard to the annunciation. John sees in Jesus the *logos*, or "word" in the flesh; hence, M. d'Eichthal places the whole of Matthew from xviii. to xxv. 1, in what he calls his "annexes," or record of interpolations. But it has been justly remarked that this manner of disposing of difficulties is not altogether satisfactory. If the parts which the evangelists themselves unquestionably wrote are to be separated from the later editions, which, in the opinion of many, were incorporated with their authentic pieces, we have a right to expect some light to be thrown upon the epochs and objects of these interpolations. We want more especially a critical comparison of the original, or Aramean Matthew, with the Greek version. In these respects M. d'Eichthal has not solved the problem of the Gospels any more than Baur or Hilgenfeld.

But still a great deal has been done both by D'Eichthal and Renan (the latter of whom occupies himself, however, more with deductions to be drawn than with actual synoptic comparisons) in the investigation and comparison of the four records in all their peculiarities, and M. d'Eichthal's work must, from the manner in which this delicate inquiry is conducted, be hereafter indispensable to the critical student of the New Testament, as well as to every reflecting, philosophically-minded reader who wishes to get beyond the few traditional ideas respecting the sacred evangelists that have so long satisfied the majority of Christians. According to D'Eichthal, the principle of evangelical infallibility which the orthodox have attempted to force upon their adversaries is daily receiving a more striking confutation. The Church, confiding in its own infallibility, views such defeats as passing trials, and comforts itself over the mishaps of the day by hopes of future triumph. But such indifference, he adds, cannot avail those who see in the Gospel a work, subjected as such, to the ordinary condition of human things, and yet at the same time the source of the most abundant life that has been given to humanity. Convinced that the Gospel, after having led society from the civilisation of olden times upwards to its present social condition, must also pave the way to the new destinies prepared for the future, they grieve, as St. Augustin himself did in olden times, at the imperfections which affect the influence of the Holy Writ, yet instead of entering the field manfully against the heterodox critics, and expounding the Gospel on the basis of a thorough concordance, or co-ordination of all its parts, they do their utmost to turn people from all such investigations, and seeking therein the true light and force that are to be derived from such inquiries.

The discussions now in progress in Germany, France, and England, all tending to one result—the establishment of different epochs to those generally admitted for the first appearance of certain portions both of the Old and New Testament, and the establishment of processes of redaction through which not only the older books, but also the Gospel records early passed, and with respect to the latter a consequent development of ideas among the Apostles and early Christians—would be of comparatively little value, were it not for the remarkable unanimity that exists in

regard to the few points established by those who are qualified to carry on such learned and delicate investigations. It is this alone that is gradually imparting to these discussions a real value; and while we entertain no feeling in common with a Bishop Colenso when he pretends to criticise the will and intentions of the Almighty, as propounded in the inspired writings, reducing them thereby to the level of any other historical records; and while we approach with the utmost reluctance such portions of the labours of a D'Eichthal or a Renan as tend to separate the man Jesus (if the expression may be permitted, as Josephus said) from the Messiah, we can still calmly and philosophically consider the manifold evidences of an incorrect succession of the books of the Pentateuch, the Macedonian origin of the book of Daniel, or the comparative validity of the different Gospels. Such inquiries need in no way affect faith in the divine origin of the books in question. Nor do they, in a mind properly disposed, in the remotest degree affect the great doctrine of the salvation of men through our Lord and Redeemer. Both are alike far too weighty and important creeds to be disturbed by any extent of investigation regarding what can be ascertained of the life of Jesus Christ, or of the authenticity or originality of the Scriptures themselves.

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove.

Premising this, we conceive it due to our readers to place before them—as far as can be safely done—the progress of a portion of these investigations, more especially as eliminated by the learned professor of Hebrew in the College of France, one of the most earnest and simple-minded of men, and one of the most profoundly versed scholars in the Semitic languages of the day. Not to be acquainted with what is going on in such investigations as do not involve that mystery which it is not given to man—whatever may be his amount of learning or intelligence—to unravel, is to live outside the world, and to be ignorant of those changes of opinion which are gradually going on around us, and which may one day have considerable influence in modifying the great body of accepted dogmas, and what have hitherto been considered as reliable, historical, as well as inspired evidence.

The history of the origin of Christianity embraces, according to M. Renan, four distinct epochs: the first is filled up entirely with the sublime person of the founder of that religion; the second, with that of the Apostles and their disciples; the third embraces the state of Christianity under the Antonines; and the fourth, the decisive progress of Christianity under the Syrian emperors. M. Renan's work limits itself at present to the first of these epochs. He has purposely discarded long, critical dissertations; but he has left all statements made (and which he admits ought to have been much more largely developed for persons uninitiated in these kinds of studies) to be verified by reference to the original, which is, in all cases, carefully quoted. In what regards ancient testimony, the author also believes he has neglected none that were available. The New Testament, the compositions designated as Apocrypha of the Old Testament, the works of Philo, those of Josephus, and the Talmud, constitute

the chief of those sources. The Apocrypha, especially the Jewish portion of the Sibyllin verses and the book of Enoch, added to the book of Daniel, are of the utmost importance in developing the Messianic theories, and the comprehension of Jesus's conceptions upon the kingdom of God. The book of Enoch gives the key to the expression "son of man," and of the ideas that were connected with it. The age of these different books is, thanks to the labours of Alexander, Gevald, Dillmann, Reuss, and others, now established beyond doubt. All are agreed in placing the composition of the more important between the second and first century B.C. The age of the book of Daniel is even still more definitely established. The two languages in which it is written, the use of Greek words, the notice of events occurring in the time of Antiochus Epiphanes, and other data, prove it to have been the result of the religious excitement produced among the Jews by the persecution of Antiochus. Many valuable facts are to be obtained from the Talmud. The Christian theology cannot be perfectly understood without studying that of the Jews. Lightfoot, Schottgen, Buxtorf, Otho, and others, have followed out this line of investigation with marked success.

With respect to the Gospels themselves, M. Renan holds that, "according to Matthew," "according to Mark," do not necessarily imply that these books were written entirely by Matthew or Mark. The Gospel of St. Luke he believes to have been written entirely by one hand, the same that indited the Acts of the Apostles, a companion of St. Paul, and a man of the second apostolic generation. The twenty-first chapter was written after the siege of Jerusalem. In reference to St. Matthew and St. Mark, the statement of Papias, Bishop of Hierapolis, and quoted by Eusebius, to the effect that the book of Mark, an interpreter of the Apostle Peter, was brief, incomplete, and not arranged in chronological order, and that it contained narratives and discourses composed according to the teaching and memory of St. Peter, and that Matthew was a collection of sentences written in Hebrew, that every one translates as he can, is adopted as formal and characteristic. The two have since been edited upon the same prototype, for it is improbable that the texts, as we now possess them, can be the same as those described by Papias. The anecdotes of Mark were embodied into Matthew, and the discourses of Matthew went to fill up Mark. There were other contemporaneous records of a similar character representing the traditions of eye-witnesses; but they were so little regarded that many, like the Bishop of Hierapolis, preferred in their time oral traditions. Justin, who often refers to the "Memoirs of the Apostles," had a quite different text under his eyes to what has grown up from the additions, annotations, and combinations of early times. The texts bearing the names of the Apostles did not attain decisive authority and become law till oral traditions began to fail in the second half of the second century. The last edition of St. Matthew appears to have emanated from the Hauran, or Batanea—that rocky and sterile region of the south-east, to which many Christians fled from the persecutions of the Romans, and where, according to Julius Africanus, as quoted by Eusebius, relatives of Jesus still dwelt in the second century.*

* We have lately had occasion to draw attention to this very remarkable country, in reviewing the important works (important in a geographical point of view) of the Rev. J. L. Porter, and of M. Guillaume Rey.

The Bishop of Hierapolis makes no mention of a life of Jesus by John. M. Renan doubts if such a work, in which we find abstract lessons of metaphysics, of which nothing analogous is to be met with in the Talmud, could have emanated from a fisherman of Galilee. He thinks that this book emanated at the end of the first century in part from that great school of Asia Minor which sprang from the teachings of John. There is no doubt, however, that a fourth Gospel existed about the year 150. Texts exist by Justin, by Athenagoras, by Tatian, by Theophilus of Antioch, by Irenæus. Between the latter and the apostle there was only Polycarp. The first epistle attributed to St. John is by the author of the fourth Gospel. The author, throughout, writes as an eye-witness—as the apostle John—as the favourite of Jesus, the rival of Peter and of Judas, and the depositary of the reminiscences of himself and of his brother James. Yet does he relate matters differently to his predecessors. If Our Saviour spoke as Matthew places on record, he could not have spoken as he is represented to have done by John. There is, in the whole book, the manifestation of a desire to maintain a thesis and to convince adversaries. Jesus did not lay the foundations of his divine work by pedantic, pretentious, or dogmatic discourses, that appeal ineffectually to the moral sense. The discourses of the fourth Gospel are not always historical pieces, so much as they are compositions intended to clothe certain doctrines, dear to the editor, with the authority of Jesus, and they are in perfect harmony with the intellectual condition of Asia Minor at the time when they were written. John appears to have been deeply imbued with the prevalent philosophy of the day, but the whole book can only be looked upon as the Gospel according to St. John, in the same sense as we read according to St. Matthew and St. Mark. In a biographical point of view, it is the best life of Jesus; in the discourses imputed to the Messiah, it is the mere expression of the school of Ephesus. It also abounds in after-thoughts, interpolations, and additions, as in the instance of the whole of the twenty-first chapter.

M. Renan admits the four evangelical canons as authentic; they all date from the first century, they all belong more or less to the authors to whom they are credited, but their historical value, he argues, differs much. Matthew is entitled to every confidence for his "logia," or discourses, but not for his narrative. The Gospel according to St. Mark is more precise, less loaded with fables. It is at once the most ancient, most original, and the least interpolated Gospel. The book of Luke is of less value. Writing at a later period, the author is incorrect with regard to places; he has even an erroneous notion with regard to the Temple; the materials are worked up, the marvellous exaggerated, chronology abused, and the author was not even acquainted with the Hebrew language. He makes one out of two parables, or two out of one. But, with all this, he is also a divine and perfect artist, master of all the legends current concerning Our Saviour at his own remote epoch, and eminently gifted for relating them to the greatest advantage as a perfect whole.

The apocryphal Gospels are treated of as puerile amplifications, but an exception is made in the instance of fragments that remain of the Gospels according to the Hebrews and Egyptians; the Gospels of Justin, Marcion—the "heretic," as Stephanus calls him—and of Tatian. The two former are all the more important, inasmuch as they were written in

Aramean, and that they were the Gospels of the Ebionim, or of the Christian congregations of Batanea, who preserved the use of the Syro-Chaldaic language, and among whom dwelt the family of Jesus himself.

Having thus disposed of the Gospels which M. Renan treats as "legendary biographies," the author turns to modern sources worthy of being consulted by their critical acumen. It is remarkable that these almost all emanate from Protestants. They comprise the *Critical Studies on the Gospel of St. Matthew*, by M. Albert Reville, Pastor of the Wallon Church of Rotterdam; the *History of Christian Theology in the Apostolic Age*, by M. Reuss, of the Protestant Seminary of Strasburg; the *Religious Doctrines of the Jews in the two Centuries that preceded the Christian Era*, by M. Nicolas, of the Protestant Faculty of Montauban; and *Strauss's Life of Jesus*. With regard to the latter much-abused critic, M. Renan says that, albeit he was mistaken in his theory of the relation of the Gospels, the great results obtained upon that point having only been acquired since the publication of the first edition of his work, and that he favours theological questions to the exclusion of such as are historical, still the critical detail of the evangelical texts has been performed by that learned writer in a manner that leaves little to be desired.

Such, then, are the materials upon which M. Renan proceeds, and such the principles by which he is inspired when he approaches so solemn a task as that of writing a life of the Divine Jesus. There is but one apology for so bold a proceeding. We will give it in the author's own words:

"If the love of a subject can be of any use in facilitating its comprehension, it will, I hope, be admitted that such condition has not been wanting. To write the history of a religion, it is necessary, in the first place, to have believed in it (without that one cannot understand by what it has charmed and satisfied the human conscience); secondly, not to believe in it in an absolute manner, for absolute faith is incompatible with sincere history. But love marches onwards without faith. In not attaching oneself to any of the forms that captivate the worship of men, one does renounce the power of appreciating all that they comprise that is good and beautiful. No passing apparition exhausts the divinity; God had revealed himself before Jesus, God will reveal himself after him. Profoundly unequal, and so much the more divine as they are more spontaneous, the manifestations of God secreted in the bottom of human conscience are all of the same order. Jesus cannot, therefore, belong solely to those who call themselves his disciples. He is the common honour of all those who have a human heart. His glory does not consist in being placed without the confines of history; a more real worship is paid to him, by showing that the whole of history is incomprehensible without him."

We admit that it is not doing justice to the author, but it is utterly out of our power to give in a notice like this the testimonies upon which Renan relies for his statements. The indication we have given of the sources whence he has drawn his critical disquisitions must in most instances suffice the reader, but it is but fair to state that they are mainly throughout taken from the Gospel itself. Thus he tells us that Jesus was born

at Nazareth, and that it is only by forcing the legend that Bethlehem was consecrated as his birthplace. The latter assumption was adduced in connexion with his place as a Messiah. He was all his life called the Nazarene—the name by which Christians are still known among the Muhammadans. The precise date of his birth is unknown. It was probably some years before the year one of the era dated from the day of his supposed birth. The name of Jesus is another form of Joshua, and it was at the time a very common name. Mysterious allusions in the name were only sought for at an after period. Galilee, “the region of the Gentiles,” was at that epoch peopled by divers nations—Phœnicians, Syrians, Arabs, and even Greeks—and it is impossible to say what blood flowed in his veins. He issued from the ranks of the people. His father, Joseph, and his mother, Mary, belonged to an humble condition, artisans living by their toil, and the aspect of the town of Nazareth differed probably little in the time of Jesus from what it is in the present day. Joseph’s house may be supposed to resemble in every respect one of the many humble cottages which go to form up the town in our own times. The family was numerous. Jesus had brothers and sisters, of whom he appears to have been the eldest. They all remained in obscurity. The four persons who gave themselves out as his brethren, and among whom James achieved such great distinction, were his first cousins. They were the children of another Mary, sister of the mother of Jesus, who married one Alpheus, or Cleophas. His own brothers were opposed to him, and only came into notice after his death. His sisters married at Nazareth, and he passed the early years of his youth there. Nazareth is one of the most favoured spots in Palestine, yet its population did not probably exceed in the time of Jesus what it is now—about three thousand souls. The women were renowned for their beauty, and this, in the sixth century, was attributed to the favour of the Virgin Mary. The view from the hill above is comprehensive and magnificent, albeit desolate. This was for a long period of time the spot most favoured by Our Saviour, and “if ever,” says M. Renan, “the world still Christian, but confirmed in more correct ideas of the respect due to the origin of things, shall take upon itself to replace the apocryphal and ignoble sanctuaries elected by piety in gross and ignorant times by authentic Holy Places, it will be on that height of Nazareth that it will erect its temple. It is there, at the very point of the appearance of Christianity, and at the centre of action of its founder, that the great Church in which all Christians can pray should be raised.”

Amid scenes of such beauty and grandeur Jesus received his education. He learnt to read and write no doubt after the Oriental fashion, which consists in putting a book into a child’s hands, which he intones with the other pupils till he knows it off by heart. It is doubtful if he thoroughly understood the Hebrew writings in their original language. His biographers make him quote them after Aramean translations. It is also doubtful if he ever attended a school of scribes, or soferim. Nor is it certain that he was acquainted with the Greek language. The proper idiom of Jesus was the Syriac dialect, mixed with Hebrew as was then spoken in Palestine. Still less was he versed in Greek dialectics. The doctors of Palestine enveloped in the same malediction “he who bred pigs and he who taught his son Greek science.” The ban was,

however, ineffectual, for many Jews, notoriously Nicolas of Damascus, were labouring at that very epoch to amalgamate Hellenism and Judaism. Josephus presents an example of a Jew completely Hellenised. But these were exceptional cases, and no mention is made in the Talmud of the schismatic school of Egypt. Jesus, at all events, knew nothing except what was Judaic. The frequent resemblances that are found between him and Philo, the beautiful maxims of the love of God, of charity, of repose in God, which constitute a kind of echo of the writings of the Alexandrian philosopher in the Gospels, sprang from the common tendencies, inspired by the wants of the time. Happily also for him, he was equally ignorant of that strange scholastic which was taught at Jerusalem, and which was soon to constitute the Talmud. If a few Pharisees had introduced it into Galilee, it was unknown to him. His education was almost strictly limited to the books of the Old Testament, the aphorisms of Hillel, who Renan declares to have been the real master of Jesus (if it is permitted to speak of a master in the presence of such high originality), and to oral traditions.

Jesus had no knowledge of the general condition of the world; that is manifest in every feature of his most authentic discourses. The pompous and insipid cities of Herod—Tiberias, Cesarea, Dio Cesarea, and Sebaste which M. Renan compares to the “architecture d’ostentation” of his own metropolis, is what he designates as “the kingdoms of the world and all their glory.” But his love remained with the Galilean villages, a picturesque aggregation of huts, grottos, wells, fig and olive-trees. He ever remained true to nature. The abodes of kings appeared to him simply as places where men were clothed in soft raiment. Above all was he unacquainted with that Greek school founded a century before by Lucretius, and which established the inflexibility of the laws of nature. He believed in the supernatural. He believed in the devil, whom he looked upon as a kind of evil genius, and he viewed all nervous diseases as demoniacal influences. “A man who is a stranger to all knowledge of the physical sciences, who believes that by praying he can affect the movement of the clouds, stay disease, and even ward off death, finds nothing extraordinary in miracles, since the entire course of things is to him the result of the free will of the divinity.” Such was always the intellectual condition of Jesus. But with his capacious intelligence this faith was associated with an exaggerated belief in the powers of man—a belief which was the basis of his grandeur. His peculiar turn of mind revealed itself at an early epoch. The legends delight in showing how he revolted against paternal authority in his early youth, and left the beaten track to follow his own vocation. It is certain that the ties of relationship were little regarded by him. Like all men exclusively preoccupied with one idea, he took little heed of the bonds of consanguinity. “Blessed is the womb that bare thee,” said a woman to him. “Yea, rather,” he said, “blessed are they that hear the word of God and keep it.”

We shall not enter here into the order of ideas in the bosom of which Jesus grew up, as set forth by M. Renan. They comprise Judaism at the epoch of its great struggle with the Pagan world; the spiritual doctrines of a separate existence of body and soul introduced by the Greeks; the agitations brought about by the succession of Roman legates to the Herodian princes; the seditions under Juda the Gaulonite,

and the deeply-excited condition of Galilee. The picture is, to a certain extent, full and satisfactory, but such explanations, the result of individual study and reflection, have always something in them that is insufficient when our timid modes of inductive proceeding come to be applied to the revolutions of creative epochs that have decided the fate of humanity. It is only at such epochs as were marked by the French Revolution that the secret impulses of men surge into open daylight. Jesus lived at an epoch when to play a part was to pave the way to death. Jesus, "free from that egotism which is the source of our sorrows, and which makes us seek for rewards after death," thought of nothing but his work, his race, and humanity. He was neither a philosopher nor a theologian. To be his disciple, all that was required was to love him. He had neither dogmas nor system; he never discussed the idea of God; he, like all good and true men, felt it within him. Such a creed was as a part of himself, a portion of his nature.

Jesus, according to some—and Renan embraces that view of the subject—went annually to Jerusalem at the epoch of the festivals. The road pursued on these pleasant pilgrimages was the same as that followed in the present day by Ginza and Sichem. These pilgrimages were also schools of discussion and agitation, and it was by them that the antipathy to the official representatives of Judaism was promulgated and strengthened. Joseph died before "his son had become a public man." Mary remained the head of the family, and hence it was, according to M. Renan, that to distinguish him from others of the same name, he became known as "the son of Mary." Luke and John adhered to the expression, "Son of Joseph." Mary withdrew, upon the death of her husband, to Cana, probably her birthplace. It was there that Jesus first manifested himself. His profession was that of a carpenter, like his father. There was nothing humiliating in this: the most celebrated doctors followed a trade. He did not take a wife unto himself. His whole powers of love were concentrated on what he considered to be his celestial vocation. Nothing, however, could exceed the delicate and tender consideration with which he always treated the sex. He viewed, indeed, all who entered upon the same work as himself as sisters, only it is possible that the "sisters" loved him more even than the work; that he was more beloved than he loved. As in all highly cultivated natures, tenderness of heart manifested itself in him in an infinite sweetness, a vague poetry, a universal charm.

The development of mind, the meditations that preceded the launching forth of Jesus on a prophetic career, are unknown to us. He was more indebted to his own great conceptions for that high notion of the divinity which constituted his force than to Judaism. He needed no burning bush of Moses, tempests of Job, oracles of the old Greek sages, familiars of Socrates, or Gabriels of Muhammad; God was within himself, as it was within all who have most intimately comprehended the divinity, as it was with Kakiya Muni, with Plato, with St. François d'Assise, and at times with St. Augustin—all "sons of God," and in the first rank of which we must place Jesus. There are no visions, or illusions, or hallucinations. "Jesus never for a moment entertained the sacrilegious idea that he was God. He believed himself to be in direct relationship with God; he believed himself to be a son of God. The loftiest conscience of

a God that has ever existed in the bosom of humanity was that entertained by Jesus."

Our Saviour did not, according to M. Renan, arrive at once at this lofty conclusion. But it is probable that he contemplated himself from the beginning in the relation of son to father. "That is his great act of originality, and in that he issues forth from the trammels of his race. Neither Jew nor Mussulman have ever understood that delicious theology of love. The God of Jesus is not that fatal master who kills us when it pleases Him, damns us when it pleases Him, or saves us when it pleases Him. The God of Jesus is Our Father." Nor is the God of Jesus the partial despot who has chosen Israel for His people, and protects it for and against all. He is the God of humanity at large.

The expression of "kingdom of God" or "kingdom of Heaven" was the favourite one with Jesus by which to designate the revolution that he brought into this world. The expression was, like other Messianic emblems, borrowed from Daniel. The brotherhood of men, sons of God, and the moral consequences that flowed from such relationship, were preached by Jesus, in his early days, with those charms of voice and person, and that perfect sincerity of conviction, that won over to him all who heard him. He taught not by lengthened arguments, but by aphorisms, borrowed, according to Renan, from the Old Testament, from Antigonus of Soco, from Jesus, son of Sirah, and from Hillel, and that from oral sources. All the virtues, humility, pardon, charity, abnegation of self, which have been justly designated as Christian, were preached by him at the onset. A simple form of worship, a religion without priests or external ceremonies, reposing solely on the affections of the heart, on the imitation of God, and on the immediate relations of the conscience with the celestial Father, were the consequences of these principles. Traditions were disregarded, purifications and other corporeal practices rejected; the hypocrisy of the Pharisees, and of those who practised them, denounced. He professed neither ascetism nor egoism. In his wondrous sermon on the mount he bade men pray in secret, and avoid repetitions. "Your Father," he said, "knoweth what things ye have need of before you ask him." Renan reads Luke xi. 5, and following verses, as attesting it to be almost an insult to God to specify the nature of the demands. He also translates "lead us not into temptation" by "spare us from trials." There is, indeed, an inconsistency with the idea of "Father" to suppose that He would lead us into temptation; and he reads "deliver us from evil," as from "the wicked one"—i.e. Satan. "Never was a man," he adds, "less of a priest than Jesus; never was there a greater enemy to the forms that stifle religion under pretext of encouraging it. By that, we are all his disciples and his continuators; by that, he laid an eternal stone, the foundation of true religion, and if religion is the essential thing to humanity, by that has he deserved the divine rank that has been conferred upon him."

These teachings soon gathered together a few followers. It was the epoch of small congregations. There were the Essenians and the Therapeutists, and the followers of the Rabbis Schemsai, Abtalion, Hillel, Shammai, Juda the Gaulonite, Gamaliel, and others, out of whose aphorisms sprang the Talmud. Christianity was in fact founded at that early epoch. What was added afterwards, according to Renan, were

miracles necessary to convert the world, but which only compromised the simple faith announced at first. An impulse in a different direction was imparted by the relations of Jesus with John the Baptist. This anachorite belonged to the sacerdotal race. Living an ascetic life in imitation of the Munis, or Buddhist monks, and of Elias, he practised baptism, or immersion in water, as had been before done by the Sabæans, a sect founded in Chaldæa by Budasp, or Buddhisattva, and of which we still find traces on the Lower Euphrates. Baptism had indeed already become an ordinary ceremony in the introduction of proselytes into the bosom of the Jewish religion—a kind of initiation. But it never acquired so much importance as it did under John, who selected his places of gathering on the banks of the Jordan or at the fountains of Salim. It was thus that he became one of the most influential men in Judæa. Like Jesus, he denounced rich priests, pharisees, doctors, and the other abuses of Judaism. As the Flagellants of the middle ages denied the monopoly of the sacraments and of absolution to the priests, John substituted private rites to legalised ceremonies. The renown of this austere preacher and reformer spread through Galilee, and Jesus went with his disciples to John that they might be baptised. The two young men, finding their opinions to be the same, made common cause, and these relations became afterwards the basis of a system developed by the evangelists, and imparted, as a first foundation, for the divine mission of Jesus, the attestation of John. Certain it is, that the number of persons who came to be baptised by Jesus soon exceeded that initiated by John. The latter, however, was above the pettiness of jealousy; he rejoiced in the success of his acolyte, till his denunciations of the incestuous relations of Antipater and Herodias brought about his ruin. Up to the time of the imprisonment of John, supposed to be about the year 29, Jesus dwelt on the Jordan, or in the environs of the Dead Sea. In accordance with the feelings of the time, which demanded a certain amount of ascetism as a preparation for great things, he passed forty days fasting in the Desert. The Desert was, according to Tobias (viii. 3), and Luke (xi. 24), the abode of demons, and hence the narratives of Matthew and Mark in reference to this incident in the life of Our Saviour. Upon the imprisonment of John, Jesus withdrew into Galilee, but M. Renan looks upon the relations of the two as of evil result to Jesus, who was superior to the other in his rejection of all ceremonies, save that of baptism, which he looks upon as a concession made to the popularity of John. Jesus learnt, however, from the latter the art of preaching and of winning over hearers, and on his return he spoke with greater effect, and addressed his followers with a tone of authority. He now first announced "good tidings," and that the reign of God was at hand. Thus it was that to await the kingdom of God was to be a disciple of Jesus. He carefully excluded politics from his teaching. He contented himself with preaching the triumph of good over evil, and that the first should be last. He looked upon this world as too contemptible to even merit notice. He had resisted the offers of Satan in the Desert, and he knew how to resist those of his countrymen, who wished to make a Theudas or a Barkokeba of him. The revolution which he sought to effect was a purely moral one. The kingdom of God was, in the sense in which he viewed it, the kingdom of mind. Hence, the doctrine of the freedom of conscience

will remain eternal. The true Christian is only an exile here below, it matters not under what master he lives. Liberty to him lies not in political forms, but in truth. Christianity was the first refuge for the mind from the empire of brutal force. M. Renan says that the system of giving to Cæsar what was Cæsar's, and to God what was God's, had a certain tendency to deliver up this world to absolute power, whilst the attention remained fixed upon another; but, he adds, "the foundation of an association that could live three centuries without any political bonds, more than compensated the injury done to civil virtues." The mind was for ever enfranchised from the power of the state. Man is anterior and superior to the mere citizen. The Deism of the eighteenth century, and a peculiar form of Protestantism, have accustomed many to look upon the founder of the Christian faith as simply a great moralist, a human benefactor; but (and here M. Renan diverges widely from the Genevese barrister Disdier) his ideas went far further, and while we suppress the chimera which constitute the soul of the doctrine, we must take it as a whole, not as merely preaching certain ideas of individual morality and happiness, but as opening to a world in chains the vista of a new kingdom—a new Jerusalem. The contrast of so splendid an idea with the sad reality, drags mediocre minds into cold, unfruitful reasoning, but when the principles advocated by Jesus shall have universally obtained, those who disregard them, as is done by all men who are merely nominal Christians, will be the first to admit their justice. Jesus was in some respects a perfect anarchist. He had no idea of civil government, yet he never wished to supplant such. He prophesied persecutions and punishments, but he did nothing to anticipate or to thwart such. His convictions were that by suffering and resignation all mundane troubles are triumphed over. His ideas were purely with the kingdom of God. To that he invited the poor, the meek, and even young persons. The rich, the doctors, and the priests, were not of that kingdom. The "good tidings" were for the poor and the suffering. The world would not believe him, the world would kill him, but his disciples would not be of this world. They would be a small flock of simple, humble teachers, who should conquer by their very humility. The feeling that has constituted the word "worldly" as the antithesis of "Christianity," has its perfect justification in the teachings of the Master.

Strengthened in the number of his followers, Jesus openly proclaimed the good tidings of the kingdom of God on his return to Galilee. He also announced himself to be the "son of man," whom Daniel saw in his last vision as the divine prophet of the last and supreme revelation. "Son of man," M. Renan declares to be, in the Semitic languages, the synonyme for "man." "Son of" is, in fact, an Oriental expletive, as used in connexion with the surname amongst ourselves and other European nations. But the title became through Daniel expressive of the Messiah. The success of the new prophet was decisive. A group of men and women gathered around him and proclaimed him to be the Messiah. As the Messiah was also a son of David, his descent was traced from the head of the national monarchy and priesthood. His centre of action was at this epoch Capernaum, or more correctly Capharnahum, on the borders of Lake Genesareth, a spot in which Our Saviour took much delight. He had not been favourably received either by his family or by the people of

Nazareth. His life had even been threatened there. Dr. Robinson says that of all the legends that have been fastened on the Holy Land, there is none more clumsy than that which associates the passages in Luke iv. 28-30 with the so-called Mount of Precipitation. "The brow of the hill whereon the city was built must have been one of the precipices above the Maronite church, or in the western hill around the town." (Vol. iii. p. 186.) Jesus was more successful at Capernaum, whence he organised a series of little missions to the surrounding small towns. He was aided in this by the circumstance that each town had its little synagogue, and out of Jerusalem there were no clergy strictly speaking. Any one might read the Law and the Prophets and comment upon them, and this is what Jesus did. Discussion was sanctioned, but it did not assume the same animonious character that it would have done in the Holy City, where the propagation of the new doctrine would have been nipped in the bud.

The authority of the young master—he was then about thirty years of age—went on increasing, but it was still confined to the shores of the Sea of Galilee. The scene of these first predication is dear to all Christians. But of the towns and villages and fountains favoured by Jesus few of the sites can now be traced. We know Magdala, but the site of Capernaum is still open to doubt. There is no spring at Tell-Hum, and Ain Medawara is not on the borders of the sea. The lake, the horizon, the shrubs and flowers, are all that remain of the little region in which Jesus laid the foundations of his divine work. The very trees that Josephus so much admired are gone, and with them went those tempered heats which populated the shores of Lake Tiberias. It does not appear that Jesus ever went to the city whence this later name of the lake was derived. It was the favoured residence of Antipas, the persecutor of John the Baptist. He crossed sometimes to Gergesa in a boat, and to the north he extended his predication to Paneas. Once he made an excursion towards Tyre and Sidon, but the paganism which had raised temples and sacred woods on every hill, and filled them with statues of Pan, nymphs, and echoes, had no charms in his eyes. He always returned to the well-beloved shores of Genesareth. There he found faith and love.

The lake of Tiberias abounded in fish, and hence was it also covered with piscivorous birds. The pencil of Raphael has commemorated the fact. Pelicans, swans, geese, flamingoes, gulls, the beautiful tern of the country, cranes, storks, herons, egrets, bitterns, ibises, and especially bright-coloured kingfishers, all congregated there, and constitute a large portion of the scenery of Scriptures, unfortunately in almost every instance erroneously translated in the authorised version, where we have cormorant for shalach, "a kingfisher;" crane for sis, or sus, "the flamingo;" and swallow for agur (al akruk), the blue-green crow of the Orient. The fishermen of Genesareth followed their vocations in peaceful industry, and they were the first to believe in the new kingdom announced to them. Jesus dwelt habitually in the house of one of these fishermen—Peter Simon. But men and women alike became his beloved disciples. Mary of Magdala followed him to Golgotha. There were also Mary Cleophas and his two cousins. His mother, Mary, was not with him, and it was only after his death that his disciples won her over to belief. Peter Simon, James and John, sons of Zebedee, were the especial favourites of Jesus. There was no hierarchy among these disciples: all were "brethren."

Jesus alone was master, and God alone was "Father." But there was rivalry, and each aspired to sit on the right hand of the Father. All were fishermen save Matthew, who was a publican or tax-gatherer, a profession abhorred by the Jews. Indeed, a Jew who accepted such duties was excommunicated. Jesus, associating with publicans, was hence a source of infinite scandal. But Our Saviour took pleasure in raising up the humble and the discarded. He won over, we are told, all these disciples by the charms of his person and of his language. It is also added that, like Jeanne d'Arc, he pretended to know the secrets of the heart, and thus won over Nathaniel, Peter, and the woman of Samaria. The comparison thus brought about has the same effect as a tumble down from the heights of Zion into the gloomy depths of Gehenna.

Such was the group assembled round the person of Jesus on the borders of Lake Tiberias. His daily life was passed, for the most part, in the open air. Our Saviour addressed his little congregation sometimes from a boat, at others from an eminence overlooking the lake. The nature of this teaching, and the presumed sources from whence it was derived, are discussed at length by our author. After the death of John the Baptist, the scene of these predications was, it is said, removed at intervals to Jerusalem. Jesus was accompanied on these occasions by some of his disciples. It is manifest that he felt that, to play a first part, he must go forth from Galilee and attack Judaism in its stronghold. Jerusalem was at that day what it is in the present, the focus of religious rivalries, jealousies, and discords. The Galileans were looked upon as coarse, ignorant peasants. Jesus passed his time when in the Holy City in the Temple, which was at that epoch in an unfinished state. The guardianship of Herod's building was left by the Romans in the hands of the Jews—the head-quarters of the former were the Antonia Tower. Jesus and his followers were lost amid the crowd that assembled to celebrate the festival at Easter; but still his predications, and the miracles performed by him at this epoch—a point in the chronological part of the history of Jesus in which M. Renan is most at variance with other authorities—became the subject of general conversation. Nicodemus, a wealthy Pharisee, high in consideration in Jerusalem, took a deep interest in the young preacher. Gamaliel, grandson of Hillel, and the chief man of the day, was of a liberal and tolerant disposition, and not given to persecution. Jesus, on his side, became more and more convinced that it was impossible to enter into any compromise with Judaism. He denounced the Law as no longer in existence. "The Law and the Prophets were until John: since that time the kingdom of God is preached, and every man presseth into it." (Luke xvi. 16.) Thus, no longer himself a Jew, he had none of that hostility to Pagans and to Samaritans that was entertained by the Jews. He even asked for water on his way home from a Samaritan woman—a thing forbidden to the Jews—and it was upon that occasion that he declared the Father was not to be worshipped at Jerusalem nor on any given mountain, but in spirit and in truth. Jesus was then, Renan says, the true son of God, for he uttered the word upon which the edifice of an eternal religion will rest. "After having coursed through all the possible circles of error, humanity will come back to that word as to the immortal expression of its faith and of its hopes."

Jesus returned into Galilee completely free from all Jewish prejudices,

and full of revolutionary ardour. His ideas were thenceforth expressed with perfect clearness. He proclaimed the Messiah, the abolition of the Law, and the advent of the kingdom of God. He knew that he should be the victim of his audacity; but the son of man was to come back in glory after his death, and those who had rejected him should be confounded. He likewise allowed himself to be called son of David, in accordance with the universal belief that the Messiah should be a son of David, born at Bethlehem. He performed miracles when appealed to in that name. No great historical event ever took place without being accompanied by things more or less fabulous; and even if Jesus had so willed it, he probably could not have prevented these popular errors. But Jesus never dreamt of passing himself off as a Divine incarnation. Renan reads the passages of Matt. xix. 17, Mark x. 18, and Luke xviii. 19, as precautions taken by Jesus to disavow any such assumption. He was son of God; but according to Matt. v. 9, 45, Luke iii. 38, and numerous other passages, all men were so, or could become so in divers degrees. Every one should appeal to God as their father, and the children of the resurrection are described as the children of God. (Luke xx. 36.) The word son has, as before seen in the Old and New Testament, a most extensive signification. We have sons of the world, of light, of the resurrection, of the kingdom of peace, of Gehenna, and of the devil. The title of 'Son of God' was with Jesus equivalent to son of man. He looked upon man as the being in which God dwelt, and as the offspring of God. (Acts xvii. 28.) Nature obeyed him, but so also it obeyed whosoever believed and prayed. Faith could do all things. The witnesses of his miracles thanked God for having given such power to men. His disciples make him act simply as a man. He is tempted, he corrects himself; he is discouraged, he asks his Father not "to lead him into temptation," or "to spare him trials;" he is submissive to God as a son is to his father. He had to take precautions for his personal safety. "Cæsar," says Renan, "knew very well that he was not the son of Venus, and France would not be what it is if it had not believed for ten centuries in the holy bubble of Reims."

Miracles and the accomplishment of the prophecies proved, according to his contemporaries, the supernatural mission of Jesus. Both he and his disciples had perfect faith in both. A man who performs miracles without believing in them, like our modern thaumaturgists, is a mere impostor. It was not so with the son of man. To cure at that epoch was looked upon as a moral act. When disease was viewed as the result of sin or the visitation of a demon, and not as the result of physical causes, the best physician was a holy man. Jesus, who knew his moral force, believed in his power of healing. His patients had, on their part, faith in him, and were healed. The belief in demons was entertained by all, not in Judæa only, but throughout the East. The profession of exorcist was as common as that of physician. Jesus had the reputation of possessing all the secrets of the art. To the present day they say in the East of a madman, or of a person who is unreasonably excited, *majnun enté*—"he is possessed of a devil." A word of kindness or of mild reproof suffices sometimes to cure such persons. A European dwelling in the East often obtains credit as a physician, as a sorcerer, or as a discoverer of treasures, without himself being aware of it. Jesus, Renan

says, seems to have been thaumaturgist almost against his own will. It was not till an after period that he tried his powers, and gained confidence in them. Even then he had to be pressed to exercise the faculty, and he always sought to bury the act in silence and obscurity. He even reproved his disciples for their love of miracles. The reputation of a physician and of an exorcist appears, indeed, to have been rather forced upon, than willingly adopted by him. Almost all men who have laboured for the good of their fellow-creatures have been, whether they liked it or not, thaumaturgists. It was so with Socrates, with Muhammad, with Vincent de Paul, and with Pascal. Miracles are generally much more the work of the public, than of he who is supposed to perform them.

This latter phasis in the history of Jesus is supposed, by his biographer, to have lasted about eighteen months, from his return after the Easter festival, in 31, till his journey to the feast of the Tabernacles in 32. His apostles began to preach at the same epoch. Jesus is said to have communicated facts to them which he forbade them to mention to all. Their predications consisted mainly in announcing the kingdom to come—a kingdom upon which Jesus himself appears to have entertained divers opinions at different times. The hospitality peculiar to the East favoured this propagandism. The apostles also prophesied, exorcised, and healed, like their master. The germ of a Church was thus founded. The fruitful idea of the power of men united appears to belong especially to Jesus. He gave to the Church the power of absolution and authority to pray; with the certainty of the prayers being listened to. Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, from which the Incarnation and Trinity were afterwards deduced, were with him still indeterminate images. The Jewish canon admitted the Holy Ghost, which it identified with "wisdom" and the "word." Jesus designated this spirit by the term *Peraklit*, borrowed by the Syro-Chaldeans from the Greek, *Paracletus*. The bond of union in this new Church was bread, the staff of life. Jesus spoke of it metaphorically as the bread from Heaven. (John vi. 32.) He spoke of himself as the bread from Heaven. The breaking of bread became thus a symbol of recognition among those who were afterwards known as Christians. It is probable that this mystic sacrament was also partly derived from one of the characteristic habits of Our Lord. One of the tenderest reminiscences after his death was Jesus at table blessing the bread, breaking it, and handing it to his guests. Participation in such banquets was looked upon as a kind of communion—a bond of union. "I am here," he said, holding the bread; "this is my flesh," and, pouring out the wine, "this is my blood." Hence, such became after his death the great symbol of the Christian community, and its adoption dated from the most solemn moment in the life of Our Saviour.

The first Christian Church congregated solely in the expectation of the proximate advent of the kingdom of God. All worldly possessions were utterly disregarded by its members. Even marriage was avoided, and the master spoke of eunuchs for the kingdom of Heaven's sake. (Matthew xix. 12.) It was a monachial order, similar to that of St. Francis, only living upon vain expectations, like the Latter-Day Saints. Parents, wife, children, all were to be sacrificed for the kingdom of Heaven. Absolute poverty, as in some monachial orders, was also practised. The *Peraklit* would always provide for them, and take care of them in times of persecution. These persecutions were openly announced,

and his disciples were taught to be prepared to meet them, and not to flinch from the good work. Everything was to be sacrificed for Jesus. The extreme of this doctrine is depicted in Luke (xiv. 26), and is still often preached by those whose Christianity is more enthusiastic than humane. Society would be impossible if such doctrines were really carried out in practice. Such a system was simply impossible. All the ties of nature cannot and ought not to be severed even for future salvation. The Father of all could never have intended it to be so. Hence, also, priests in after times ignored such unnatural teaching. Some were to be found who could even pronounce the proud, worldly, and most sensual Louis XIV. a Christian! Others, however, adhered to these extreme evangelical notions, and the monachal principle sprang up, from the fact that the perfection demanded was entirely without the ordinary conditions of social existence. The monk, as regards celibacy and poverty, is, indeed, the only Christian who thoroughly conforms to the teaching of the master. It was when Jesus had arrived at this period of extreme exaltation, that he also began to contemplate his own death as a sacrifice destined to save mankind. He declared that he had come not to send peace, but a sword (Matthew x. 34); to send fire on the earth. (Luke xiii. 49.) The progress of enthusiasm became, indeed, fearful. Jesus was at times beyond himself. His very disciples believed that he had lost his reason. His previous mildness was succeeded by imperious injunctions of perfect faith. It was in this state of mind that he cursed the very fig-tree. He became annoyed at opposition, irritated by disbelief, and weary of his vagabond life. He was no longer the same being that had preached the sermon on the mount. His passion led him to coarse invective. Many of his recommendations to his disciples breathed a fanaticism which the middle ages were not slow to avail themselves of. His anger was especially directed against the Pharisees, who were at that time, by their pretensions to an exclusive piety, ridiculed by many and disliked of almost all. His struggles against this official hypocrisy were incessant. These frequent disputes were at first engendered by the neglect on the part of Jesus to practise the external ceremonies enforced by tradition. He disregarded ablutions, and declared that giving alms would by itself make clean. An enmity that could only end in death was the result of these struggles. The biting sarcasms, the graceful mockery, the telling parables, the unsparing denunciations of Jesus, could never be forgiven by those against whom they were directed.

Jesus was perfectly aware of the dangers that surrounded him. He had refused to perform miracles at the court of Antipas. He had not been to Jerusalem for eighteen months, and yet he said "it cannot be that a prophet perish out of Jerusalem." (Luke xiii. 33.) He went to the feast of the Tabernacles, according to Renan, in 32, spurred thereunto by his disbelieving brethren (John vii. 3-5), and in secret. After having spent the day in disputations in the Temple, he descended in the evening to the garden called Gethsemane, and passed the night in Bethany, on the Mount of Olives. There, in the house of Simon the leper, he enjoyed the comforts of domesticity, enhanced by the friendship of Mary and Martha. The brother Eleazar, or Lazarus, was also much beloved by Jesus. When in Jerusalem itself the Pharisees abused him, stoned him, and sought to betray or even kill him. When winter came, his favourite walk was the portico of Solomon. In December he journeyed to the

borders of the Jordan, and was kindly received by Zaccheus and others in Jericho. Hence he returned to Bethany, called thither by the sisters, alarmed at the serious illness of their brother. Jesus found his beloved friend already immured in a sepulchral grotto. The stupendous miracle that followed is related upon the authority of John only; and Renan, although qualifying the event by the circumstances as detailed by John, and the possible connivance of the family in an attempt to rehabilitate the credit of their friend and master with the Jews, still believes that something did take place at Bethany, which was looked upon as a resurrection. Certain it is that this raising of Lazarus contributed much to the persecution of Jesus. The report of it spread over the city and created a deep sensation. The chief priests and the Pharisees gathered together and took counsel to put him to death. Caiaphas, or Kaiapha, the high priest, was devoted to the cause of the Romans, but Renan asserts from Josephus that he was subordinate to his father-in-law, Hanan, or Annas, who was really the responsible party. The decisive words that brought about the death of Jesus—that one man should die for the people—are, however, placed by the Evangelist in the mouth of Caiaphas. The same words were likewise in the minds of all the sacerdotal party. Their wealth and honours were affected by anything that touched their creed. The reasoning adopted has been the same since the origin of human society, but never did it miss its aim in so striking a manner. "Left to himself, Jesus would have exhausted himself in a hopeless struggle against the impossible. The insane hatred of his enemies decided the success of his work, and placed the seal upon his divinity."

The death of Jesus was thus resolved upon in the month of February or the beginning of March. But he escaped for a short time. He took refuge in Ephraim, or Ephron, a short day's journey from Jerusalem, returning only for the Easter festival. The hopes of his followers were, however, more exalted than ever. There was even a rivalry for preference, and the mother of Zebedee's sons asked that they might sit on his right and left hands. But the mind of Jesus was filled with grave thoughts, and he spake the parable of the ten pieces of money. He also spoke of his sufferings to come and of his proximate death. On arriving near Jerusalem, he took up his abode again at the house of Simon. The reception given to him was so hospitable and respectful as to have excited the ire of the avaricious Judas Iscariot (Juda of Kerioth). The next day he went into the city. His entrance was a kind of triumph. The crowd hailed him as "Son of David," as "King of Israel," and as "Jesus, the prophet of Nazareth in Galilee." These visits to Jerusalem were continued for three days, Jesus being all that time much discouraged and very sorrowful. The enormous weight of the mission he had imposed upon himself bore down upon him cruelly in his last days. Human nature vindicated itself for a time, but his divine nature soon gained the ascendancy. He might have fled, but he did not do so. The love of his work carried the day, and he determined to drink of the cup even to the dregs. From that moment Jesus was himself again—the incomparable hero of the Passion. The evening of Thursday, the 2nd of April, Jesus took his last supper with his disciples. Easter began with the supper of the next day. He knew that Judas had arranged with the Pharisees how his person could be secured, and he made his treachery known by break-

ing bread. Hence it was that the Last Supper became by many regarded as the institution of the Eucharist.

It was already night when Jesus, descending into the valley of Kedron with his disciples, went into the Garden of Gethsemane. The servants of the priests then appeared, accompanied by Roman soldiers led by Judas, who signalled the master from the disciples by a kiss. The latter made some show of resistance, but Jesus rebuked them, and gave himself up to the soldiery. They then fled, with the exception of Peter and John, who followed at a distance. The crime with which Jesus was charged was "seduction." He was first led into the presence of Hanan, to whom he declared that he had no secret doctrine, and he appealed, amidst insults, to his disciples. But John had not been admitted, and as to Peter, who was without, he denied him. Jesus was next taken before the Sanhedrin assembled at the house of Caiaphas. There he was accused of blasphemy, and with having said that he would destroy the temple of God. The replies of Jesus are unknown. According to three out of four of the evangelists, he, in reply to a question to that effect, declared himself to be the Messiah, and announced the coming of his celestial kingdom. But John says nothing about this. The meeting was unanimous in declaring him guilty; and he remained the rest of the night exposed to the insults of miserable wretches who vied with one another in heaping affronts upon the august presence. Next day the priests and elders met again to obtain the ratification of their sentence by Pontius Pilate. But the Roman governor did not approve of the persecution of the Jews. He even had a private conversation with Jesus, the details of which have not been handed down to us. Pilate, indeed, despised the fanaticism of the people he was called upon to rule over, and he would have saved the life of Jesus had it been in his power. His wife likewise interfered in his favour. But the Jews, to win over the Romans, declared that Jesus had called himself "King of the Jews." When interrogated upon this point, he contented himself with saying that his kingdom was not of this world. Pilate proposed to save Jesus by delivering over a prisoner to the people, in accordance with the practices of the Easter festival. But the people, instigated by the priests, selected another Jesus—Jesus, Bar Abba. Pilate then ordered him to be flagellated for calling himself King of the Jews, hoping that such punishment would satisfy the fanaticism of the people. It was then that those disgraceful proceedings took place upon which all narratives are agreed. But the populace was not satisfied with the degradation, the vituperation, and the chastisement of Jesus; they demanded vociferously that he should be crucified. But Pilate adopted another alternative. According to Luke, he sent him to Antipas, or Herod. But the Jews declared that the Roman governor who should acquit Jesus should be reported as not doing his duty by the emperor. Pilate gave way before such threats, but he declared that he washed his hands of all responsibility. The people accepted the position, and said, "His blood be on us, and on our children." "If ever," says Renan, "crime was the crime of a nation, it was the death of Jesus."

Jesus was then led out by Roman auxiliaries to Golgotha. Beheading and crucifixion were Roman punishments. The latter was reserved for vile criminals. The Jews would have stoned him to death, and the Talmud pretends that Jesus was lapidated after having been hung. Jesus not being able to bear his cross, the services of Simon of Cyrene were

called into requisition, by a mode of procedure used in the present day in country towns by the Muhammadans towards the Christians. None of his disciples were with him at this time. The words put into his mouth by Luke (xxiii. 27-31), Renan says could only have been written after the siege of Jerusalem. Jesus refused to drink the aromatic wine—wine and myrrh, according to Mark; altered to vinegar mixed with gall by Matthew, to meet the Messianic allusion in Psalm lxix. 21—that was tendered in accordance with the customs of the Jews to those about to suffer. The cross was, according to Lucian, in the simple form of the letter T, and very low, so that the feet touched the ground. The modern crucifix is no more the cross of suffering than is the grotesque design on Mount Palatine at Rome. There was also a support given to the legs, or between the legs, without which the hands would have been torn, and the body might have fallen down. Jesus, agonised by his sufferings, asked for drink, and it was then that a Roman soldier gave him a sponge dipped in the *posca*, or vinegar-and-water, which they bore on all their expeditions. The last words attributed to him by Luke are open to doubt. John declares that he stood at the foot of the cross all the time, and makes no mention of them. His female friends and relatives—ever faithful in adversity—were also there. John declares that his mother was likewise there; but Renan remarks that it is strange that all the other evangelists who mention the others by name, should have omitted to mention Mary, the mother of Jesus. For a moment the Saviour's courage failed him, but the divine instinct soon gained the ascendancy. The punishment of death by the cross is a slow agony, and there is reason to believe that the frail body of Jesus was relieved by a rupture of the heart. His voice was still strong a few moments previous to dissolution. Suddenly he cried with a loud voice, and, according to Matthew and Mark, yielded up the ghost. According to Luke, he said, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." According to John, whose mind was filled with the fulfilment of prophecy, he said, "It is finished."

It was about half-past three in the afternoon when Jesus expired. Next day, being Sabbath-day, it was desirable that the body should be removed the same evening; so the death of the two malefactors, who suffered by the side of Jesus, was hastened by the *crurifragium*, or breaking the legs. One of the soldiers, in order to see if Jesus was really dead, pierced his side with his lance. The best proof that Our Saviour was really dead is, according to Renan, afforded by the hostility of the Jews, who, notwithstanding the short and insufficient time that he had been suspended to the cross, would not have knowingly allowed him to be removed in a mere state of suspended animation. The latter view of the case is, however, suggested by John, who declares that blood flowed from the wound inflicted by the lance. The disciples of Jesus had fled; but two Jewish friends—Joseph of Arimathea, and Nicodemus—claimed the body. Pilate was surprised to hear that he was so soon dead, and sent for a centurion before he delivered up the body, which had already been taken down from the cross. It was then removed by his friends to a sepulchral grotto, in a garden close by. But the Jews were supposed, by some, to have had it removed, for when the women went on the morning of the third day to the grotto, the stone that closed the opening was removed, and the body was gone. Matthew says that the saying put into the mouth of the keepers, bribed by the chief priest, that

his friends stole him away by night, "is commonly reported among the Jews until this day." John also reports Mary Magdalen, who played so important a part in the Resurrection, as saying, "They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre, and we know not where they have laid him."

Such, then, is the history of Jesus, as propounded by the Professor of Semitic languages at the College of France. It is a purely one-sided narrative, in which the discrepancies of the Evangelists are brought to bear upon one line of consideration only—the humanity of the man as separated from his Divine teaching. It would appear that such Unitarianism did not satisfy the anti-Christian tendencies of some persons, for we have M. Disdier, barrister-at-law of Geneva, writing a letter to M. Renan, in which he would deny to Our Saviour the credit not only of a divine mission, but of being a great and original moral and religious reformer. "He was only," according to the advocate of the city of Calvin, "a reproducer, if not a plagiarist, of the fundamental principles of Buddhism." Entertaining these Pagan views, the writer finds fault with M. Renan because he idealises his hero, and attributes higher qualities to him than he possessed. M. Renan's ideas of Christ and Christianity may be shadowy enough, as much the creations of his own mind as the reflex of the Gospel records; but M. Disdier's ideas of Christ are still more reprehensible, because wholly unfair. Nothing but the most reckless audacity could assert that Buddha or Philo reached the same height in their moral—not to mention their religious—teachings.

The anonymous author of what is most absurdly and irreverently termed "The Fifth Gospel" of M. Renan, treats of the author under the heads of Atheist, Mystic, Idealist, Stoician, Historian, and Critic, under which, with the still more common ones of "Dreamer and Romancer," adversaries also treat of him; too often for the want of better arguments. When Anaxagoras introduced the science of Thales to the Athenians, he was declared to be an Atheist; when Socrates sought to supplant Pantheism by Deism, he was likewise accused of Atheism; so, also, Julian called even Christians Atheists. Thus, also, M. Renan is, in his day, wrongfully denounced by the French hierarchy as an Atheist. The term simply means, however, that he does not agree in all points with the Romanist prelates, and therefore words are used to put him down, which make the very hair of true believers stand erect on their heads.

The said anonymous writer is, notwithstanding this proscription from high quarters, and the Papal excommunication of the book, in ecstasies with it.

"Never," he says, "was a work better adapted to the difficult circumstances of the times and the moral dispositions of the majority of its readers. People will read it, and will like it; not merely because it treats of an important subject, but also because it treats of it with infinite art. It will succeed, because every one will find his own views reflected: the rational man and the religious man, the sceptic and the believer. . . . The 'Life of Jesus' is well adapted for this restless epoch, when minds advance only by a series of oscillations from the past to the future, and from the future to the past; a tidal advance and reflux which always ends by progress."

M. Ernest Hello, on the contrary, declares that the only interest of the work "is to show how far ignorance can go in a learned man, and

credulity in a disbeliever." Nothing like a good startling paradox. It is as the resuscitation of a gigantic mammoth of old. M. Hello admits, however, that he cannot attempt a refutation of this extreme of ignorance and credulity. He simply appeals to Faith, which has again been designated by some as itself ignorance and credulity. He appeals to the "four thousand years of expectation (of the advent of the kingdom to come), and eighteen hundred years of combats." "The central expectation of Jerusalem, that exasperates all that it does not inflame; the cross that changed the world, and cut the epoch into two hemispheres; the rock of Golgotha, cleft by a last sigh; and the mirage of the veiled sun, that announced to Denys, near Heliopolis, the deicide of Jerusalem, an army of a new race, ten millions of martyrs, and their cries, that ascend like the voice of the deep waters asking for the second advent, and then the Amen that will never end: Amen! amen! amen!"

"On the other side, void, void, void, M. Renan, and nothing in the world!"

Physical science, social and moral science, even political science, can all be discussed with the calmness of reason and wisdom, but religious science, it would appear, never. All arguments upon the subject resolve themselves into personalities. To differ however slightly in opinion is to be an enemy, whom it is considered as perfectly justifiable to misrepresent, calumniate, vilify, excommunicate, persecute, and even, if possible, destroy.

The Abbé Loyson writes, however, with more sedateness, and, consequently, more authority. The worthy doctor of theology is, above all, a most successful satirist. The following is the best passage in his pamphlet, although characterised by the usual indulgence in personalities:

"Jesus Christ is not precisely the hero of the romance. M. Renan has borrowed 'the ideal' from himself. The personage whom he calls Jesus is, feature for feature, M. Renan. M. Renan is pantheist; Jesus is pantheist. M. Renan is revolutionary, but too wise to aspire playing a political part; Jesus is revolutionary, but he carefully abstains from any political pretensions. M. Renan has drawn upon himself the persecutions of power; Jesus is happy in not having been interfered with by the police. M. Renan delights in feminine applause; Jesus takes equal pleasure in the same delicate relations. M. Renan is not particularly fond of the Church; Jesus detests the Temple. M. Renan believes himself to be a superior manifestation of the conscience of God in the bosom of humanity; Jesus never had any other idea of himself. M. Renan is the disciple and the apostle of true religion disenthralled of all external forms; Jesus knew that religion, preached it, and would have founded it. At this point alone we meet with a shade of distinction between M. Renan and Jesus, and it is not in favour of Jesus. He allowed himself to be led astray by the formalism of John the Baptist. He also employed some means that are disapproved of by modern common sense. M. Renan is more pure than that. That is because 'the ideal' is always, even in romances, a utopism. Such is the perfection of M. Renan, that it never was attained before him, even by Him who was 'the common honour of all who have a heart worthy of a man,' and who 'stands at the loftiest pinnacle of human grandeur.'"

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THE SATURNALIA OF A REPUBLIC.*

DESPOTISM and demagogy, to coin a noun substantive, for we cannot use the word democracy, have, according to M. Ternaux, a thousand points of resemblance. They have almost always the same origin: ignorance, fear, and baseness; the same means: falsehood, violence, and intimidation; and the same results: the extinction of will and the annihilation of the individual. So long as they have not succeeded in absorbing all the living forces of a nation, despots and demagogues take every precaution to disguise their nature and their tendencies, they approach the prey that they hunger for in the dark; but so soon as, by cunning or by violence, they have seized upon it, their language and attitude is changed, they do honour to the very maxims which they have before denounced with their loudest invectives, and they adopt those very practices which they have most sturdily condemned.

"We are not," says M. Ternaux, "writing the history of despotism; it may, perhaps, remain for us on some future day to unveil, in another work, the mysteries that surrounded the origin of other powers, which, giving in like manner a similar glaring lie to their programme, hastened to confiscate popular sovereignty to their profit." This is a literary rod in pickle for some political celebrity—it is not for us to opine whom. We have now to deal with demagogy as it appeared to the terrified ancestors of the existing Frenchmen after its triumph. It is a strange lesson to read how the invaders of the Hôtel de Ville understood and practised "Liberty," and to follow up the results of the conquests of 1789. Up to that epoch, they and their friends had no other words in their mouths save humanity and philanthropy; once conquerors, and they spoke of nothing but revenge and murder. They had exhausted their anathemas in denouncing the maxim: "The end justifies the means;" that very maxim became, once in power, their only symbol of faith, and the end to which they were supposed to apply all these murders was declared to be "public safety." The liberty and lives of individuals, which it is the especial purport of "public safety" to watch over and to preserve, were crushed, trampled on, and sacrificed wholesale in the name of the protecting power! M. Louis Blanc has denounced this terrible dogma. (*Hist. de la Rev.*, tome xii. p. 601.) "It remained to the Convention to legacy to future generations an ever memorable example

* *Histoire de la Terreur, 1792—1794; d'après les Documents Authentiques et des Pièces Inédites.* Par M. Mortimer-Ternaux. Tome Troisième.

Mémoires des Sansons, mis en ordre, rédigés et publiés. Par H. Sanson, Ancien Exécuteur des Hautes Œuvres de la Cour de Paris. Tome Quatrième.

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of the danger of that sophism, full of murders: The safety of the people is the supreme law. I say sophism, for the safety of the people, in point of fact, always signifies the safety of such or such a nation in such and such a circumstance, and most assuredly there is no nation whose safety merits that any one of those great principles which are of a permanent, invariable, and internal interest to humanity, should be sacrificed for it."

The fact is, that the principles which actuated the leaders of the Convention are not worth discussing—they had scarcely any, and they were at all times ready to sacrifice what few they ever had to the passion for crushing and extinguishing all that had ever been placed above them morally, intellectually, or politically, and which they therefore hated with all the intensity of dislike with which low, uncultivated, and brutal minds hate all that is praiseworthy and good. No sooner was Robespierre enthroned at the Hôtel de Ville, than a new court of justice was created to act in the sense here indicated. La Fayette, who alone remained to organise a constitutional resistance, had been arrested by the Austrians. Marat openly preached assassination; Danton proclaimed domiciliary visits—a committee of surveillance was instituted; Robespierre denounced his personal enemies to the "commune." Danton sounded the tocsin, and the massacre commenced at L'Abbaye, in the Carmes, at the Conciergerie, the Châtelet, and La Force; as also at the Bernardins, Bicêtre, and the Salpêtrière. It sufficed to be a prisoner, an ecclesiastic, or a suspect, to be put to death; all trials, and even the functions of the "Maître des Hautes Œuvres," were superseded by simple murder. These massacres afterwards extended to Meaux, to Rheims, to Lyons, to Versailles, and to other provincial towns. The crisis came with the public execution of the king.

The civilisation, so much vaunted, of the eighteenth century, did not extend beneath the higher beds of society. The masses remained as ignorant, as coarse, as ferocious as when Saint Bartholomew found its assassins. Public executions were attended with savage avidity, and men and women betrayed at these exhibitions all the excitement of wild beasts—the very drunkenness of death.* The death of Louis XVI. put its seal upon the principle that the republic could have no more solid basis than the bodies of its enemies. The blood of the royal martyr consecrated the scaffold, and the revolution accepted it as an altar. The soil of the Place de la Révolution was still seething with the blood of the king, when the clubs and the "commune" imperiously demanded the death of all friends of royalty.

The contests that took place within the Convention itself, extended themselves without, and divided republican France into two camps. The city was at the same time subjected to great privations, and demanded the laws of maximum of price which had long been promised as the panacea of all evils. On the 25th of February the people began to pillage, when it could no longer purchase. The two camps mutually accused one another of these excesses. The Girondists attributed them to the Machiavelism of a demagogic municipality, the Jacobins attributed

* The women called "Les Furies de la Guillotine" first showed themselves at an execution of five persons on the 24th of February, 1793.

them to the cowardice of their adversaries, who delivered up the nation disarmed to its enemies. La Vendée was in revolt, Lyons was rising. The republic summoned all its children to the defence of the country. The said "country in danger" in 1792 brought with it the days of September, 1792; the levy in mass of 1793 was followed by the revolutionary tribunal.

On the 9th of March, Chaumette demanded from the Convention the institution of a tribunal to judge and restrain bad citizens without power of appeal. Carrier, who was destined to most abuse such exceptional legislative powers, supported the motion. It was in vain that Vergniaud and a few other constitutional members declared that such a court would be an inquisition a thousand times more formidable than that of Venice, the decree became law on the 11th of March, and the revolutionary tribunal became an institution. It entered upon its functions on the 28th, and the first sitting of a court, which, according to Marat, by exterminating all the evil disposed, was to ensure calm, peace, and happiness, was crowded to excess. The first to whom the honour was reserved of showing the way to so many martyrs was a Poitevin gentleman, Guyot Desmaulans by name, accused of emigrating. The scaffold had remained ever since the death of Louis XVI. on the Place de la Réunion. When Guyot was led there, he looked steadily at the apparatus, and inquired if that was the instrument which had accomplished the greatest crime that it was in the power of man to commit. Being answered in the affirmative, except that the knife alone had been changed, he walked up with a firm step, and then knelt down to embrace the spot which had been stained with a king's blood. As he was rising up, the assistants tumbled him over upon the plank, and in a moment all was over. On the 10th, a poor maniac grenadier, Nicolas Luttier, who had declared that the king was still alive, suffered the so-called penalty of the law. On the 15th, the Marquis de Blanchelande, formerly governor of the French Windward Islands, was led to the scaffold, also by verdict of the revolutionary tribunal, for having allowed his troops to wear a white cockade. The veteran royalist went to the scaffold with a smile on his lips, and his stoicism so irritated the mob, that they loaded him with their execrations, and applauded the descent of the knife. The next victim was a poor cook, accused of having uttered certain words deemed to be unpatriotic, but the bearing of which it became manifest on her trial she never fully comprehended. These executions were followed by a host of others, chiefly persons condemned for forgery of assignats.

But the people soon began to complain of the insignificance of the parties condemned. The mob is jealous only of those placed above them, or who are supposed to enjoy greater worldly advantages than are at their disposal. These were not the kind of persons, they declared, for whose especial benefit the new tribunal had been created. So on the 20th they had to be conciliated with a triple sacrifice, in the persons of the Count de Vaujours, colonel of the 3rd regiment of dragoons, the Marquis de Belair, lieutenant in the navy, and the prior of the Abbey of Clisson. On the 24th two forgers of assignats were executed, and on the 27th two "counter revolutionists" and a young man who, picked up drunk in the street, had dared to insult the civic guard. To do so was a matter of death with the new tribunal.

On the 30th of April the old guillotine was removed, and a new one put in its place, in the construction of which certain modifications had been introduced, which experience had found to be necessitated by the great increase in the number of victims.

The reign of the scaffold brought with it not only the blood-thirstiness, which, of febrile origin, is only increased by indulgence, but also a frightful amount of cynicism among all parties, which may be judged of by the following anecdote. On the 9th of May, Count de Maunay, major in the Swiss Guard, accused of emigrating, and M. de Beaulieu of having secreted him, were condemned to death. Charles Henry Sanson was accosted the same day at the Conciergerie by a young woman in male attire, who made, we are told, vain attempts to bribe him. The thing was so utterly out of the question, that, partly with a view to disembarass himself of the unfortunate lady's entreaties, and partly with a remote hope of being of service to her, Sanson handed her over to one of his aides, Louvois by name, merely saying that if anything could be suggested he would not interfere. This lady had already bribed Fouquier-Tinville, who, it would appear, pocketed the money, and then demanded that the law of extermination should be put in force. On arriving at the scaffold, Sanson saw the count turn pale on perceiving some one in the crowd. Looking in the same direction, he perceived the same lady in disguise. Terrified at the consequences, he turned round to Louvois, and said to him, "Louvois, you have received fifty louis from a female dressed as a man, to secure the body of one of the condemned; let us be more honest than the citizen-accuser, who stole her money this morning. She is there, to the right of the guillotine; have your eye upon her."

Louvois nodded in approval. M. de Beaulieu perished first. When the knife descended for a second time a loud shriek was heard. The lady, as Sanson had apprehended, had not been able to restrain her feelings. She was at once seized as an aristocrat in disguise, and as detected in a flagrant crime—that of sympathising with the condemned.

At this crisis Louvois adopted a peculiar French course of proceeding. Rushing down from the scaffold he made his way to the lady, and at once administering a well-applied cuff, he exclaimed at the same time:

"Ah, wretch, I knew that you were deceiving me, but I did not think you was so bad as to do so with an aristocrat. Luckily, the nation has arranged his affairs and mine too at the same time. Your gallant will no longer sully my bed any more than he will the soil of liberty. I suppose his last grimaces were a treat to you. Why, you seem to be weeping yet?" And then turning round to the people, he said: "Would you believe it, citizens? why, this 'coquine' has the audacity to weep for her lover at the very nose and beard of her husband?"

The naïve avowal made by Louvois of his pretended conjugal misfortunes raised a laugh in the crowd, and he was left at full liberty to inflict whatever chastisement he deemed proper on his supposed guilty better-half. He did this by conveying her in safety to the frontier. She was a lady of distinction, and her name was mentioned in certain memoirs of the time in connexion with the venality of Fouquier-Tinville. She rewarded the assistant executioner, who had saved her life by his presence of mind, so generously, that he was enabled to give up the business. It was, however, a strange comedy—with something not a little charac-

teristic of the countrymen of Molière in it—enacted at the foot of the scaffold!

General Miaczinski, condemned on the 10th of May, was not executed till the 18th. His end, Sanson says, was miserable and unworthy of a man of heart. He is said to have gone dead drunk to the scaffold. Lieutenant-Colonel Devauz and Count de Mazu followed in the same month, amidst a host of less distinguished victims.

On the 10th of May the scaffold was removed from the Place de la Réunion (ancient Caroussel) to the Place de la Révolution, and on the 18th of the same month ten persons suffered, one after another, for implication in the conspiracy called that of the *Bouërie*—this after General Lécuyer, condemned, like other general officers who had preceded him, for having sided with Dumouriez, and six other persons, officers, merchants, lawyers, and literary men—had fallen all between the 10th and the 18th of May.

This conspiracy of the *Bouërie* was so called from its chief, Tuffin de la Rouërie, a bold, adventurous royalist, who had spared neither money nor zeal to ensure the destruction of a murderous government. He made Brittany the seat of his incessant exertions, but unfortunately invalidated by the very extent of his toil, he sought a temporary refuge in the house of M. de Laguyomaraïs, and dying there, he was buried in quick lime, so as to prevent recognition even of his corpse. But there were traitors even among the royalists, and M. de Laguyomaraïs, and all his family, relatives, and servants, were transferred as state criminals to Paris. Two of the sons of the Breton gentleman, one twenty years of age and the other fifteen and a half, were acquitted, as were also the surgeon and gardener of the household; but ten suffered, and among them M. de Laguyomaraïs and his wife, his brother-in-law, the abbé, or chaplain to the household, and two royalist officers.

The number of the executed was at this crisis greatly augmented by the fears and apprehensions of the so-called representatives of the people. Ever engaged in sending innocent persons to the scaffold, it is natural that they should have some misgivings that retaliation might one day overtake themselves. The consequence was, that the more cowardly among them lived a life of constant dread, and especially after the assassination of Lepelletier—(Marat had not yet fallen under the avenging knife of a heroine)—they saw nothing but daggers, and the slightest demonstration of indifference or aversion sufficed to send an individual to the scaffold. An affair of this kind created some sensation even amid the glut of executions. Bourdon and Prost, two members of the Convention, had been sent to Orleans, where, at the conclusion of a patriotic dinner where libations were extensively indulged in, they got implicated in a street row, and being personally unknown, were roughly treated by the preservers of order. Bourdon and Prost at once assumed the attitude of martyrs to the public cause, and nine members of the municipality and National Guard of Orleans had to suffer for this vindication of the law in the instance of two drunken and cowardly republicans. They were even taken to the scaffold in the red shirt of paricides, Bourdon and Prost claiming the privilege of paternal tenderness and solicitude towards the nation!

It was on the 18th of July—the very day that the bodies of the nine

victims of Bourdon's cowardice were being conveyed to the cemetery of the Madeleine, that a signal act of retributive justice was committed in the assassination of Marat. Charlotte de Corday d'Armant—the young enthusiast of Normandy—was of a noble family; educated at the convent of L'Abbaye aux Dames, at Caen, she had imbibed the idea that she was destined to deliver her country from the scourge of a murderous tyranny, and she selected Marat, whose name was at that epoch more before the public as the instigator of sacrifices than those of Robespierre and Danton, as her victim. Our distinguished countryman, E. M. Ward, R.A., has taken this fair and heroic, albeit mistaken young person, under the patronage of his great talent. "*La Toilette des Morts*," in the late exhibition of the Royal Academy, is only one of the long list of illustrations the artist's works have supplied of that greatest of historical tragedies—the first French Revolution. All are familiar with that admirable portraiture of Robespierre and Danton awaiting with mingled curiosity and dread—the one defended by his attendant bloodhound—the going forth of Mademoiselle de Corday to execution.

The details given by Sanson of this remarkable incident in the Reign of Terror are, as might be expected, more minute than any that have yet been given to the public; but they show the circumstances of the case, as depicted by Mr. Ward's pencil from previously existing data, to be perfectly correct. Charlotte had not returned ten minutes from her trial, at which she had conducted herself with unexampled firmness and ability, than M. Hauer, the artist, was introduced. She conversed with the artist, while engaged in his task, with perfect calmness for an hour and a half, when she suddenly remembered she had forgotten to write a letter. She had only penned a few lines when Sanson made his appearance. She went on with her work notwithstanding, and, when she had finished, she placed her chair in the middle of the room, and let down her beautiful hair to be cut off. "Since M. de la Barre," says Sanson, "I never witnessed so much courage in death! We were there, six or seven citizens, whose business is not of a nature to soften the feelings, yet she appeared less affected than any of us, and even her lips had not lost their colour! When her hair was cut off, she gave half to the artist and the remainder to Richard, the gaoler, for his wife, who had manifested great interest in the unfortunate young lady." She went to the scaffold with the same remarkable intrepidity; there was not an atom of bravado—a simple, mild, pious resignation, or "a penetrating and irresistible sweetness," as the master of high works describes it. Robespierre, Desmoulins, and Danton were at a window in the Rue Saint Honoré, on the way, thinking, no doubt, when their turn would come. Arrived at the scaffold, she threw herself upon the fatal plank, and Fermin, one of the aides, having let loose the string, all was over in a moment. Sanson declares that he was at the foot of the scaffold, when a carpenter named Legros, having taken the head, was not satisfied with holding it up to the crowd, but actually slapped the face—a face admittedly of extraordinary beauty. This was too much even for a revolutionary tribunal, and Legros was justly punished for this act of sacrilege. Charlotte's letter to Barbaroux is a noble legacy to posterity; the sentiments breathed in it are more worthy of a heroine than of an assassin, but Charlotte was no assassin in the ordinary acceptation of the word. The times considered, and the

magnitude of the crimes daily enacted by her victim, more than vindicated her otherwise reprehensible conduct, and we are inclined to adopt to their full extent the words of the descendant of her executioner. "The soul of Charlotte de Corday went up to Heaven free from all terrestrial imperfection; her heart had never beat save for her country. She was not only the martyr of liberty, she was the Jeanne d'Arc of democracy."

This heroic sacrifice was followed by obscure executions, but quantity, says the master of high works, took the place of quality. These were the high days of the Saturnalia of the Republic—of Moloch devouring his own children. When we received the first volume of Ternaux's great work, we fancied we should find in its pages such a record as has never yet been given to the world—the detailed account of the victims of the Reign of Terror. Such, however, do not appear to be its character; it is more of a politico-philosophical dissertation upon events, and the author's forte seems to consist in laying bare the incidents and motives that led on from one step to another than in depicting the actual events themselves. Sanson's work alone furnishes the actual details of the sufferers. There are no mere generalisations and denunciations in his work; the individuals who were sacrificed to the base passions of the multitude and to the recreant fears and apprehensions—the cowardice of their rulers—are here brought before us one after another in their own persons and names as they fell successively beneath the sovereign knife. It is needless to say it is impossible for us, in an article of this description, to follow out these details; they are the complement of all other histories of the first Revolution, and will constitute by no means the least interesting portion of some future well-digested record of the epoch—one in which the philosophy of history shall be united to the real facts of the case, and what may be truly termed the most illustrative incidents of that dark and tremendous epoch. By what supernatural means will a nation ever be enabled to wash such from its annals? Lucky it is for such that Providence is not so vindictive as man; but, again, omniscience has its own time and ways, not always manifest to short-sighted man.

Among the so-called "obscure executions" which followed upon the fall of Mademoiselle de Corday, we notice several officers—officers of cavalry and of infantry, surely not men of obscurity, and four of whom fell beneath the iron wedge between the 18th and the 25th of July, all suffering for wishing to leave a country bathed up to its neck in crime, and one of them barely twenty years of age: youth or old age had alike no claims to the tender mercies of a murderous rabble. Nay, so far did the gratification of the vilest passions of human nature increase the lust for such, that it was at this very epoch that the revolutionary tribunal underwent a modification, by which the harvest of the scaffold was doubled. The "Comité de Salut Public" decided that it should be divided into two sections, so that two series of so-called trials could be going on at the same time. One of the first sacrificed by the new tribunals was General de la Salle-Souville, put to death for simply corresponding with his nephew, who happened to be an emigrant; Lescuyer, maréchal de camp, for partisanship with Dumouriez; and Tourtier, a nobleman, condemned as "contre-révolutionnaire." Jonas, one of the Garde-Française, was executed for having said in a café, "That when he heard of the king's death he wished to leave his regiment;" and with

him perished a poor old priest sixty-eight years of age, condemned to expiate a wish to quit the country by the loss of life.

On the 18th of August, General Custine, who had been recently transferred from the command on the Rhine to that of the army of the North, was brought before the tribunal, charged with having neglected to relieve Valenciennes, at that time besieged. The French republic would never admit that French soldiers could be checked, still less defeated, save by treachery. But while in the model democracy of the world—in the dis-united States of America—it suffices for a general to be checked, to be relieved of his command, in republican France a check was punished with death. Custine had captured Spire, Worms, Frankenthal, Mayence, and Frankfort from the enemy; but he had not followed up his victories to the satisfaction of the vain-glorious republic. The utter absence of all discipline in a republican army had alone put it out of his power to relieve Valenciennes. The tribunal hesitated to condemn an officer who, even if incompetent, was still not a criminal; when Hébert and Robespierre at once denounced their hesitation as a failure in their duty to their country. Custine was, therefore, condemned to suffer. The old soldier's courage abandoned him at the prospect of an ignominious death. "Are those the people who used to shout at my victories?" he dolorously exclaimed, when saluted on the way to the scaffold by the exultation of the sanguinary mob. His emotion visibly increased as he proceeded, and Sanson says, he thought he would have fainted when he saw the knife reflecting the sun's mid-day rays. This phenomenon of the want of that amount of resolution in facing a public execution, which had manifested itself among simple citizens, and even women, notoriously Charlotte Corday, whose strength of mind never for a moment forsook her, attests the difference, according to the master of high works, "that exists between that nervous excitability which can make a hero, and the masculine fortitude that nothing shakes; it attests to the superiority of civil courage over all other." There is some truth in this, but not the whole of the truth. The English idea of a general officer is not so much that of a "beam sabreur," carried away by the mere excitement of the combat, as of a man who, by his pre-eminent science, coolness, and courage, can ensure victory. Such courage is equal to what Sanson terms "civic courage." But there is no doubt that mere animal courage is a much less heroic thing than the world is apt to give it credit for. Women, as seen under physical affliction, have even, generally speaking, a greater amount of fortitude than men; the savage than the civilised being; and the vulgar than the highly cultivated. The latter are often almost solely upheld in time of trial by the sense of honour. Hence it was that, according to Sanson himself in a previous volume, decapitation by sword was reserved for the aristocracy only, because they were supposed to have the nerve that prevented their shrinking before the blow. The courage that enables men to undergo long-continued privations, to endure all kinds of hardships and persecutions, and to face almost every description of danger from climate, wild beasts, and men, when exploring new countries, we have always held as superior to the courage manifested in throwing in one's lot with a number of others in the chances of the battle-field—and we have experienced both. There is no doubt that there are many kinds of a more humble description of courage, demanded of

many in their progress through the world's trials, of quite as heroic a character as that military courage which monopolises too much the popular mind; still less must the real character of the man—his powers of action or endurance—be judged of by a constitutional failure of his nervous powers when subjected to an ignominious death. The thousand conflicting ideas that crowd upon a sensitive mind at such a moment may oppress the physical creature to such an extent as to render re-action impossible. "Would that I had perished by a Prussian cannon-ball!" exclaimed the general of the French republican armies, when rewarded for his victories and punished for his failures, or those of others, by a disgraceful death on a common scaffold—the last resort of criminals and malefactors of the deepest dye. Well may the cheeks of even a veteran soldier blanch before such an end to his exertions, and no wonder that the blood should recoil from the heart, its very pulsations being cramped by shame, leaving the nervous system, of what was once an heroic being, prostrate; and in the eyes of mistaken men, leaving the hero himself, by a strange paradox, to perish like a coward!

On the 5th and 6th of September eight persons were executed out of twenty-one accused of having cut down a tree of liberty and hoisted the white cockade at Rouen. The number of executions became, indeed, now so great that the chronicle can no longer be depended upon. "My grandfather's arm and heart," says Henry Sanson, "were too much worried with striking to have had the strength to place the number of victims on record at the same time." So that the positive number of sufferers by the French Revolution will never be really known, although we may fairly assume that the records left by the Sansons convey a good proximate idea of the facts of the case. We are the further led to this opinion by the comparative obscurity of some of the names of the sufferers, as also by the intervals that occasionally presented themselves between the epochs of execution.

The so-called "assignats" of the day, with which some people are said to have papered rooms, on the fall of the republic, appear to have been peculiarly obnoxious to imitation, for we find constant condemnations for the forgery of these precious documents—the shin-plasters of the day. Amidst these criminal cases we find the name of a priest caught with arms in his hands, emigrants or would-be emigrants; for it was not enough that, with Japanese severity, it should be a capital crime to emigrate—a fancied desire on the part of a citizen to cross the frontier was sufficient to entail the loss of life. Even the representatives of the people were brought before these terrible assizes; generally for malversation—a practice apparently peculiarly characteristic of democracies and despotism—as, for example, Russia and Turkey, as compared with the dis-United States: a circumstance which might furnish M. Ternaux with another illustration of his favourite comparison between the two.

The sanguinary Areopagus not only summoned representatives of the people, as in the instance of Perrin, and mayors of towns, as in the case of M. de Langlé, executed for having corresponded with the enemies of the republic, into their terrible presence, but by the unavoidable sequence of things, wearied with striking its adversaries, it began also to strike its friends. Gorsas, deputy and journalist, was one of the few Girondins who protested against the autocracy of the capital, and he was the first member

of the Convention who mounted upon that scaffold, where he was soon to be followed by the most distinguished of his colleagues. Sanson had placed himself a little aside on this first occasion of the fall of a constitutionalist, but Gorsas perceived him, and called out:

"Why do you hide yourself, Citizen Sanson? Come forth and enjoy your triumph. We thought we were overthrowing the monarchy when we were inaugurating your reign."

"My grandfather," says Henry Sanson, "bowed his head, but did not reply; he already found that royalty weigh heavily upon him."

The republic had thus given the first signs of tearing itself to pieces with its own hands before the immolation of the queen. Marie Antoinette's death followed, however, very closely upon that of the first member of the Convention. It seems so utterly impossible that even in the present day two persons can write alike concerning this beautiful, graceful, intellectual, and aristocratic victim of the republic, that we shall not enter here upon that debatable ground, trod previously at length in the company of the De Goncourts, Renée, Hue, and others who have laboured to rehabilitate an erring nature, grossly calumniated by contemporaneous history. Suffice it that Mortimer-Ternaux and Sanson (we hope there is no breach of respect in placing the two names together—they are simply brought into juxtaposition by the force of accidental circumstances, not on a question of merit or of social position) both vindicate the true character of the queen. Louis XVI. was simply a political victim; Marie Antoinette was at once a political and a personal sufferer. Politically, her opponents knew very well that they had a person of a very different character to deal with than the placid Louis XVI.; personally, members of her own court, nay, even of her own family, had never been able to forgive her her spirit of independence, her elegant tastes, her predilection for distractions condemned by courtly etiquette, the very charms of mind and person that graced the innocent recreations of the petit Trianon, were grievances in their eyes.

Marie Antoinette was summoned before the revolutionary tribunal on the 1st of August, and she was transferred to the Conciergerie as early as two in the morning of the 2nd. Although described as perfectly calm and collected, she struck her forehead so heavily against a wicket gate as to have brought blood. The municipal Michonis inquired if she had hurt herself:

"No," was the reply; "nothing now can hurt me."

The two Richards, who had been so kind to Charlotte Corday, were now her gaolers, and they treated her with the respect and compassion due to the magnitude of her misfortunes. Unfortunately, the ill-judged attempt of the Chevalier de Rougeville to communicate with the royal prisoner, led to the incarceration of the old couple, and she lost their kindly services. The night before she was led into the presence of the cynical assembly who were to send her to the scaffold, was passed in mending her clothes, which were almost in rags, and she walked into the presence of her inimical judges with all the pride and dignity of a daughter of Austria. Her hair had become perfectly white, and her countenance had the rigidity of marble, as if the soul had already undergone martyrdom. Chauveau Lagarde and Tronson Ducondray had volunteered the perilous task of being her defenders. The infamous charges brought against her

by the wretch Hébert, upon the still more vile and infamous depositions of the gaoler Simon, are given at length in Sanson. They reflect an ineffable disgrace upon the court before which they were uttered, and upon the nation in which that court sat. A shudder of horror pervaded, we are told, the whole auditory. Marie Antoinette alone appeared to be insensible to so gross an outrage, not only upon a fallen princess, but upon a common humanity, and she listened astounded to the accusation of incest, but without allowing even a look to fall upon the utterer of so base a calumny. As she failed to answer so unnatural an accusation, her judges returned to the charge, and after a brief interval revived the accusation :

"If I have not replied," said the queen, for the first time visibly affected, "it is because nature opposes itself to such a charge brought against a mother. I appeal to any who may be here!"

Marie Antoinette deemed her life to be too worthless to care to dispute for its possession; but for the sake of her children she declared the court to be incompetent to constitute the wife of Louis XVI. responsible for the acts of a king who was by the constitution itself irresponsible. As to personal charges against herself, they had brought none, except what were deserving of the most infinite contempt. Her claims to exemption were, however, as little heeded as the pleadings of the two devoted men who had risked their lives in her defence. Marie Antoinette was, indeed, condemned before she was put upon her trial—the latter was a mere judicial form gone through to satisfy appearances. Condemned to follow her husband to the scaffold, Marie Antoinette, worn out by her long trial, slept three-quarters of an hour on her return to her dungeon, after which she indited the letter to Madame Elisabeth, which never reached her or her children, but was found afterwards at the house of Couthon by the conventional Courtois, when he was charged with the examination of the papers of the triumvirate. Like the last words of Charlotte Corday, this last letter of the queen is a noble legacy to futurity.

Charles Henry Sanson had been summoned into the presence of Fouquier-Tinville, who inquired from him if the arrangements for the "fête" were all completed—this was, we are told, the very word he used. The executioner having replied that his duty consisted in awaiting the decisions of the court and not in anticipating them, Fouquier got into a tremendous passion, for the reply contained a vague allusion to *his* having at all events anticipated the decision of the court. In his passion he exhausted himself in insults against the queen and her executioner, and it was decided that the former should be led to the scaffold in the same cart as other ordinary victims. Marie Antoinette, who had declined all aid from the priests of the republic, who were in her eyes so many schismatics, and was finally accompanied against her will by the Abbé Lothringer, received absolution from the Abbé Magnien, administered from a window in the Rue St. Honoré. As to the insults of the populace on her way to the scaffold, she confronted them without a shudder or a sign of weakness. In the presence of the scaffold alone she muttered :

"My daughter! my children!"

Sanson whispered to her, "Courage, madame!"

"Merci! monsieur, merci!" she replied.

He then offered to help her up the fatal steps :

"No," she said; "I shall, thank God, have strength to get up myself."

And she stepped up with as much majesty as if they had been the steps of the grand staircase at Versailles. The assistants having seized upon the royal personage and bound her down to the plank, she lifted up her eyes to heaven, and exclaimed with a loud voice:

"Farewell, my children, I am going to join your father."

A few shouts of "*Vive la République!*" followed upon the descent of the knife, and one of the assistants, compelled to the melancholy duty by the sword of Nourry-Grammont (a fanatical officer in the revolutionary army, who had put his fist in the most cowardly manner in the queen's face when being led to the scaffold, and who now brandished the weapon to which he was a disgrace with the violence of a maniac), walked round the scaffold with the head of the victim, the eyelids being still agitated by a convulsive shudder.

The trial of the inhabitants of Armentières, accused of corresponding with the enemy, followed upon that of the queen, and four of the accused, including one justice of the peace, were executed. These were followed by others, all condemned by the second section of the revolutionary tribunal; the first was absorbed with the more onerous duty "of bringing the Girondins to justice," as would be said under ordinary circumstances, but in reality of overthrowing and exterminating a body of men who had not sunk so low in crime as the Convention, the Commune, and the Clubs. The latter demanded twenty-two victims, but as several had fled, the number had to be made up by the conviction of deputies who had not taken part in the insurrection of the 2nd of June, and thus with Gorsas, who had already been executed, the number of twenty-two deputies was made up. The charges brought against these representatives of the people were having conspired against the unity and indivisibility of the republic, and against the liberty and security of the French people. The facts by which these accusations were attempted to be proved were simply that the said deputies, less bloodthirsty than other republicans, had not been always prepared to join with them in the commission of the most flagrant atrocities. The most unprincipled and contemptible wretches, men such as Amar, Pache, Chaumette, Hébert, Chabot, Fabre d'Eglantine, and others, were brought forward as witnesses against the probity of these generous men, who sacrificed their feelings and fortunes for the benefit of their country, and who were now about to seal the sacrifice by laying down their lives.

"I do not," said one of them—Vergniaud—"deem it necessary to defend myself for want of complicity with thieves and assassins!"

The trial was, notwithstanding, so far prolonged, that the Jacobins, after accusing the Convention of dilatoriness, demanded, through Robespierre, that the tribunal should be emancipated from all legal forms! "All France," said Fouquier, "accuses the men who are upon their trial; what necessity is there, therefore, for individual witnesses?" One who, like others engaged in this great trial, was more influenced by the party of terror than by his own impulses (such persons were designated "*terrorisés*"), Osselin, supported Fouquier, who rewarded him by sending him to the scaffold only a few days later; all legal forms were dispensed with, the accused—men of eminence at the bar, and of tried eloquence and patriotism in the senate, were, in fact, interdicted from pleading—and

condemned without a hearing. The whole of the condemned rose up simultaneously at this conclusion to this mock trial.

"We are innocent!" they exclaimed. "Vive la République!"

One cry alone disturbed the unanimity of the expression. It was "Je me meurs!" Dufriche-Valazé, representative for the department of the Orne, had buried a dagger in his bosom. The rest were led away chanting the chorus of the *Marseillaise*, parodying some of the words:

Plutôt la mort que l'esclavage !
C'est la devise des Français.

Sanson had to procure the aid of a dozen assistants in order to exterminate such a group of the most distinguished, learned, and eloquent men in France. No less than five carts were necessitated for their transport. The "*Toilette des Morts*," as Charlotte Corday called it, presented a strange scene. When at length completed, and all were shorn, dressed, and pinioned, the rest made way for Vergniaud to proceed first, but he turned to the body of Valazé that lay on three stones in a corner of the room:

"There is our eldest in death," he said; "it is for him to show us the way."

Five occupied two carts; six, the third; four, the fourth; and the dead body of Valazé the fifth.

A prodigious crowd filled the streets, but the people were silent, and manifestly terror-stricken. A crowd of men and women, hired and inebriated for the occasion, followed the carts, and filled the air with their obscene shouts. One of the assistants, appointed by Hébert, threw off his coat, beneath which he wore the costume of a clown, and placing himself athwart one of the horses, he went through a series of highly entertaining and appropriate performances! The patients were all men of fortitude, but, as may be expected, they faced an ignominious death with varied feelings. Bishop Fauchet was the most depressed, Vergniaud the least so. Some shouted, others wept; some joked, more particularly Ducos, a young man of letters, representative of the Gironde, and who, among other quaint remarks, observed:

"What a pity it is that the Convention did not decree the unity and indivisibility of our persons?"

Twice on the way the different groups joined in the *Marseillaise*. At the steps of the scaffold they exchanged embraces, and encouraged one another to die as they had lived, without fear or reproach. The Marquis de Sillery, deputy for La Somme, first ascended the platform, whence he bowed four times to the mob. One of the assailants bade him not waste time.

"Cannot you wait a moment?" he retorted. "I have to wait, who am in a greater hurry than you."

As the knife fell, the chorus of the victims increased in vehemence. The bishop had to be assisted up the steps of the scaffold. By the time that six had fallen, the plank, the head-piece, and basket beneath, had become so flooded with blood that it became necessary to procure buckets of water to cleanse the apparatus. The melancholy hymn was still being chanted by those who remained alive below. As to Ducos, he was still joking when the knife fell down upon him. Vigée, the last that perished,

died with the patriotic chant upon his lips. "It took precisely forty-three minutes to make the republic widow of its founders, and to put all France in mourning for the most generous of its children." This sad execution over, Sanson went to Fouquier to complain of a mountebank having been associated with such melancholy duties as those of the scaffold. All the answer he got was, that if he did not keep pace with the times he would have to change places, and become the executed instead of the executioner. The mountebank, André Dutruy by name, remained from that epoch an essential portion of the greatest institution of the day, and the more important executions were enlivened by the contortions and grimaces of the sinister "Jacot," as he was called.

The wholesale destruction of the Girondin leaders was the apogee of the revolution. It cannot be said that the sacrifice was an exemplary or an improving one. It does not accord with our ideas of an heroic patriot that he should go to his death saying witty things or chanting a national hymn. The whole scene is deeply imbued with the feverish excitement of the times. But no matter with what amount of calm, dignified, or pious resignation these men had met their fate—the inexorable decrees of Providence would still remain manifest in it. They believed in the republic, and, however honestly so, still were they to a certain extent, even if unintentionally and indirectly, responsible for the fatal results that had ensued, and for the blood of an innocent monarch and his queen. Retribution with them came fast and sure; they fell in their turn; nor did the sun shrink back in his course at the bloody sight, as it is said to have done at the retributive repast served up by Atreus to Thyestes. Their fall was also soon to be followed, by the slow but certain action of the same inevitable laws, by that of their political assassins, only the latter, like the dregs of an over-full revolutionary chalice, were cast away in a far more despicable and ignoble manner.

The Convention was left free, with the fall of the Girondins, to prosecute every individual either suspected or obnoxious, and to send them to the scaffold, without even a voice raised in their favour. Executions became, in consequence, much more frequent, and the guillotine was the fitting representative of an "executive government." Among the more notable who followed the Girondins were Olympe de Gouges, a woman of some ability and much courage, who, like Charlotte Corday, had saluted the dawn of the republic with joy, but had soon found reason to detest and abhor the malpractices enacted in its name. She went to the scaffold, however, simply as an opponent, not as a vindicator of the rights of humanity by a retributive assassination. The case of Adam Lux was a singular one. He had come from Mayence to claim a seat at the banquet to which the elders of the human family invited their brethren. Alas! he soon found that the banquet was a scaffold stained with the blood of all that was good or praiseworthy. Thus disabused, he meditated upon the beauty and heroism of Charlotte Corday till he determined to join her, and he perished on the scaffold, whither he had gone in his best, as if to a marriage ceremony, with the words "At last!" in his mouth. It is not to be wondered at that the sanguinary fanaticism of the day should have been followed by flagrant instances of mental alienation.

Adam Lux was followed by a more important personage, and, like the Girondins, one of the initiators of the revolution by which he was

doomed to perish—Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans. It was in vain that this prince, unworthy of his ancestry and blood, had stooped to call himself "*Egalité*," and had voted for the death of his king and relative; his birth and his wealth could never be pardoned by a lustful and infuriate mob. His execution, like that of the Girondins, was also in the ordinary course of retributive justice. The presence of a Bourbon in the ranks of the "*Montagne*" was of itself an insupportable solecism. It was determined to get rid of him at the first opportunity, and Fouquier did not even trouble himself with getting up an act of accusation. That which had served for the Girondins—his enemies—was also made to serve for him. Well might the miserable prince exclaim, "Why, surely this is a joke!"

General Coustard, the prince's aide-de-camp, and three others were condemned to perish on the scaffold at the same time. Among the victims was a noble old man seventy years of age—a M. de Laroque—who, when Sanson approached him to "*faire sa toilette*," took off his wig, observing that his bald head saved him from that ceremony. Finding that he was to perish in company with the duke, he turned round to the latter, and said:

"I no longer regret losing my life, since he who ruined my country is punished for his crimes; but I acknowledge, monseigneur, that I am infinitely humiliated at being obliged to perish on the same scaffold as yourself."

The Duke of Orleans looked at him, but did not reply. The procession started from the Conciergerie at four o'clock in the evening. The countenance of the duke was more expressive, we are told, of the indifference of a blazé than of the heroic firmness of the professor of a political faith. The aged nobleman who was praying by his side, without ostentation and yet without weakness, was a far more dignified representative of humanity. M. de Laroque perished first. He bade farewell to all save the duke, whom he purposely ignored. Gondier, then General Coustard, and next Brousse, passed under the knife. The prince witnessed these executions without testifying any emotion. The assistants wished to remove his boots. "It will be so much time lost," he observed; "you can take them off much more easily when I am dead."

In another moment the unfortunate prince was no more. The fatal knife descended amidst the ferocious yells and plaudits of the assembled multitude. "Sad consequences," exclaims the philosophic master of high works, "of popular passions! The children of those who clapped their hands on that day were destined forty years later, as the result of a second revolution, to place a crown on the brows of the son of this decapitated prince!"

Six municipal officers of Pont de Cé, accused of treasonable correspondence, were next executed, as a kind of preliminary to the appearance of Madame Roland—the soul of the Gironde—on the scaffold. The courage and dignity with which this gifted lady went to her trial, and from thence to the scaffold—for, like the Duke of Orleans, she was executed the same day that she was condemned—are well known. At her trial she openly avowed that she partook with pleasure the honour of being persecuted by the enemies of the Girondins, and when condemned to death she said:

"You deem me to be worthy of sharing the fate of the great men whom you have assassinated. I will endeavour to mount the scaffold with the same courage that they exhibited."

The little frailty of the feminine sex took the upper hand in the matter of her hair only. She was, according to Sanson, much afflicted when preparations were made for her last toilette, and when the master endeavoured to console her, she made a remark not very complimentary to the profession. "Ou donc l'humanité a-t-elle été se réfugier!" Afterwards she added, "At least leave me enough so that you can show my head to the populace if they ask to see it!"

A certain Lamarche, a forger, had been condemned to die with Madame Roland, and she spent her last moments in consoling this wretched criminal. Yet was she on the way to the scaffold more loudly and more grievously insulted than the queen, Charlotte Corday, or the Girondins themselves. She retorted by a smile of contempt.

"When innocence meets the death to which perversity and error have condemned it, it triumphs over all," she had said, and she held by her creed to the last. She had, as a female, the right to die first; but her companion at the scaffold was in such a state of prostration that she gave up her right in his favour. Politeness appears in these cynical days to have taken refuge in the scaffold. The master of high works took upon himself the responsibility of acceding to her request, and she was permitted to die last. Madame Roland's last words, we have read, were, "Oh, liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!" But Sanson relates that, turning round to contemplate a colossal statue of Liberty that stood on the Place de la Révolution, she smiled and said:

"Oh! liberté, comme on t'a jouée!"

Either would be well worthy of being preserved—the last sneer of a perishing humanity at the vanity of human wisdom.

Illustrious victims now followed one another in lugubrious procession to the scaffold. To Madame Roland succeeded Bailly, the distinguished astronomer, and lately mayor of Paris. It was when acting as such that he had, by the orders of the Assembly, proclaimed martial law on the occasion of the massacres on the Champ de Mars. This had marked him out as a victim to the triumphant Convention. He was condemned to be executed on the very theatre of his so-called crimes. François Arago and others have already related at length the insults and annoyances to which the unfortunate "savant" was exposed, and the additional information given by Sanson by no means tends to diminish the ideas previously entertained of the disgraceful outrages that accompanied this execution. One of the gaolers, imitating the manners of a valet, introduced him to the master of high works:

"Monsieur Bailly, ex-butcher of the late tyrant!"

Two others amused themselves by pushing, or rather tumbling and balloting the unfortunate victim to and fro, the one from the other. This in the presence of the revolutionary officials, who appeared to enjoy the scene, and to laugh at the jokes with which the exercise was accompanied.

Bailly was not, as Thiers states in his "*Histoire de la Révolution*," led from the first to the scaffold on foot; he was conveyed thither in the usual cart, only that a red flag, to be burnt previous to his execution, was

on this occasion suspended behind. The scaffold had been so hurriedly removed, that portions of the apparatus had been left behind, and when the cart passed through the Place de la Révolution it was necessary to convey these with them. All this had to be done amidst the shouts and execrations of an infuriated populace, among whom the *Lécheuses de Guillotine* made themselves particularly prominent. Bailly passed the time, we are told, in quiet conversation with Sanson. He asked about the last moments of the queen, of Charlotte Corday, and of Custine; and he inquired even into the emoluments of the executioner. The machinery in the cart proved, however, to be so troublesome, that the old man had to get down and walk. The mob then obtained the ascendancy, and they tore the mantle off the victim's shoulders, casting him down at the same time in the mud. It was only by the most energetic efforts on the part of the gendarmes that he was preserved from being torn to pieces. There was no alternative but to replace him in the cart, and even then the mob continued to pelt him with every kind of projectile that they could lay their hands on. Arrived at length at the foot of the scaffold, the mob insisted that he should not be executed there. There was no alternative but to succumb; the gendarmerie and assistants were not in strength to resist the will of the sovereign people. The only concession made was that the scaffold should be removed to another part of the Champ de la Fédération, as the Champ de Mars was then called. This is what gave origin to what has been called the promenade of the victim around the said plain, to which was further added, that he had to carry the planks of the scaffold on his back. This Sanson contradicts. He says that many present carried portions of the scaffold as if in triumph, but the rest were removed in carts. He admits, however, that the poor old man was in rags, covered with mud, and hurt by the missiles on every part of his body, even to bleeding from the forehead. Some, he adds, even endeavoured to strike him with sticks over the heads of others. Lamartine, we are told, exaggerates when he says that Bailly was made to lick the earth that had been stained with the blood of the people. But it is almost impossible to exaggerate the insults and outrages to which a feeble old man, his hair cut, his hands tied behind, his clothes torn off his back, his person covered with spittle, mud, and blood, was exposed when thus led about from one place of execution to another, amid the savage shouts of a ferocious multitude. At length a place whereon to raise the scaffold was found in a ditch on the river side of the plain, and after much discussion was fixed upon for the dénouement of the tragedy. The poor old man was trembling with cold, for it was not only cold, but raining.

"Tu trembles, Bailly?" said one of the crowd.

"Mon ami, c'est que j'ai froid," replied the victim with the utmost composure.

Hitherto he had indeed borne up through insult and ill treatment with infinite courage and forbearance; but his strength began to fail him. He felt faint, and asked for drink. The only response was liquid mud thrown into his face! One, more humane, afterwards tendered him a little wine. Still he had to be supported up the steps of the hastily erected scaffold; but his sufferings were not over. The red flag had to be burnt previous to the execution. Wet woollen stuff did not lend itself easily to the

revolutionary programme, and it was not till a plank of the scaffold had been chipped into little bits that the orders could be carried out. This done, a term came to the victim's prolonged suffering, and he was hurried out of a world with which he must have been thoroughly disgusted.

The scaffold was reinstated in its old place on the Place de la Révolution the same night, for three more victims had been condemned the same day, and were executed the next. This was on the 22nd of October. On the 24th perished an extraordinary personage—Manuel, formerly "procureur" or pleader for the "commune," and one of the most zealous enemies of the king. His conscience, however, did not permit him, at the last moments of the royal agony, from mentioning the fact, that he, Pétion, and Kersaint, had signed a "sauvegarde" for Louis XVI., if he would induce the King of Prussia to withdraw his army. This was more than enough to ensure his destruction. It was a strange and complicated incident of retributive justice. Manuel might, perchance, have saved the king's life had he acted at first openly and honestly; he avowed his error, however, too late to save the king, whom he had himself to follow to the scaffold. He went there, however, as a maniac, for the trials to which he had been subjected were too much for a weak and hesitating mind, and it gave way before so many conflicting impulses. Brunet, commander-in-chief of the Army of Italy, was led to the scaffold the same day, and perished with unflinching fortitude. The narrative of Henry Sanson is succeeded at this point by the journal of Charles Henry Sanson himself. It is a most lugubrious, and may be to some, probably, an almost repulsive narrative; but the lessons it conveys of the ungovernable passions and the sanguinary propensities of a mob once let loose, are of far too great importance to the safety of nations, that such a narrative should be passed over in silence. As we have seen so recently in New York, the mobs of all countries and all times are the same. Intelligence, morality, and religion surge to the surface everywhere, but they penetrate far less deeply into the masses than some well-intentioned humanitarians would have us believe. It is necessary, therefore, to be well imbued with the knowledge of what the masses are capable of doing if let loose from all legal restraint, and in the full enjoyment of what is termed their sovereignty, in order to fully understand and appreciate the advantages of a constitutional, wise, and paternal government such as, under the blessings of Providence, we at present enjoy, and how much consideration is demanded ere we open the flood-gates to a demagoguery which would at once overwhelm the old standing institutions of a country.

THE SHADOW OF ASHLYDYAT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

PART THE TWENTY-SIXTH.

I.

THE LAST.

BREATHE softly, tread gently, for it is the chamber of the dying! The spirit is indeed on its wing, hovering on the very isthmus which separates time from eternity.

A small shaded lamp throws its subdued light upon the room, blending with the more ruddy hue cast by the fire. The white, wan face of Maria Godolphin lies quietly on the not more white pillow—but that pillow has not the ghastly blue tinge in it which may be seen on the face. Her breath comes in short gasps, and may be heard at a distance; otherwise she is calm and still, the sweet soft eyes are open yet, and the world and its interests, so far as cognisance goes, has not closed. Meta, in her black frock, dressed as she had been in the day, is lying on the bed by her mother's side; one weak arm is thrown round the child, as if she could not part with her greatest earthly treasure: and George is sitting in a chair on the other side the bed, his elbow on the pillow, his face turned to catch every shade that may appear on that fading one, so soon to be lost to him for ever.

The silence was interrupted by the striking of the house-clock, twelve; and its strokes came through the doors of the room with preternatural loudness in the hushed stillness of the midnight. Margery glided in. Margery and Jean were keeping watch over the fire in the next room, the sitting-room, ready for any services required of them: and they knew that services for the dead as well as for the living would be wanted that night.

The doctors had paid a last visit, superfluous as they knew it to be. Dr. Beale had come with the departure of his dinner guests; Mr. Snow earlier in the evening: she was dying, they said, dying quickly; but calmly and peacefully: and those friends who had wished to take their farewell had taken it ere they left the house, leaving her, as she wished, alone with her husband.

Margery came in with a noiseless step. If Margery had come in once upon the same errand which brought her now, she had come in ten times.

• Maria turned her eyes towards her.

"She'd be a sight better in bed. It have gone midnight. It can't do no good, her lying there."

Meta partially stirred her golden curls as she moved nearer to her mother, and Maria's feeble hand tightened its clasp on the little one. George nodded: and Margery went back rather in dudgeon, and gave the fire in the next room a fierce poke.

"It's not *well* to let her see a mortal die. Just you hold your tongue, Jean, about mother and child! Don't I know it's parting them?—but

the parting *must* come, and before another hour is over, and I say it would be better to bring her away now. If there should be anything of a struggle at the last, a fighting for breath, the child will never get it out of her sight. Master has no more sense than a calf, or he'd think of this and send her. Not he! He just gave me one of his looks, as much as to say, 'You be off back; she isn't coming.' 'Tisn't him that would think of it."

"How does she seem now?" asked Jean, a tall woman, with a thin straight-down figure, and old-fashioned large white cap.

"I saw no change. There won't be any till the minute comes."

On the table was a tray of cups and saucers. Margery went up to them and drew two from the rest. "We may as well have a drop o' tea now," she said, taking up a small black teapot that was standing on the hob—for the parlour grate was an old-fashioned one. "Shall I cut you a bit o' bread-and-butter, Jean?"

"No thank ye. I couldn't eat it."

They sat on either side the table, the teacups between them. Margery put the teapot back on the hob. Jean stirred her tea noiselessly.

"I have known those, as far gone as she, rally for hours," Jean remarked, in a half whisper.

Margery shook her head. "*She* won't rally. It'll be only the working out of my dream. I dreamt last night——"

"Don't get talking of dreams now, Margery," interrupted Jean, with a shiver. "I never like to bring dreams up when the dead be about."

Margery cast a resentful glance at her. "Jean woman, if you have laughed at my dreams once, you have laughed at 'em a hundred times when we lived together at Ashlydyat, ridiculing and saying you never could believe in such things. You know you have."

"No more I don't believe in 'em," said Jean, taking little sips of her hot tea. "But it's not a pleasant subject for to-night."

"It's as pleasant as any other," retorted Margery. "One can't be hawering over dancing and fiddling when there's a poor lady that one has loved dying within earshot. A good mistress she has been to me!—and she'll be a loss to more than one, mark you that, Jean."

"The child is to come to the old home, they say, to be brought up by my lady."

Margery grunted. "She'll do her best, no doubt, Miss Cecil will, but the likeliest woman going can't replace a mother. My master, *he'll* find out her worth and her loss when she is gone."

"I never heard that he didn't know her worth before."

"Didn't you!" retorted Margery. "He's all of a piece, he is. To think of his keeping that child in there now!"

"Shall we have you at Ashlydyat again, Margery?"

"Now don't you bother your head about me, Jean woman. Is it a time to cast one's thoughts about and lay out plans? Let the future take care of the future."

Jean remained silent after this rebuff and attended to her tea, which she could not get of a sufficient coolness to drink comfortably. She had been an inferior servant to Margery at Ashlydyat, in a measure under her control; and she was deferent in manner still. Presently she began again.

"It's a curious complaint that your mistress has died of, Margery—leastways it has a curious name. I made bold to ask Dr. Beale to-night what it was, when I went to open the gate for him, and he called it—what was it?—atrophy. Atrophy: that was it: They could not at all class the disease of which Mrs. George Godolphin had died, he said, and were content to call it atrophy for want of a better name. I took leave to say that I didn't understand the word, and he explained that it meant: a gradual wasting away of the system without apparent cause."

Margery did not reply for the moment: she was swelling with displeasure.

"I'd not speak of a lady as dead, until she was dead, if I were you, Jean Nair!"

"But you know what I mean," said Jean, humbly. "Margery, what is atrophy, for I don't understand it a bit?"

"It's rubbish," flashed Margery—"as applied to my poor dear mistress. She has died of the trouble—that she couldn't speak of—that has eat into her heart and cankered there—and broke it at the last. Atrophy! but them doctors must put a name to everything. Jean woman, I have been with her all through it, and I tell you that it's the *trouble* that has killed her. She has had it on all sides, has felt it in more ways than the world gives her credit for. She never opened her lips to me about a thing—and perhaps it had been better if she had—but I have got my eyes in my head, and I could see what it was doing for her. As I lay down in my clothes on this here sofa last night, for it wasn't up to my bed I went, with her so ill, I couldn't help thinking to myself that if she could but have broke the ice and talked of her sorrows they might have wore off in time. It is the burying the grief within people's own breasts that kills them."

Jean was silent. Margery began turning the grounds in her empty teacup round and round, staring dreamily at the forms they assumed.

"Hark!" cried Jean.

A sound was heard in the next room. Margery started from her chair and softly opened the door. But it was only her master who had gone round the bed and was leaning over Meta. Margery closed the door again.

George had come to the conclusion that the child would be best in bed. Meta was lying perfectly still, looking earnestly at her mamma's face, so soon, so soon to be lost to her. He drew the hiding hair from her brow as he spoke.

"You will be very tired, Meta. I think you must go to bed."

For answer Meta broke into a storm of passionate sobs. It was as if they had been on the burst before and the words had set them on. She flung up her little plump arms and held on to her mother, fearful perhaps of being forced away. Maria turned her eyes imploringly on her husband. Her speech seemed to return to her.

"Don't part us, George. It will be such a little while!"

He went back to his seat. He took his wife's hand in his, he bent his repentant face near to hers: it went to his very heart that she should suppose he wished to *part* them—but some such idea as Margery's had occurred to his mind. Meta's sobs subsided, but they seemed to have roused Maria from her passive state of silence.

"Meta—darling"—came forth the isolated words in the difficulty of her laboured breath—"I am going away, but it is not long before you will come to me. You will be sure to come to me, for God has promised. I seem to have had the promise given to me, to hold it, now, and I shall carry it away with me. I am going to heaven. When the blind was drawn up yesterday morning and I saw the snow, it made me shiver, but I said there will be no snow in heaven. Meta, there will be only spring there; no sultry heat of summer, no keen winter's cold. Oh my child! try to come to me, try always! I shall keep a place for you."

The minutes went on: the spirit fleeting, George watching with his aching heart. Soon she spoke again.

"Has it struck twelve?"

"Ten minutes ago."

"Then it is my birthday. I am twenty-eight to-day. It is young to die!"

Young to die! Yes, it was young to die: but there are some who can count time by sorrow, not by years.

"Don't grieve, George. It will pass so very soon, and you will come to me. Clad in our white robes, we shall rise at the Last Day to eternal life, and be together for ever and for ever."

The tears were dropping from his eyes. The grief of the present, the anguish of the parting, the remorse for the irrevocable past, in which he might have cherished her more tenderly had he foreseen this, and did not, were all too present to him. He laid his face on hers with a bitter cry.

"Forgive me before you go! Oh my darling, forgive me all!"

There was no answering response, nothing but the feeble pressure of her hand as it held him there, and he started up to look at her. Ah no: there could never more be any response from those fading lips, never more, never more.

Was the hour come? George Godolphin's heart beat quicker, and he wildly kissed her with passionate kisses—as if that would keep within her the life that was ebbing. The loving eyes gazed at him still—it was he who had the last lingering look, not Meta.

But she was not to die just then: life was longer in finally departing. George, greedily watching her every breath, praying (who knows?) wild and unavailing prayers to Heaven that even yet a miracle might be wrought and she spared to him, supported her head on his arm. And the minutes went on and on.

Meta was very still. Her sobs had first subsided into a sudden catching of the breath now and then, but that was no longer heard. Maria moved uneasily, or strove to move, and looked up at George in distress: dying though she was, almost past feeling, the weight of the child's head had grown heavy on her side. He understood and went round to move Meta.

She had fallen asleep. Weary with the hour, the excitement, the still watching, the sobs, sleep had stolen unconsciously over her: her wet eyelashes were closed, her breathing was regular, her hot cheeks were crimson. "Shall I take her to Margery?" he whispered.

Maria seemed to look approval, but her eyes followed the child as George raised her in his arms. It was impossible to mistake their yearning wish.

He carried the child round, he gently held her sleeping face to that of his wife, and the dying mother pressed her last feeble kiss upon the un-answering and unconscious lips. Then he took her and gave her to Margery.

The tears were in Maria's eyes when he returned to her, and he bent his face to catch the words that were evidently striving to be spoken.

"Love her always, George."

"Oh, Maria, there is no need to tell it me."

The answer seemed to have burst from him in anguish. There is no doubt that those few last hours had been of the bitterest anguish to George Godolphin: he had never gone through such before, he never would go through such again. It is well, it is well that these moments can come but once in a lifetime.

He hung over her, suppressing his emotion as he best could for her sake; he wiped the death-dews from her brow, fast gathering there. Her eyes never moved from him, her fingers to the last sought to entwine themselves with his. But soon the loving expression of those eyes faded into unconsciousness: they were open still, looking as may be said afar off: the recognition of him, her husband, the recollection of earthly things had passed away.

Suddenly there was a movement of the lips, a renewal in a faint degree of strength and energy; and George strove to catch the words. Her voice was dreamy; her eyes looked dreamily at him whom she would never more recognise until they should both have put on immortality.

"And the city has no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God lightens it, and the Lamb is the light——"

Even as she was speaking the last words her voice dropped, and was still. There was no sigh, there was no struggle; had Meta been looking on, the child's pulses would not have been stirred. Very, very gently had the spirit taken its flight.

George Godolphin let his head fall on the pillow beside her. In his overwhelming grief for her? or in repentant prayer for himself? He alone knew. Let us leave it with him!

II.

OVER THE DEAD.

ONCE more, once more—I cannot help it if you blame me for these things—the death-bell of All Souls' boomed out over Prior's Ash. People were rising in the morning when it struck upon their ear, and they held their breath to listen: three times *two*, and then the quick sharp strokes rung for the recently departed. Then it was for her who was known the previous night to be on the point of death! and they went out of their houses in the bleak winter's morning, and said to each other, as they took down their shutters, that poor Mrs. George Godolphin had really gone at last.

Poor Mrs. George Godolphin! Ay, they could speak of her considerably, kindly, regretfully now, but did they remember how they had once spoken of her? She had gone to the grave with her pain and sorrow, she had gone with the remembrance of their severe judgment,

their harsh words, which had eaten into her too sensitive heart: she had gone away from them, to be judged by One who would be more merciful than they had been.

Oh, if we could but be less harsh in judging our fellow pilgrims! I have told you no idle tale, no false story conjured up by the plausible imagination. Prior's Ash lamented her in a startled sort of manner: their consciences pricked them sorely; and they would have given something to recal her back to life, now it was too late.

They stared at each other, shutters in hand, stunned as it were, with blank faces and repentant hearts. Somehow they had never believed she would really die; even the day before, when it had been talked of as all too probable, they had not fully believed it: she was young and beautiful, and it is not common for such to go. They recalled her in the several stages of her life: their rector's daughter, the pretty child who had been born and reared among them, the graceful girl who had given her love to George Godolphin, the most attractive man in Prior's Ash; the faithful, modest wife against whose fair fame never a breath of scandal had dared to come; the loving mother, the gentle friend, the kind mistress, the considerate woman—Prior's Ash looked out around, and in its present mood found none so admirable in all the relations of life as she appeared to have been for whom that bell was tolling.

And how had they requited her? When misfortune, such as does not often fall upon a gentlewoman, overtook her, bursting upon her unconscious head as a hasty-gathered thunder-storm in sultry summer, they had reproached her; had cast towards her their bitter sneers, had not sought to conceal their unjust reproaches: many a one who had not lost by the bank, who had never had a shilling in it, had sent forth cruel stabs more freely than the rest. Did they think in their heart of hearts that she *deserved* such?—did they think such poisoned arrows could fall harmlessly on a refined, sensitive woman, such as she was?

It was all over now; she and her broken heart, her wrongs and her sorrows, had been taken from their tender mercies, to a land where neither wrongs nor sorrows can penetrate, where the hearts, broken here by unkindness, are made whole. It was a better change for her; but Prior's Ash felt it remorsefully. They felt it in a resentful sort of manner when the first shock was over; as if a wrong had been done to them in her going away so soon, in her not stopping longer, that they in their own fashion might have atoned for their share of the past, had it been but by a single word. This sort of atoning—or rather the wish to render it—generally comes too late.

When Meta woke in the morning it was considerably beyond her usual hour; the result probably of her late vigil. Jean was in the room, not Margery. A moment's surprised stare, and then recollection flashed over her. She darted out of bed, her flushed cheeks and her bright eyes raised to Jean.

"I want mamma."

"Yes, dear," said Jean, evasively. "I'll dress you, and then you shall go down."

"Where's Margery?"

"She has just stepped out on an errand."

Meta paused a moment, looking very hard at Jean. For all her

random ways, her high spirits, she inherited very greatly the thoughtful mind, the reflective temperament of her mother; she had inherited that sensitive reticence of feeling which had so remarkably distinguished George Godolphin's wife. Where Meta's feelings were engaged she was silent, shy, timid as a hare. She possessed of course no definite idea of death, she had seen her baby brother in his coffin, but the sight did not impart any defined notions to her; had one questioned Meta of that scene, she would have remembered the flowers strewn on the little white shroud, more clearly than anything else: and when she had gathered, as she had on the previous day, that death was also coming to her mamma, a vague sense of discomfort, of a desire to hold her mamma tightly and not let her go, was the most that her mind had grasped. But the sense of discomfort, of something wrong, returned to her mind when she awoke, the vague fear touching her mother rushed over it with redoubled violence, and she drew away from the hand of Jean, who was about to take hold of her.

"Is mamma in her room? Is she in her bed?"

"We'll go and see presently, dear," repeated Jean, with the same evasion.

The worst way that any one can take is to attempt to deceive a thoughtful, sensitive child, whose fears may be already awakened: it is certain to defeat its own ends. Meta knew as well as Jean did that she was being purposely deceived, that there was something to tell which was not being told. A dread came over Meta that her mamma was in some manner gone out of the house, that she should never see her again: she backed from Jean's hand, dashed the door open and flew down the stairs. Jean flew after her, crying and calling.

The noise surprised George Godolphin. He was in the parlour at the breakfast-table, sitting at the meal but not touching it. The consternation of Prior's Ash was great, but that was as nothing in comparison with his. George Godolphin was as a man bewildered. He could not realise the fact. But four-and-twenty hours since he had received intimation of the danger, and now she was—there. He could not realise it. Though all yesterday afternoon, since his arrival, he had known there was no hope,—though he had seen her die,—though he had passed the hours since, lamenting her as much as he could do in his first stunned state, yet he could not realise it. He was not casting much blame to himself: he was thinking how circumstances had worked against him and against Maria. His mind was yet in a chaos, and it was from this confused state that the noise outside disturbed him. Opening the door, the sight came full upon his view. The child flying down in her white night-dress, her naked feet scarcely touching the stairs, her eyes wild, her hot cheeks flaming, her golden hair entangled as she had slept.

"I want mamma," she cried, literally springing into his arms as if for refuge. "Papa, I want mamma."

She burst into a storm of sobs distressing to hear; she clung to him with her little arms, her whole frame trembling. George, half unmanned, sat down before the fire, and pressed her to him in his strong arms.

"Bring a shawl," he said to Jean.

A warm grey shawl of chenille which Maria had often lately worn upon her shoulders was found by Jean, and George wrapped it round Meta as she lay in his arms, and he kept her there. Had Margery been present,

she would probably have taken the young lady away by force and dressed her with a reprimand; but there was only Jean: and George had it all his own way.

He tried to comfort the grieved spirit; the little sobbing bosom that beat against his; but his efforts seemed useless, and the child's cry never ceased.

"I want mamma; I want to see mamma."

"Hush, Meta! Mamma"—George had to pause, himself—"mamma's gone. She——"

The words confirmed all her fears, and she strove to get off his lap in her excitement, interrupting his words. "Let me go and see her, papa! Is she in the grave with Uncle Thomas? Oh, let me go and see it! Grandpapa will show it to me."

How long it took to soothe her even to comparative calmness, George scarcely knew. He learnt more of Meta's true nature in that one interview than he had learnt in all her life before: and he saw that he must, in that solemn hour, speak to her as he would to a girl of double her years.

"Mamma's gone to heaven, child; she is gone to be an angel with the great God. She would have stayed with us if she could, Meta, but death came and took her. She kissed you; she kissed you, Meta, with her last breath. You were fast asleep: you fell asleep by her side, and I held you to mamma for her last kiss, and soon after that she died."

Meta had kept still, listening: but now the sobs broke out again.

"Why didn't they wake me and let me see her; why did they take her away first? Oh, papa, though she is dead, I want to see her; I want to see mamma."

He felt inclined to take her into the room. Maria was looking very much like herself; far more so than she had looked in the last days of life: there was nothing ghastly, nothing repulsive, as is too often the case with the dead; the sweet face of life looked scarcely less sweet now.

"Mamma *that was* is there still, Meta," he said, indicating the next room. "The spirit is gone to heaven; you know that: the body, that which you used to call mamma, will be here yet a little while, and then it will be laid by Uncle Thomas, to wait for the resurrection of the Last Day. Meta, if I should live to come home from India; that is, if I am in my native land when my time comes to die, they will lay me beside her——"

He stopped abruptly. Meta had lifted her head and was looking at him with a wild questioning expression; as if she could not at first understand or believe his words. "Mamma in there!"

"Yes. But she is dead now, Meta; she is not living."

"Oh, take me to her! Papa, take me to her."

"Listen, Meta. Mamma is changed; she looks cold and white, and her eyes are shut, and she does not stir. I would take you in, but I fear—I don't know whether you would like to look at her."

But there might be no denial, now that the hope had been given; the child would have broken her heart over it. George Godolphin rose; he pressed the little head upon his shoulder, and carried her to the door, the shawl well wound round her body, her warm feet hanging down. Once in the room, he laid his hand upon the golden curls, to ensure that the

face was not raised until he saw fit that it should be, and bore her straight to the head of the bed. Then, holding her in his arms very tightly that she might feel sensibly his protection, he suffered her to look full in the white face lying there.

One glance, and Meta turned and buried her head upon him; he could feel her trembling; and he began to question his own wisdom in bringing her in. Another minute, and she looked back and took a longer gaze.

"That's not mamma," she said, bursting into tears.

George sat down on a chair close by, and laid her wet cheek against his, and hid his eyes amidst her curls. His emotion had spent itself in the long night, and he thought he could control it now.

"That is mamma, Meta; your mother and my dear wife. It is all that is left of her. Oh, Meta! if we had but known earlier that she was going to die!"

"It does not look like mamma."

"The moment death comes, the change begins. It has begun in mamma. Do you understand me, Meta? In a few days I shall hear read over her by your grandpapa——" George stopped: it suddenly occurred to him that the Reverend Mr. Hastings would not officiate this time; and he amended his sentence. "I shall hear read over her the words she has I know often read to you; how the corruptible body must die, and be buried in the earth as a grain of wheat is, ere it can be changed and put on immortality."

"Will she never come again?" sobbed Meta.

"Never here, never again. We shall go to her."

Meta sobbed on. "I want mamma! I want mamma that talked to me and nursed me. Mamma loved us."

"Yes, she loved us," he said, his heart wrung with the recollection of the past: "we shall never find any one else to love us as she loved. Meta, child, listen! Mamma lives still; she is looking down from heaven now and sees and hears us; she loves us, and will love us for ever. And when our turn shall come to die, I hope—I hope—we shall have learnt all that she has learnt, so that God may take us to her."

It was of no use prolonging the scene: George still questioned his judgment in allowing Meta to enter upon it. But as he rose to carry her away, the child turned her head with a sharp eager motion to take a last look. A last look of the still form, the dead face of her who but yesterday only had been as they were.

Margery had that instant come in and was standing in her bonnet in the sitting-room. To describe her face of surprised consternation when she saw Meta carried out of the chamber, would take time and trouble. "You can dress her, Margery," he said, giving the child into her arms.

But for his subdued tones, the evident emotion which lay upon him all too palpably in spite of his efforts to suppress it, Margery might have given her private opinion of the existing state of things. As it was, she confined her anger to dumb show. Jerking Meta to her, with a half fond, half fierce gesture, she lifted her hand in dismay at sight of the naked feet, and turned her own gown up to fling over them.

Scarcely was George left alone when he was again to be disturbed. Some visitor had softly entered the house, and was being shown in by Jean. A faint flush came over his haggard face—haggard then with its

want of sleep and its weight of sorrow—as he saw Mrs. Hastings. Emotion was shaking her also, and she burst into tears as George placed her in a chair.

"I could not get here in time; I could not get here. Oh, Mr. George, what could have taken her away so suddenly? I had no suspicion she was so very ill."

"It has come more suddenly upon me than upon any one," he answered. "I had no suspicion of it."

"But what has she died of? What complaint had she? I knew of nothing but weakness."

George Godolphin gave no satisfactory answer. He leaned his arm on the elbow of his old-fashioned chair, and his cheek upon his hand. "I would have given my own life to save hers," was all he said.

They sat on in silence, Mrs. Hastings bringing her sobs under control. "How is Mr. Hastings?" he presently asked. "He was ill when he left here last night."

"He is in bed this morning. He is really ill, worse than I have known him for years, and he feels the loss of Maria. Grace feels it also dreadfully, they tell me. It takes a great deal to arouse the feelings of Grace, but when once aroused they are apt to be violent. You see—you see—it has come upon us all so unexpectedly."

George turned to the neglected breakfast-table. "Will you take some?" he asked. "I fear it is cold." He might well say it: his own cup of tea, poured out but never yet tasted, was going on for ice. Mrs. Hastings shook her head and they sat on again, neither feeling at ease in the interview. It was the first time George had been brought face to face with Mrs. Hastings since the summer and its heart-burnings.

It was well, perhaps, that Meta came in to break the awkwardness. Dressed now, in her black frock and white pinafore, her pretty curls combed smoothly out, her eyes swollen with weeping, her breath catching itself up. Mrs. Hastings drew her to her knee and kissed her.

"Mamma's dead," said Meta, breaking into hysterical sobs.

"Yes, child; yes."

"Margery won't let me say any longer, 'Pray God bless mamma and make her well again.' Why can't I say it?"

The streaming eyes were raised to Mrs. Hastings, the little voice was choking with its emotion. Mrs. Hastings seemed choking also.

"Mamma is well now, Meta. She is gone to be better off. She—she——"

"Margery says she's gone to Heaven to be with Uncle Thomas," resumed Meta, breaking the distressed pause.

"So she is."

"Do you think she has thanked Uncle Thomas for the Bible yet?—and told him that I will always read it? I *will* always read it because mamma bade me."

George drew her towards him; the scene was getting painful for Mrs. Hastings. "Meta must have some breakfast," he whispered, placing her at the table.

But Meta evidently wanted no breakfast that day. Later, when Mrs. Hastings came out of the next room, where she went, she offered to take her home with her to the rectory. "I think it will be better that she

should not remain in the house," she said in an under tone to George. "She will forget her grief, playing with Fanny and Katie Chisholm."

"You are very kind," replied George, and a sharp remembrance darted through him of the cause which had located the little Chisholms at the rectory, "but I expect her to be sent for almost momentarily to Ashlydyat. She is to be there from to-day. I could not well take her out to India with me."

"I heard it was so arranged; and she will have advantages at Ashlydyat which I could not offer: but had you been at a fault for a home, I would have taken her, in spite of——" In spite of the past, Mrs. Hastings was about thoughtlessly to say, but she stopped in time, and a flush rose to her cheek. "Yes, we would have taken her and done the best we could: she is Maria's child."

He could only repeat a word of acknowledgment, and Mrs. Hastings went out. Margery hastened after her to the gate.

"Did she die quietly, Margery?" Mrs. Hastings asked, the gate in her hand. "Your master is sadly cut up, I can see that, with all his apparent calmness, and I did not like to ask him particulars."

"She died like a lamb, without so much as a sigh," answered Margery. "Master told me so; there was nobody with her but him. As to his being cut up," she added, in a different and slighting tone, "it's only natural he should be."

"What could have killed her? Only this time yesterday I was thinking of her, as busy in her preparations for India."

"She have been going right straight on for death ever since that blow in the summer," was Margery's answer. "Looking back, ma'am, and reflecting on it, I seem to see it all, and I wonder I never saw it then. There were troubles of more sorts than one that came upon her together, and I suppose she couldn't battle with them."

Mrs. Hastings sighed deeply as she walked away, thinking how full of care the world was, how unequally lots in it seemed to be dealt out. At the turning of the road she met the close carriage of Lady Averil, with all its badges of rank: its coronet, its servants, its fine horses and their showy harness. Cecil leaned forward and bowed, and Mrs. Hastings rightly conjectured that she was going herself to bring away Meta. "Yes, lots are differently dealt out in life," she murmured: "it is well that Meta should be brought up at Ashlydyat."

It was a somewhat busy week for George Godolphin, in spite of his sorrow. Many arrangements had to be made: for giving up the apartments; for disposing of personal effects. George's would go with him; Meta's to Ashlydyat; Maria's—what of Maria's? George begged Mrs. Hastings to see to them. Perhaps no bitterer grief had wrung his heart than in the moment when he examined the little cheap trunk, so despised by Charlotte Pain when consigned to that lady's care for safety the previous summer. How good, how pure were her secrets! how great the proof of love and loyalty to him! The bit of hair of their lost children, the two or three love-letters he had written to her; the memorandum made on the day of their engagement: "I was this day engaged to George Godolphin. I pray God to render me worthy of him! to be to him a loving and dutiful wife."

She had been all that; more than all! Had she been less loving, it

might perhaps have been better for her. George Godolphin had probably not been the sort of faithful husband that may be set up under a glass-case as a model pattern to delinquent men in general, but he was not dead yet to the sense of right and wrong, or to the impulses of natural affection. He did not much care for the pretty little curls, or for his own love-letters to Maria; but he put that memorandum paper into his pocket-book, together with a lock of hair that had been cut off after death.

Margery's decision would have to be made promptly: whether she should accept Miss Janet's offer of retiring to Scotland and quiet, or go to Ashlydyat to have her life teased out by Miss Meta. Lord Averil threw an inducement into the scale: "When children come to Ashlydyat, Margery, you shall have the ruling of them, as you had of the children at Ashlydyat in the years gone by." Margery answered that she must "turn things about in her mind." And so the days wore on.

III.

A SAD PARTING.

AGAIN another funeral in All Souls' Church, another opening of the vault of the Godolphins! But it was not All Souls' rector to officiate this time; he stood at the grave with George. Isaac Hastings had come down from London, Harry had come from his tutorship in the school; Lord Averil was again there, and Mr. Crosse had asked to attend.

Prior's Ash had looked out on the funeral, as it had on that of Thomas Godolphin; at the black hearse with its sable plumes. Some inquisitive ones had solaced their curiosity by taking a private view previously of the coffin at the undertaker's, had counted its nails and studied its plate. Prior's Ash did not make this day into a sort of solemn holiday as it had the other one; no private houses had their blinds drawn, no shops were closed: but people did look out sorrowfully and pityingly as the simple funeral went slowly past. They followed it with their regretful eyes, they said one to another what a sad thing it was for her, only twenty-eight, to die. They forgot that the sadness was left for this world; that she had escaped from it and was free, as a chrysalis casts its shell.

Ay, she had left it behind her, all the sorrow and sadness! she had entered into her rest.

George Godolphin stood over the grave and contrived to maintain an outward calmness—even as his brother Thomas had contrived to maintain it when he had stood in the same churchyard over the burial of Ethel. The two events were not quite analogous perhaps, and Thomas, at any rate, had nothing of remorse on his conscience. He, George, stood motionless, betraying no sign of emotion save that of intense, preternatural stillness: but the eyes of Prior's Ash in the shape of its many idlers were on him, bracing his nerves, steeling his heart. There suddenly arose one burst of sobs to delight the gaping spectators, but they did not come from him. They came from Harry Hastings.

It drew to an end at last. The men began to shovel the earth on to the coffin as they had shovelled it so short a while before on Thomas Godolphin's, and George turned away. Not yet to the mourning-coach that

waited for him, but through the little gate leading to the rectory. He was about to leave Prior's Ash for good that night, and common courtesy demanded that he should say a word of farewell to Mrs. Hastings.

In the darkened drawing-room with Grace and Rose, in their new black attire, sat Mrs. Hastings: George Godolphin half started back as they rose to greet him. He did not stay to sit: he stood by the fireplace, his hat in his hand, its flowing crape nearly touching the ground.

"I will say good-by to you now, Mrs. Hastings."

"You really leave to-night?"

"By the seven o'clock train. Will you permit me to express my hope that a brighter time may yet dawn for you; to assure you that no effort on my part shall be spared to conduce to it."

He spoke in a low, quiet, meaning tone, and he held her hand between his. Mrs. Hastings could not misunderstand him—that he was hinting at a hope of reimbursing somewhat of their pecuniary loss.

"Thank you for your good wishes," she said, keeping down the tears. "You will allow me—you will speak to Lady Averil to allow me to have the child here for a day sometimes."

"Need you ask it?" he answered, a generous warmth in his tone. "Cecil, I am quite sure, recognises your right in the child at least in an equal degree with her own, and is glad to recognise it. Fare you well; fare you well, dear Mrs. Hastings."

He went out, shaking hands with Grace and Rose as he passed, thinking how much he had always liked Mrs. Hastings, with her courteous manners and gentle voice, so like those of his lost wife. The rector met him in the passage, and George held out his hand.

"I shall not see you again, sir. I leave to-night."

The rector took the hand. "I wish you a safe voyage," he said. "I hope things will be more prosperous with you in India than they have been latterly here!"

"We have all need to wish that," was George's answer. "Mr. Hastings, promises from me might be regarded as valueless, but this much I wish to say ere we part: that I carry the weight of my debt to you about me, and I will lessen it should it be in my power. You will"—dropping his voice—"you will see that the inscription is properly placed on the tombstone."

"I will. Have you given orders for it?"

"Oh yes. Farewell, sir. Farewell, Harry," he added, as the two sons came in. "Isaac, I shall see you in London."

He passed swiftly out to the mourning-coach, and was driven home. Above everything on earth George hated this leave-taking: but there were two or three to whom it had to be spoken.

Not until the dusk did he go up to Ashlydyat. He called in at Lady Godolphin's Folly as he passed it: she was his father's widow, and Bessy was there. My lady was very cool. My lady told him that it was his place to give the refusal of Meta to her: and she should never forgive the slight. From the very moment she heard that Maria's life was in danger, she had made up her mind to break through her rules of keeping children at a distance, and to take the child. She should have reared her in every luxury as Miss Godolphin of Ashlydyat, and left her a handsome fortune: as it was, she washed her hands of her. George

thanked her for her good intention as a matter of course, but his heart leaped within him at the thought that Meta was safe and secure with Cecil: he would have taken her and Margery out to make acquaintance with the elephants, rather than have left Meta to Lady Godolphin.

"She'll get over the smart, George," whispered Bessy, as she came out to bid him God-speed. "I shall be having the child here sometimes, you know. My lady's all talk: she never cherishes resentment long."

He entered the old home, Ashlydyat, and was left alone with Meta at his own request. She was in the deepest black: crape tucks on her short frock; not a bit of white to be seen about her, save her socks and the tips of her drawers; and Cecil had bought her a jet necklace of round beads, with a little black cross hanging from it on her neck. George sat down and took her on his knee. What with the drawn blinds and the growing twilight the room was nearly dark, and he had to look closely at the little face turned to him. She was very quiet, rather pale, as if she had grieved a good deal in the last few days.

"Meta," he began, and then he stopped to clear his husky voice—"Meta, I am going away."

She made no answer. She buried her face upon him and began to cry softly. It was no news to her, for Cecil had talked to her the previous night. But she clasped her arms tightly round him as if she could not let him go, and began to tremble.

"Meta!—my child!"

"I want mamma!" burst from the little full heart. "I want mamma to be with me again. Is she gone away for ever? Is she put down in the grave with Uncle Thomas? Oh, papa! I want to see her!"

A moment's struggle with himself, and then George Godolphin gave way to the emotion which he had so successfully restrained in the churchyard. They sobbed together, the father and child: her face against his, the sobs bursting freely from his bosom. He let them come; loud, passionate, bitter sobs; unchecked, unsubdued. Do not despise him for it! they are not the worst men who can thus give way to the vehemence of our common nature.

It spent itself after a time; such emotion must spend itself; but it could not wholly pass yet. Meta was the first to speak: the same vain wish breaking from her, the same cry.

"I want mamma! Why did she go away for ever?"

"Not for ever, Meta. Only for a time. Oh, child, we shall go to her: we shall go to her in a little while. Mamma's gone to be an angel; to keep a place for us in heaven."

"How long will it be?"

"Not a moment of our lives but it will draw nearer and nearer. Meta, it may be well for us that those we love should go on first, or we might never care to go thither of ourselves."

She lay more quietly. George laid his hand upon her head, unconsciously playing with her golden hair, his tears dropping on it.

"You must think of mamma always, Meta. Think that she is looking down at you, on all you do, and try and please her. She was very good: and you must be good, making ready to go to her."

A renewed burst of sobs came from the child. George waited, and then resumed.

"When I come back—if I live to come back; or when you come to me in India; at any rate when I see you again, Meta, you will probably be grown up; no longer a child, but a young lady. If I shall only find you like mamma was in all things, I shall be happy. Do you understand, darling?"

"Yes," she sobbed.

"Good, and gentle, and kind, and lady-like,—and remembering always that there's another world, and that mamma has gone on to it. I should like to have kept you with me, Meta, but it cannot be: I must go out alone. You will not quite forget me, will you?"

She put up her hand and her face to his, and moaned in her pain. George laid his aching brow on hers. He knew that it might be the last time they should meet on earth.

"I shall write to you by every mail, Meta, and you must write to me. You can put great capital letters together now, and that will do to begin with. And," his voice faltered, "when you walk by mamma's grave on Sundays—and see her name there—you will remember her—and me. You will think how we are separated: mamma, in heaven; I, in a far-off land; you, here: but you know the separation will not be for ever, and each week will bring us nearer to its close—its close in some way. If—if we never meet again on earth, Meta——"

"Oh don't, papa! I want you to come back to me."

He choked down his emotion. He took the little face in his hands and kissed it fervently: in that moment, in his wrung feelings, he almost wished he had had no beloved child to abandon.

"You must be called by your own name now. I should wish it. Meta was all very well," he continued, half to himself, "when *she* was here; that the names should not clash. Be a good child, my darling. Be very obedient to Aunt Cecil, as you used to be to mamma."

"Aunt Cecil is not mamma," said Meta, her little heart swelling.

"No, my darling, but she will be to you as mamma, and she and Lord Averil will love you very much. I wish, I wish I could have kept you with me, Meta!"

She wished it also. If ever a child knew what an aching heart was, she knew it then.

"And now I must go," he added—for indeed he did not care to prolong the pain. "I shall write to you from London, Meta, and I shall write you quite a packet when I am on board ship. You must get on well with your writing, so as to be able soon to read my letters yourself. Farewell, farewell, my darling child!"

How long she clung to him; how long he kept her clinging, he paid no heed. When the emotion on both sides was spent, he took her by the hand and led her to the next room. Lady Averil came forward.

"Cecil," he said, his voice quiet and subdued, "she must be called Maria now—in remembrance of her mother."

"Yes," said Cecil, eagerly. "We should all like it. Sit down, George. Lord Averil has stepped out somewhere, but he will not be long."

"I cannot stay. I shall see him outside, I dare say. If not, he will come to the station. Will you say to him——"

A low burst of tears from the child interrupted the sentence. George, in speaking to Cecil, had loosed her hand, and she laid her head down on

a sofa to cry. He took her up in his arms, and she clung to him tightly: it was only the old scene over again, and George felt that they were not alone now. He imprinted a last kiss upon her face, and gave her to his sister.

"She had better be taken away, Cecil."

Lady Averil, with many loving words, carried her outside the door, sobbing as she was, and called to her maid. "Be very kind to her," she whispered. "It is a sad parting. And—Harriet—henceforth she is to be called by her proper name: Maria."

"She will overget it in a day or two, George," said Lady Averil, returning.

"Yes, I know that," he answered, his face turned from Cecil. "Cherish the remembrance of her mother within her as much as you possibly can, Cecil: I should wish her to grow up like Maria."

"If you would but stay a last hour with us!"

"I can't; I can't: it is best that I should go. I do not know what the future may bring forth," he lingered to say. "Whether I shall come home—or live to come home; or she, when she is older, come out to me: it is all uncertain."

"Were I you, George, I would not indulge the thought of the latter. She will be better here—as it seems to me."

"Yes—there's no doubt of it. But the separation is a cruel one. However—the future must be left. God bless you, Cecil! and thank you, thank you ever for your kindness."

The tears rolled down her cheeks as he bent to kiss her. "George," she whispered, timidly—"if I might but ask you one question."

"Ask me anything."

"Is—have you any intention—shall you be likely to think of—of replacing Maria by Charlotte Pain—of making her your wife?"

"Replacing *Maria* by *her*!" he echoed, his face flushing. "Heaven forgive you for thinking it!"

The question cured George's present emotion more effectually than anything else could have done. But his haughty anger against Cecil was unreasonable, and he felt that it was.

"Forgive me, my dear: but it sounded so like an insult to my dear wife. Be easy: *she* will never replace Maria."

In the porch, as George went out, he met Lord Averil hastening in. Lord Averil would have put his arm within George's to walk with him through the grounds, but George drew back.

"No, not to-night: let me go alone. I am not fit for companionship. Good night. Good-by," he added, his voice hoarse. "I thought to say a word of gratitude to you, for the past, for the present, but I cannot. If I live——"

"Don't say 'if,' George: go away with a good heart, and take my best wishes with you. A new land and a new life! you may live the past down yet."

Their hands lingered together in a firm pressure, and George turned away from Ashlydyat for the last time. Ashlydyat that might have been his.

There was Margery yet: and he had one or two final things to say to her, arrangements to make. The apartments were to be given up on the

morrow, and Margery would then take up her abode at Ashlydyat; for it was there she had elected to remain. She *could not* give up her darling: her bereaved darling: who in Margery's opinion would be trebly an orphan if she also deserted her: and it appeared likely that there would not in future be so indulged a damsel in all the county as Miss Maria Godolphin.

IV.

A SAFE VOYAGE TO HIM!

WAS it ever your fate or fortune to be aboard an Indian vessel when it was just on the start? If so, there's no doubt you retain a more vivid than agreeable remembrance of the reigning confusion. Passengers coming on at the last moment, and going frantic over their luggage or the discovered inconveniences of their cabins; cords and ropes creaking and coiling; sailors shouting, officers commanding; boxes shooting up from the boats on to the deck, and to your feet, only in turn to be shot down again to the hold!—it is Bedlam gone frantic and nothing less.

On a fine ship, anchored off Gravesend, this scene was taking place on a crisp day in early January. A bright, inspiring, sunny day, giving earnest—if there's anything in the popular belief—of a bright voyage. One gentleman stood aloof from the general *mêlée*. He had been on board half an hour or more; had seen to his cabin, his berth, his baggage—so much of the latter as he could see to; and now stood alone watching the turmoil. Others, passengers, had come on board in groups, surrounded by hosts of friends; he came alone: a tall and very distinguished-looking man, attired in the deepest mourning, with a grey plaid crossed on his shoulder.

As if jealous that the ship should have all the confusion to itself, the shore was getting up a little on its own account. Amidst the drays, the trucks, the carts; amidst the cases and packages which were heaped on the bank, not all, it was to be hoped, for that ship, or she'd never get off to-day; amidst the numerous crowds of living beings, idlers and workers, that such a scene brings together, there came something dashing into the very throng of them, scattering everything that could be scattered, right and left.

An exceedingly remarkable carriage, of the style that may be called "dashing," especially if height be any criterion, its wheels red and green, its horses of high mettle, and a couple of fierce dogs barking and leaping round it. The scattered people looked up in astonishment to see a lady guiding those horses, and deemed at first that the gleaming sun, shining right into their eyes, had deceived them: pawing, snorting, prancing, fiery animals; which, far from being spent by their ten or twelve-mile journey, looked as if they were eager to start upon another. The lady managed them admirably: a very handsome lady was she, of the same style as the carriage, dashing, with jet-black eyes large and free, and a scarlet feather in her hat that might have been found thirty-six inches long, had it been measured from top to tip. A quiet little gentleman, slight and fair, sat beside her, and a groom lounged grandly with folded arms in the back seat. She, on her high cushions, was a good yard above either of them; the little gentleman in fact was completely eclipsed: and

she held the reins in her white gauntleted hands and played gallantly with the whip, perfectly at ease, conscious that she was those foaming steeds' master. Suddenly, without the least warning, she drew them back on their haunches.

"There she is! in the middle of the stream. Can't you read it, Dolf? *The Indus*. How stupid of the people to tell us she was lying lower down!"

Jumping from the carriage without waiting to be assisted, she left the groom in charge and made her way to the pier, condescendingly taking the gentleman's arm as she hastened up it, and hissing off the dogs as a hint that they were to remain behind. I am sure you cannot need an introduction to either of these people, but you shall have it, for all that: Mr. and Mrs. Rodolf Pain.

She, Charlotte, did all the acting, and the talking too. Her husband had always been of retiring manners, as you may remember; and he had now grown far more retiring than he used to be. Charlotte made the bargain for a boat: they got into it, and were pulled to the ship's side.

For a few moments they had to take their chance: they made only two more in the universal confusion: but Charlotte caught hold of a handsome young man with a gold band upon his cap, who was shouting out orders.

"Can you tell me whether Mr. George Godolphin has come on board yet?"

"Mr. George Godolphin," repeated the young officer, cutting short some directions midway, and looking half bewildered in the general disorder.

"A first-class passenger, bound for Calcutta," explained Charlotte.

"I can inquire. Tymms," beckoning to him one of the middies, "go and ask the steward whether a gentleman of the name of Godolphin has come down."

But there was no need of further search. Charlotte's restless eyes had caught sight of George—the solitary passenger in mourning whom you saw standing alone. She and Mr. Pain made the best of their way to him, over the impediments blocking up the deck.

He did not see their approach. He was leaning over the side of the ship on the opposite side to that facing the shore, and Charlotte gave him a smart rap on the arm with her gauntlet-glove.

"Now, Mr. George Godolphin! what do you say for your manners?"

He turned quickly, his face flushing slightly with surprise when he saw them standing there: and he shook hands with them both.

"I ask what you have to say for your manners, Mr. George? The very idea of your leaving England for good, and never calling to say good-by to us!"

"I met Mr. Pain a day or two ago," said George. "He——"

"Met Mr. Pain! what on earth if you did?" interrupted Charlotte.

"Mr. Pain's not me. You might have found time to dine with us. I have a great mind to quarrel with you, George Godolphin, by way of a leave-taking."

Something like a smile crossed George's lips. "The fact is, I thought I might have seen you at the Verralls', Mrs. Pain. I went there for half an hour yesterday. I charged Mrs. Verrall——"

"Rubbish!" retorted Charlotte. "When you must have known we had moved into a house at Shooter's-hill you could not suppose we were still at the Verralls'. Our catching you this morning here was a mere chance. We stayed late in town yesterday afternoon at the furniture warehouse, and, in driving back down the Strand, saw Isaac Hastings, so I pulled up to ask what had become of you, and whether you were dead or alive. He informed us you were to sail to-day from Gravesend, and I told Dolf I should drive down. But it is ill-mannered of you, Mr. George."

"You will readily understand, that since my last return from Prior's Ash, I have not felt inclined for visiting," he said, in a low, grave tone, unconsciously glancing at his black attire. "I intended you no discourtesy, Mrs. Pain: but for one thing, I did not know where you might be met with."

"And couldn't find out!" retorted Charlotte. "Dolf could have given you the address I suppose the other day, had you asked. He's too great a fool to think to give it of his own accord."

George looked at "Dolf," whom his wife seemed so completely to ignore; looked at him with a pleasant smile, as if he would atone for Charlotte's rudeness. "We were not together a minute, were we, Mr. Pain? I was in a hurry, and you seemed in one."

"Don't say any more about it, Mr. Godolphin," spoke Dolf, as resentfully as he dared. "That's just like her! Making a fuss over nothing! Of course you could not be expected to visit at such a time: and anybody but Charlotte would have the good feeling to see it. I am pleased to be able to see you here and wish you a pleasant voyage; but I remonstrated with her this morning, that it was scarcely the right thing to intrude upon you. But she never listens, you know."

"You needn't have come," snapped Charlotte.

"And then you would have gone on at me about my ill manners, as you have to Mr. Godolphin! One never knows how to please you, Charlotte."

George resumed: to break the silence possibly, more than with any other motive. "Have you settled at Shooter's-hill?"

"Settled!" shrieked Charlotte—"settled at Shooter's-hill! Where it's ten miles, good, from any theatre or other place of amusement! No, thank you. A friend of Verrall's had this place to let for a few weeks, and Dolf was idiot enough to take it——"

"You consented first, Charlotte," interrupted poor Dolf.

"Which I never should have done had I reflected on the bother of getting up to town," said Charlotte, equably. "Settled at Shooter's-hill! I'd as soon do as you are going to do, Mr. George—bury myself alive in Calcutta. We have taken on lease a charming house in Belgravia, and shall enter on a succession of dinner-parties: one a week we think of giving during the season. We shall not get into it much before February: it takes some time to choose furniture."

"I hate dinner-parties," said Dolf, ruefully.

"You are not obliged to appear at them," said Charlotte, with much graciousness. "I can get your place filled at table, I dare say. What is that noise and scuffling?"

"They are heaving the anchor," replied George. "We shall soon be on the move."

"I hear great alterations are being made at Ashlydyat," remarked Charlotte.

"Only on the spot called the Dark Plain. The archway is taken down, and a summer-house being built on the site. An extensive sort of summer-house, for it is to contain three or four rooms, I believe: it will have a fine view."

"And what of those ugly gorse-bushes?"

"They will be cleared away, and the place laid out as a pleasure-garden."

"Is my lady starrng it at the Folly?"

"Scarcely: just now," quietly answered George.

"Miss Godolphin has gone to Scotland, I hear."

"Yes. Bessy will reside with Lady Godolphin."

"And tart Margery? What has become of her?"

"She remains with Maria at Ashlydyat."

Charlotte opened her eyes—Charlotte had a habit of opening them when puzzled or surprised. "Maria! Who is Maria?"

"The child. We call her by her proper name now."

"Oh, by the way, I nearly forgot it," returned Charlotte, in the old good-natured tone: for, it may be remarked, that during the interview her tone had been what she had just called Margery—tart. "I should like to have the child up on a visit when we get into our house, and astonish her mind with the wonders of London. I suppose Lady Averil will make no objection?"

A very perceptible flush, red and haughty, dyed the face of George Godolphin. "You are very kind to think of it, Mrs. Pain; but I fear Lady Averil would not consent. Indeed, I have desired that the child may not visit, except amidst her immediate relatives."

"As you please," said Charlotte, resentfully. "Dolf, I think we may as well be moving. I only meant it as a kindness to the child."

"And I thank you for it," said George, in a warm tone. "For all the kindness you have shown her, Mrs. Pain, I thank you sincerely and heartily. Take care!"

He interposed to prevent a great rope, that was being borne along, from touching her. Charlotte began in earnest to think it was time to move, unless she would be carried down the river in the ship.

"When shall you come back?" she asked him.

He shook his head. He could not tell any more than she could. The future was all indistinct.

"Well, you won't forget to find us out, whenever you do come," returned Charlotte.

"Certainly not. Thank you."

"Do you know," cried Charlotte, impulsively, "you are strangely different in manners, George Godolphin! They have grown as cold and formal as a block of ice. Haven't they, Dolf?"

"If they have, it's your fault," was the satisfactory answer of Dolf. "You keep firing off such a heap of personal questions, Charlotte. I see no difference in Mr. Godolphin: but he has had a good deal of trouble, you know."

"Shall we ever hear of you?" continued Charlotte, pushing back Dolf with her elbow, and completely eclipsing his meek face with her swinging scarlet feather.

"No doubt you will, Mrs. Pain, through one or another. Not that I shall be a voluminous correspondent with England, I expect: except, perhaps, with Ashlydyat."

"Well, fare you well, George," she said, holding out both her gauntleted hands. "You seem rather cranky this morning, but I forgive you: it is trying to the spirits to leave one's native place for good and all. I wish you all good luck with my best heart!"

"Thank you," he said, taking the hands within his own and shaking them; "thank you always. Good-by. Good-by, Mr. Pain."

Mr. Pain shook hands in a less demonstrative manner than his wife, and his leave-taking, if quiet, was not less sincere. George piloted them to the gangway, and saw them pulled ashore in the little boat.

They ascended to the carriage, which by all appearance had been keeping up a perpetual dance of commotion since they left it, the fault probably of its horses and its dogs: and Charlotte, taking her high seat, dashed away in style; her whip flourishing, the dogs barking, her red feather tossing and gleaming. What she'll do when these feathers go out of fashion it's hard to say: Charlotte could hardly stir out without one.

And by-and-by, the anchor up, the tug attached, the good ship *Indus* was fairly on her way, being towed smoothly down the Channel under the command of her pilot. The passengers were tormenting themselves still: the sailors seemed to be perpetually hurrying hither and thither, the steward was in a tumult: but George Godolphin, wrapped in his grey plaid, remained in his place, quiet and still, gazing out over the bows of the vessel. What were his reflections, as his native land began to recede from his eyes? Did he regret it? Did he regret the position he had lost; the ruin he had wrought; the death of his wife? Did he finally regret the inevitable PAST, with all its mistakes and sins?—and think that if it could but come over again, he would act differently? Possibly so. Once he lifted his hat, and pushed the golden hair further from his brow, from his handsome face, not less bright or handsome than of yore—save in its expression. In that, there was an unmistakable look of weary sadness, never before seen on the features of gay George Godolphin.

And when, hours after, the rest of the cabin passengers were summoned to dinner, he never stirred, but kept his place there, looking out into the dusky night, glancing up at the stars that came glittering out in the blue canopy of heaven.

A safe landing to him on the shores of Calcutta! A safe and sure landing on a different shore that must come after it!

And Mr. and Mrs. Pain's dinner-parties in Belgravia are a great success.

PROGRESS.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

PROGRESS! progress! all things cry;
Progress, Nature's golden rule;
Nothing tarries 'neath the sky;
Learn in Nature's wondrous school.
Earth from chaos sprang sublime,
Broad-armed oaks from acorns grow;
Insects, labouring, build in time
Mighty islands from below:
Press we on through good and ill,
Progress be our watchword still!

Rough may be the mountain road
Leading to the heights of Mind;
Climb, and reach Truth's bright abode,
Dull the souls that grope behind.
Science, learning, yield their prize,
Faint not in the noble chase;
He who aims not to be wise,
Sinks unworthy of his race:
He who fights shall vanquish ill—
Progress be our watchword still!

Broad the tract that lies before us,
Never mourn the days of old,
Sighs will not tombed years restore us,
Past is iron—future, gold!
Savage! learn till civilised;
Slave! your fetters shake till free;
Hearts that struggle, souls despised!
Work ye your high destiny.
All things yield to steadfast will,
Progress be our watchword still!

Onward! Orient nations know
Nothing of that magic word;
'Tis the trump that giants blow,
'Tis the spirit's conquering sword!
'Tis the electric, mystic fire
Which should flash around the earth,
Making every heart a wire—
'Tis a word of heavenly birth:
Onward! at the sound we thrill;
Progress be our watchword still!

GEORGE MONK.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

THE French have a prodigious fancy for discussing the career and character of *Georges Monk*. Their orators, journalists, poets, pamphleteers, novelists, all have a turn at him. Mme. de Staël, in a forgotten novel, played him off as a high-souled lover. We all know the extraordinary rôle assigned him by Alexandre Dumas in the "*Vicomte de Bragelonne*." M. Villemain* talks of Marmont as a man whom *des fatalités bizarres* led on to play the part of Monk, though of a not only different but quite opposite character, far more honest and far less fortunate. Most natural, indeed, is the interest taken in the Restoration Hero by a people to whom revolutions are so familiar, and military mediators so indispensable. Equally natural, after its kind, is the interest with which we note their estimate of our countryman. Let us glance, first of all, at some recent cases in point.

M. de Pontmartin† has a good deal to say about Monk "condemning himself, voluntarily, to an unmovable taciturnity, and realising comedy in history." What are we to understand by the latter phrase, in the case of so uncomic and seemingly funless a personage as George Monk? The explanation of this *réalisant la comédie dans l'histoire* is, that history, "which is humanity *en marche*," or "society regarded on its active and public side," is, like them, in possession of all the elements which compose the great human drama: that just as Alexander and Cæsar, Charlemagne and Napoleon, get beyond the proportions of tragedy and are essentially epical characters, and just as Charles I., Don Carlos, Louis XVI., belong to tragedy, and just as Richard Plantagenet, Francis I., Charles Edward Stuart, &c., are characters of romance,—so it may be alleged of Monk, without breach of respect to his Excellency, that, in his instance, the comic element predominates: not that he exhibits that *nuance* of comedy which consists in being self-duped, in not suspecting one's absurdities, vices, or whims; but because he never strains himself to put life, feeling, movement into the existing state of affairs—never strives to *agrandir la situation*—but confines himself to the task of keeping in a tight clasp all the tangled threads of diverse parties, which are severally in communication with him, while at conflict with one another. He observes, waits, bides his time, assured that the progress of events and the bent of individual characters, will and must, at a given moment, produce such and such consequences. M. de Pontmartin holds it to be clear, to any one who has paid a little attention to history, and therefore is aware of the speed, the suicidal impetuosity with which revolutions abdicate, and commit self-slaughter, weary of themselves, disgusted with their agents, ashamed of their incapacity, humiliated at their crimes, irritated by their misfortunes,—that Monk might very much sooner have restored Charles II. to his throne, by seconding the royalist reaction, the movement in the counties, and Sir George Booth's

* *Souvenir Contemporains*.† *Nouvelles Causeries du Samedi*. 1859.

insurrection,—and might, in this way, have merited, far more legitimately, the glory of having re-established the monarchy. But Monk was otherwise disposed; he preferred *laissez faire* to active endeavour; whether from political far-sightedness, or personal selfishness, or a calculating design to get the country further engaged in the cause of royalty, he took a sort of malicious pleasure—like that of an old soldier or an old miser—in playing to others, and making them play to him, the comedy of the moment; in making the Commonwealth an accomplice in all that was going to happen for its destruction; and in tacking about so well, denying so well, holding his tongue so well, telling lies so well, biding his time so well, that it ended in everybody asking him aloud what he was cogitating within himself, and thus their only fear was—Presbyterians, Republicans, Cromwellians and all—that of being too late in joining the King's party, and their only desire that of being forgiven their antecedents. The Revolution was to see itself shamed ere it died out.

"In this manner it was, that, from the very abasement of the actors and the languor of events, degraded from the heights of tragedy to the littlenesses of intrigue, there sprung up a new element, less *grandiose*, but more piquant and instructive, perhaps; for whatever relates to the miseries of man is of more general and convincing application than what relates to his greatness." Hence the merit of M. Guizot in constituting Monk a representative of "comedy in history"—and this with so much sagacity and discretion, elevation and authority, that history seems none the less serious or fruitful for it. Comedy has weight and meaning in the land of Molière; and very superficial must he be who would assert *Tartufe* or *Alceste* to be less serious than the *Cid* or *Mithridate*. M. de Pontmartin accordingly hails in M. Guizot's portraiture of Monk, a character as truthful and life-like as though one actually saw him, moving or rather resting motionless in his armour blackened in civil wars, an enigma in flesh and bones, whose word will remain unspoken till every one else has spoken it. Monk's "silent and ironical figure" consoles M. de Pontmartin and France, we find, for not having had a Monk of their own. The silence and irony of the figure reconcile this deficiency to their national pride. "Yes, if it required such means to attain such an end, if so much dissimulation and cunning, duplicity and fulness, so many affirmations secretly denied, so many promises made with a full intention to break them, and calculations so cold and selfish, and a heart so dry and so deaf to the noble appeals of devotion and heroism, and such a love for lucre and money ('le plus bas de tous les vices dans les grandes existences,' says M. Guizot), if all this was necessary to carry out the work of Monk, we bless ourselves that no such medley of *Fabius*, *Tartufe*, and *Harpagon* could come to birth on our generous and imprudent soil, and that cold England alone could produce this statue of a sphinx in grey marble, with one hand retarding the hour of success on the dial of monarchy, with the other handling the bags of gold that this success is to bring him in; not to mention, that, were something of sentimental superstition allowable in so grave a matter, one might fancy that Monk was the bearer of misfortune to this restored monarchy, and that as the spirit of chivalry had contributed so little to its recal, so was it insufficient to its maintenance." And thus cold England is made welcome

to this Fabius-Tartufe-Harpagon, like Mrs. Malaprop's Cerberus, three single gentlemen in one—the generous and imprudent soil which *can* generate a Barrère and a Saint-Just, a Couthon and a Fouché, being utterly incapable of producing any such concrete monster.

Among other contemporary critics, across *la Manche*, who profess to be “amused” by Monk and his times, may be mentioned M. Vitet, who, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, dwells on the “comédie” of the situation; and M. Cuvillier-Fleury, who, in the *Journal des Débats*, attributes to the “extraordinary incidents which formed a prelude to the restoration” of Charles II., a richer degree and broader effect of “comedy than in many of the pieces of Steele [*how many?*] or of Sheridan.” All parties, according to this writer, engaged in the comic performance. *Tous les partis y jouent leur rôle*. The facility with which, at this period, Cromwellians give place to Parliamentarians, Parliamentarians to Republicans, Richard to Lambert, Lambert to the Parliament, the Parliament to Monk, Monk himself to Charles—this “contagious facility” gives us “no very grand idea of the energy and constancy of the English character at the period in question.” Elsewhere M. Fleury would have us see what entertainment he finds in watching “that strange game, in which the *rusé* Monk plays, for his own benefit, a part wherein, happily, England is the winner together with himself.” In short, the whole thing is adjudged as good as a play—with heaps of funny characters and laughable situations, one gentleman, however, being *facile princeps* in the comic business,—*ce cher Georges*, to wit, whose waggeries (one would suppose) there is no resisting. But enough of this histrionic crotchet.

One of the various chapters M. Guizot has bestowed on the Contemporaries of Monk, is taken up with the general's chaplain, John Price, whose Memoirs impress the historian with a clear idea of Monk's ability and prudence, affording a lively and accurate description of a great political manœuvre carried on by a single individual, “whose constant aim was, without compromising any existing interest, to leave to its own gradual accomplishment an event foreseen by all, but of which no one dared or was willing to speak before the day of success.”* Monk, he adds, farther on, was the clear-sighted interpreter of an almost universal wish, and at the same time an instrument in fulfilling that decree of Providence which ordains that, before a nation shall receive the blessing which it seeks for by disorder, it should bear the penalty of those evils which disorder has produced.

Elsewhere the same ever-temperate critic, while admitting that Monk so used and abused falsehood, that, to prejudiced and superficial minds, it must naturally have appeared doubtful whether his resolution to restore the monarchy was conceived as early, and maintained as firmly, as his biography alleges,—yet insists on the impossibility of doubting that Monk believed in the monarchy when the commonwealth appeared supreme, when all around him, whether sincerely or with hypocrisy, and himself along with the rest, spoke of nothing but the republic—that from the very first day, Monk's mind was made up, and continued so, fixedly, to the very last—his views and course of action being determined, while all else were plunged in doubt and hesitation.

* “Monk's Contemporaries” (Scoble's translation), p. 146.

"At the same time that he was firmly determined, Monk was also patient. He knew how to wait for success while he pursued it. A soldier, and acting through his army, he was firmly and constantly resolved not to renew violent measures and civil war. He was aware that, for the monarchy to be effectually restored, it should be so by pacific means, naturally, as by a national necessity, and the only and last course left for the country. In spite of the impatience and mistrust of so many, he held back, dissembled, deferred, waited, until the event was brought about in some sort spontaneously, and by the mere force of circumstances. And after the event was accomplished, Monk desired that in the letters patent by which his glory and his fortune were solemnly confirmed, these words should be inserted, '*Victor sine sanguine*' (bloodless conqueror), so deliberate and voluntary had been the prudence of his measures."*

In M. Guizot's portraiture, then, we see a man markworthy for the absence of all passion; with an apparent slowness of disposition, resulting from his characteristic circumspection; and a natural taciturnity, which secured him from the pitfalls of speech,—yet an active silence withal, for his assiduous, as well as tranquil attention, kept up connexions wherever his situation allowed of them; and without ever appearing to have bestowed himself, each believed he had gained him, or could gain him over in case of need. "He was profoundly wrapped up and hidden in obscurity. His actions and speech were often completely at variance. He uttered lies with a cool determination which confounded his most intimate adherents." Nobody knew, or seemed to know, where to have him. He had served the King, while the King was on the throne. He had served the Rebellion, when to rebel was to be popular. He had served the Commonwealth, when republicanism became the order of the day. He had served Cromwell, when the Protector's star was in the ascendant. What next—and next?

The royalists had cherished good hope of him, long before he justified it by any overt measure. Every now and then this hope seemed blighted in the bud, but again and again it revived, and promised to flower sooner or later. Soon after the death of Cromwell (when the mob danced in the streets of Amsterdam, shouting, "The Devil is dead!"), we find Colepepper writing to Hyde, that the person his eye is "chiefly on, as able alone to restore the King, is Monk; and he is not absolutely averse to it, neither in his principles nor in his affections. . . . You know that he is a sullen man, that values himself enough, and much believes that his knowledge and reputation in arms fit him for the title of Highness and the office of Protector, better than Mr. Richard Cromwell's skill in horse-races and husbandry doth."† The General's "taciturn impartiality in turn excited and lulled apprehension." If he would but speak out, and save time, and satisfy the uneasy and the impatient! But that was just what he would not do.

The leaders of the extreme right and extreme left, middle men and trimmers, all, more or less, flattered and courted him as the possible if not actual master of the situation, and kept him informed of their movements while straining for a glimpse or stray hint of his own. All such

* Guizot's *Life of Monk*, Preface.

† Guizot's "*Richard Cromwell*," I. 7.

information, from whatever quarter, he thankfully received. He "repelled no advances, appeared favourable while remaining taciturn, and allowed all to hope for his support without promising it to any one in particular. He had no fixed principles, no strong passions, no great political ambition; but he was a serious and sensible man, and he was determined to support that power only which, by its vigour and ability, should appear to him to be equal to its task, and should inspire him with some confidence in its stability. The Long Parliament, as the conqueror of royalty, and Cromwell, as the conqueror of the Long Parliament, had been, in his eyes, masters who were capable of holding the reins of government, and whom it would be safe to serve; and he had served them both in turn, unscrupulously and faithfully, though neither unreservedly nor devotedly. After the death of Cromwell, he had no confidence in the merit or the fortune of any one of the men or parties who contended for his inheritance; and he watched their vain struggles with prudent and disdainful indifference, waiting until some better chances of security and success should present themselves, both for his country and for himself.

"In his inmost heart, Monk was a Royalist, from respect to the ancient order of things, from aversion to anarchy and revolutionary vicissitudes, from a just appreciation of the feeling of the country and of future probabilities, and also, in spite of his long disloyalty, from some surviving spark of family spirit (as nearly all the gentlemen of Devonshire, his relatives and friends, were Cavaliers), and from the recollection that he had first borne arms in the service of the King."*

Nor does M. Guizot omit mention of certain household influences—the future duchess of this future duke being apt to speak recklessly in favour of Charlie Stuart, possibly because the low-born and under-bred woman (Monk's mistress for years before she became his wife) hoped to make the fine folks forget her origin† by affecting aristocratic predilections and a right kingly taste. The General once set his chaplain on her—the John Price aforesaid, who was an avowed Cavalier in the privacy of the home circle, though too Monkish, too much of the old soldier his master, to acknowledge it out of doors. John is desired to see what a word from him, holy man, will do, to curb the indiscreet rattle of the mistress. "Sir," replies John, "what am I to say? she speaks such unhappy truths that neither you nor I can gainsay them." "True, Mr. Price," rejoins his patron, "but I have learned a proverb that he who, in following truth, treads too close upon her heels, will some time or other have his brains kicked out." A proverb which the General had not only learnt, but laid to heart; not only read and marked, but inwardly digested. If Truth flung up her heels, and struck out at those immediately in her rear, *his* bones and brains were safe, at that respectful distance he kept. Was it not the prince of the apostles that once followed afar off?

It was consonant with Monk's general principle and practice that another chaplain besides John Price should belong to his establishment. Price was the royalist. But there was a presbyterian chaplain as well, one Gumble, whom the General employed as the safer of the two to fetch and carry, and act as envoy in ordinary to the royalist party. But Price

* Guizot's "Richard Cromwell," vol. ii. pp. 5 sq.

† But see foot-note at p. 307, *infra*.

had the consolation of being told by his employer that Gumble was thus made man of all work, only because some of the work was hardly clean enough for Price: "I shall not employ you in any part of my business, and be not discontented at it, for you know not these people so well as I do, and cannot dissemble with them." So both chaplains were pleased. Gumble, at being the General's right-hand man, his factotum, familiar spirit, accredited agent, privileged go-between. Price, at having the flattering unction laid to his soul, that he was a man who could not dissemble. He could scarcely grumble at Gumble after that.

M. Chasles contrasts the character of Monk with that of his political rivals—"a Fleetwood, a Lambert, a Thurlow, a Desborough, all nearly equal in point of influence, though different in character." He describes the coarse foolhardiness of Desborough, and Fleetwood's hesitating weakness and stolidity, as over-borne for a long time by the superior qualities of that energetic intriguer, Lambert; but "the prize of the contest remained with certainty for Monk, the most common-place of them all;" for *he* "knew how to hold his tongue, wait, stifle his ambition, and content himself with what fate should offer him." And again: "The people, who read history so badly, and history, which so often is the people, have been apt in their honesty to believe that Monk wrought out the Restoration with his own hands. But he was rather the ostensible than the real actor in this great matter, and exhibiting himself at the summit of all, he was supposed to have managed it all.—His only care was for his personal interests. Of a timid disposition, and suspicious mind, and seeking exclusively his own safety, he passed for the contriver of the scene of which he was but the *comparee*."*

However at variance may be their political sentiments, there is a marked agreement in the main, among French writers generally, in their estimate of the character of Monk. A traditional type is current among them, a conventional *précis*, which circulates from hand to hand without much scrutiny in the transit. Let us now, however, turn to the opinions entertained of him by his own countrymen, and, to begin with, his contemporaries.

Clarendon's allusions to him, in the *History of the Rebellion*, have naturally the rough edge of an old sore. When Cromwell, in 1651, left Scotland under the martial care of Monk, "upon whom he looked with just confidence, as an excellent officer of foot, and as entirely devoted to him," and charged him that "if at St. Johnston's, or any other place, he found a stubborn resistance, and were forced to spend much time, or take it by storm, he should give no quarter, nor exempt it from a general plunder"—with other instructions of a like sternness,—the historian is careful to add, "all which rules Monk observed with the utmost rigour, and made himself as terrible as man could be."† Again, we read of "the terror that was struck into the hearts of that whole nation by the proceedings of General Monk," who "governed with a rod of iron, and found no contradiction or opposition to his good will and pleasure."‡ Anon we read of "Monk whom Cromwell called out of Scotland as his own creature,"§ &c. But the Restoration year approaches, and under the

* Etude sur le Comte de Shaftesbury, par Philarète Chasles.

† Clarendon, b. xiii.

‡ Ibid.

§ Ibid. b. xiv.

date 1659 we get a compendious memoir of the General and his antecedents—from his birth, “of a very ancient family in Devonshire, always very loyally affected,” to his doings at that critical time of day. Stress is laid on his constancy to Cromwell, “who was liberal and bountiful to him, and took him into his entire confidence.” But as soon as the Protector was gone, “Monk was generally looked upon as a man more inclined to the king, than any other in great authority, if he might discover it without too much loss or hazard.” He was commendably free, too, from all “fumes of religion” that might “turn his head,” nor had he “any credit with, or dependence upon, any who were swayed by those trances.”* He could see as far into a milestone, perhaps, as most men; but he could not see visions in it, or dream dreams upon it, as though it were the stone upon which Jacob laid his head, when he lighted at night-fall on a certain place, between Beersheba and Haran. In the matter of milestones, the General had nothing whatever of the poet’s eye in a fine frenzy rolling; and for this opacity Clarendon bodes well of him, *à parte post*. Judicial blindness, the fanatics might consider it; but to Clarendon’s mind the better epithet would be judicious.

The noble penman’s Life continues in the track of the History, and develops in all its cautious stages, the progress of Monk’s policy to restore the monarchy. A sort of significant *aside* is now and then overheard. “The General in his own nature was an immoderate lover of money.” “The General was of a constitution and temper so void of fear, that there could appear no signs of distraction in him: yet it was plain enough that he knew not what orders to give,” during the consternation excited by the attempt of the Dutch upon Sheerness and Chatham. From Clarendon’s allusions to the General’s domestic life we shall have a passage or two to borrow farther on. Meanwhile we may deal with another witness to character, in the person of Mr. Samuel Pepys, Clerk of the Acts.

The early entries in that gentleman’s Diary testify a respectful admiration—if enthusiasm was out of the question—for the all-influential soldier. Mr. Pepys listens like “all the Athenians” to the latest news of Monk’s whereabouts, and eyes him in London streets with inquiring interest. “Met Monk coming out of the chamber where he had been with the Mayor and Aldermen, but such a shout I never heard in all my life, crying out, ‘God bless your Excellence!’” (Feb. 1659-60). “After dinner I heard that Monk had been at St. Paul’s in the [Sunday] morning, and the people had shouted much at his coming out of the church. In the afternoon he was at a church in Broad-street, whereabout he do lodge.” “We are at a great stand to think what will become of things, whether Monk will stand to the Parliament or us.” An informant “feared there was new design hatching, as if Monk had a mind to get into the saddle” (March, 1660). Even as early as this month, however, Mr. Pepys appears to have had formed that low estimate of Monk’s intellectual capacity, which after years and closer acquaintance did so much to confirm. “This done, I saw General Monk, and methought he seemed a dull heavy man.”† His patron, the Earl of Sandwich, is, he intimates, pretty much of the same opinion—for “he

* Clarendon, b. xvi.

† Pepys’ Diary, vol. i. p. 36 (ed. 1858).

[Sandwich] will many times express his thoughts of him [Monk] to be but a thick-skulled fool.* Probably it was from *My Lord*, indeed, that subservient Samuel first caught the trick of pooh-poohing the General. In 1663, Samuel lends his ear by the hour together to that prodigious gossip, Mr. Pierce, surgeon; who "do tell me what the City thinks of General Monk, as of a most perfidious man that hath betrayed everybody, and the King also."† In the same year the Diarist "went and spoke with the Duke of Albemarle about his wound at Newhall, but I find him a heavy dull man, methinks, by his answers to me."‡

Yet in April, 1665, the Duke goes far to win the allegiance of his susceptible detractor. "Thence to the Cockpit, and there walked an hour with my Lord Duke of Albemarle alone in his garden, where he expressed in great words his opinion of me: that I was the right hand of the Navy here, nobody but I taking any care of anything therein: so that he should not know what could be done without me. At which I was, from him, not a little proud,"§—and, it may be surmised, went home doubting whether George Monk was, after all, such a thick-skulled fool—and whether he might not, at intervals, deviate into sense. Subsequent entries, however, reiterate the Diarist's contempt for the "silly talk" indulged in by the Duke and his immediate associates. But he finds he must not presume too far upon the Duke's stupidity—for his Grace can call Mr. Pepys to order for a bit of occasional remissness: "I see, a dull fellow as he is, he do sometimes remember what another thinketh he mindeth not."|| Yet is Pepys still in his good books: "To the Duke of Albemarle . . . mighty kind to me . . . [saying] there had been nothing done in the Navy without me. . . To dinner, he most exceeding kind to me, to the observation of all that are there," &c. Again: "He is mighty brisk, and very kind to me, and asks my advice principally in everything;"—and some months later: "Made a visit to the Duke of Albemarle, and to my great joy, find him the same man to me he had been heretofore, which I was in great doubt of, through my negligence in not visiting of him a great while." By June, 1666, however, Pepys is quite ready to swell the outcry against Monk for not giving a better account, technically speaking, of the Dutch fleet. "I met with Pierce, the surgeon, [trust *him* for this sort of backbiting,] who is lately come from the fleet, and tells me that all the commanders, officers, and even the common seamen, do condemn every part of the late conduct of the Duke of Albemarle: both in his fighting at all, running among them in his retreat, and running the ships on ground; so as nothing can be worse spoken of. . . He [Pierce] says, however, that the Duke of Albemarle is as high almost as ever, and pleases himself to think that he hath given the Dutch their bellies full, without sense of what he hath lost us; and talks how he knows now the way to beat them." An *ex post facto* sort of knowledge not without pre-

* Pepys' Diary, vol. i. p. 52.

† Ibid., vol. ii. 58.

‡ Ibid., p. 79. Lord Braybrooke, his editor, thinks it a pity that Pepys, "instead of hazarding this absurd remark," did not tell us something more about the Duke of Albemarle's wound, no other allusion to which has been found. Could Samuel but have imagined a Noble Lord, two centuries later, desirous of information on this recondit question, how readily would he have met his wishes, and exhausted the traumatic theme, bandages and fomentations included.

§ Ibid., p. 231.

|| P. 322.

cedent. Succeeding entries make repeated mention of Sir William Coventry's growing dislike or distrust of Monk. "He do, I perceive, with some violence, forbear saying anything to the reproach of the Duke of Albemarle; but, contrarily, speaks much of his courage; but I do as plainly see that he do not like the Duke of Albemarle's proceedings; but, contrarily, is displeased therewith. And he do plainly diminish the commanders put in by the Duke, and do lessen the miscarriages of any that have been removed by him." And again, a few days later, as Mr. Pepys accompanies Sir William to the office: "And all the way I observed him mightily to make mirth of the Duke of Albemarle and his people about him, saying, that he was the happiest man in the world for doing of great things by sorry instruments . . . and then again said that the only quality eminent in him was, that he did persevere; and indeed he is a very drudge, and stands by the King's business."* By all which mighty mirth-making at the Duke, Mr. Pepys is no way shocked, staggered, or scandalised; "but, contrarily," is as pleased as Punch, or whatever else best symbolises mischievous pleasure.

Hear him again, with another turn at the Duke, another reference to Sir William, and another "but, contrarily:" "In fine, I do observe he hath no esteem nor kindness for the Duke's matters, but, contrarily, do slight him and them; and I pray God the kingdom do not pay too dear by this jarring; though this blockheaded Duke I did never expect better from." At another interview, Sir William renews the charge: "He spoke slightly of the Duke of Albemarle, saying, when De Ruyter come to give him a broadside—'Now,' says he, chewing of tobacco the while, 'will this fellow come and give me two broadsides, and then he shall run;' but it seems he held him to it two hours, till the Duke himself was forced to retreat to refit, and was towed off, and De Ruyter staid for him till he come back again to fight. One in the ship saying to the Duke, 'Sir, methinks De Ruyter hath given us more than two broadsides;'—'Well,' says the Duke, 'but you shall find him run by-and-by;' and so he did, says Sir W. Coventry; but after the Duke himself had been first made to fall off."† It is nuts to Mr. Pepys to be fed with such stories; he has teeth to crack, and stomach to digest them, by the bushel.

Next month (August, 1666) he has a bit of a damper, so far as the blockhead Duke is concerned. News comes of five fire-ships of ours destroying one hundred and sixty ships of the enemy. So far so good. "The service is very great, and our joys as great for it." But—for this world, like Mr. Pepys himself, is addicted to but contraries, and

—Medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid—

but "All this will make the Duke of Albemarle in repute again, I doubt."‡ Which were a heavy cost to pay for the victory, after all.

However, our honest diarist cherishes a consolatory conviction that Monk's favour at Court is on the wane. They may pay him attentions, and compliment him with common civilities, but they have a mind to shake him off as an incubus ere long. At least Mr. Pepys hopes so, if

* Pepys, vol. ii. pp. 392, 398-9, 403, 413.

† IV. 423.

‡ II. 431.

not thinks so—his wish being father to the thought, such as it is. When the Great Fire rages, and there are fears of public distractions, for “it is a proper time for discontents”—the Diary mentions that “the General is sent for up, to come to advise with the King about business at this juncture, and to keep all quiet; which is great honour to him, but I am sure is but a piece of dissimulation.” A month later, on the Fast-day for the fire (10 Oct. 1666), we read: “He [Captain Cocke] tells me the Duke of Albemarle is under a cloud, and they have a mind at Court to lay him aside. This I know not; but all things are not right with him: and I am glad of it, but sorry for the time.”* A mere *pro tempore* sorrow, but a deep and durable *ex animo* joy.

Here is another inkling of popular feeling, and Pepysian to boot, as regards both the General and Prince Rupert. Oct. 15: “Pierce tells me”—sure such a pair as Pierce for tell-tale and Pepys for listener never dovetailed together—“Pierce tells me, that as little agreement as there is between the Prince and Duke of Albemarle, yet they are likely to go to sea again; for the first will not be trusted alone, and nobody will go with him but this Duke of Albemarle.”† This blockhead Duke as Pepys rates him. By which term he may have meant pretty much what Johnson professed to mean, when calling Fielding a blockhead—to Boswell’s, and indeed most people’s, surprise. “Fielding being mentioned, Johnson exclaimed, ‘he was a blockhead;’ and upon my expressing my astonishment at so strange an assertion, he said, ‘What I mean by his being a blockhead is, that he was a barren rascal.’”‡ But it were easier to show cause for Secretary Sam’s estimate of Monk, than for Doctor Sam’s estimate of Fielding—to mention whom in the same breath with blockhead, seems something like calling Plautus heavy, or Lucian reverential, or Shakspeare insipid, or Rabelais severe, or Milton humorous, or Molière stolid, or Richardson funny, or Mr. Thackeray pointless, or Mr. Tennyson a prosier, or Mr. Tupper a poet.

But we have not done with seventeenth-century Samuel yet, and his flings at the blockhead Duke. In March, 1666-67, we see Mr. Pepys coming from Deptford “by water,” “wondrous cold, and reading a ridiculous ballad, made in praise of the Duke of Albemarle, to the tune of St. George, the tune being printed, too; and I observe that people have great encouragement to make ballads of him of this kind. There are so many, that hereafter he will sound like Guy of Warwick.”§ The worth of the writer’s opinion apart, it is in passages like this that one is struck with the value of his Diary, as an exponent of public feeling. Mr. Pepys was a little out in his prediction of Monk’s future; but his testimony about the ballad-mongers is altogether note-worthy as a sign of the times.

Again—piecemeal bits, piquant and pregnant after their sort: “To White Hall, and there saw the Duke of Albemarle, who is not well, and do grow crazy.”¶ “They [the House of Commons] did also vote this day [23rd Oct. 1667] thanks to be given to the Prince [Rupert] and Duke of Albemarle, for their conduct and care in the last year’s war, which is a strange act; but, I know not how, the blockhead Albemarle hath

* Pepys, vol. ii. 450, 469.

† Boswell’s Life of Johnson, *sub anno* 1772.

‡ II. 472.

§ Pepys, III. 79.

strange luck to be loved, though he be, and every man must know it, the heaviest man in the world, but stout and honest to his country.”—“So infinite fond are they [the House] of anything the Duke of Albemarle says or writes to them!”—even to the damage of Mr. Pepys’s Office in general, and some of his fellow-officers in particular.—“But Lord! to see with what folly my Lord of Albemarle do speak in this business would make a man wonder at the good fortune of such a fool.”—“A Committee of Tangier met: the Duke of York there [Dec. 1667]; and there I did discourse over to them their condition as to money, which they were all mightily, as I could desire, satisfied with, but the Duke of Albemarle, who takes the part of the Guards against us in our supplies of money, which is an odd consideration for a dull, heavy blockhead as he is, understanding no more of either than a goose.”—And, once more: “To White Hall to chapel [30th Aug. 1668], and heard the anthem, and did dine with the Duke of Albemarle in a dirty manner as ever.”* Goose, fool, irredeemable blockhead, with a vulgar harridan for his wife, and a dirty cloth on his dinner-table,—such, in fine, or in gross, is the Pepysian portraiture of his grace the General.

Dryden shall give us evidence of what the poets made of Monk, in his hey-day of reputation. Glorious John’s praise of his dexterity, in the *Astræa Redux*, is censured by Johnson as comprising such a cluster of thoughts unallied to one another, as will not elsewhere be easily found. Giving the go-by to these heterogeneous conceits, we find here and there a couplet to the purpose:

’Twas Monk, whom Providence design’d to loose
Those real bonds false freedom did impose.

He, like a patient angler, ere he strook,
Would let them play awhile upon the hook
. . . . Nor could his acts too close a vizard wear,
To ’scape their eyes whom guilt had taught to fear,† &c.

The lines *To Sir Robert Howard* contain this panegyric, à propos of one by Sir Robert himself on the favoured General:

With Monk you end, whose name preserved shall be,
As Rome recorded Rufus’ memory;
Who thought it greater honour to obey
His country’s interest, than the world to sway.‡

In the *Annus Mirabilis*, Monk is coupled with Prince Rupert: “Both great in courage, conduct, and in fame, Yet neither envious of the other’s praise,” &c.,§—in a number of stanzas, very ponderous and prosaic. But later in the poem, there is a more heroic flight, in honour of Albemarle’s “naked valour” at disadvantage with the Dutch:

Have you not seen, when, whistled from the fist,
Some falcon stoops at what her eye design’d,
And with her eagerness the quarry miss’d
Straight flies at check, and clips it down the wind?

* Pepys, III. 111, 287, 294, 329, 331; IV. 14.

† Bell’s Dryden, I. 120 sq.

‡ Ibid., 129.

§ Ibid., 167 sq.

The dastard crow, that to the wood made wing,
 And sees the groves no shelter can afford,
 With her loud caws her craven kind does bring,
 Who, safe in numbers, cuff the noble bird.

Among the Dutch thus Albemarle did fare :
 He could not conquer, and disdain'd to fly ;
 Past hope of safety, 'twas his latest care,
 Like falling Cæsar, decently to die.*

And then follows a high-wrought description of Monk's strategy in conducting and covering the retreat—interspersed with figurative allusions to the pillar of fire and that of cloud in Hebrew story, and to Xenophon and the Ten Thousand, and to Libyan lion turning on the huntsman, and so forth—until Prince Rupert comes, a “new Messiah,” in time to save, and to divide honours with his indomitable friend.

Far more rememberable, we may well suppose, would Dryden's version of Monk have been, had the General figured in the Satires rather than the panegyrics of the laureate;—had he been scathed with invective, instead of being complimented with conventional eulogy. Had Dryden but occupied another stand-point, had he allowed himself to see Albemarle in another light, and fastened on the flaws in that character, the blots in that 'scutcheon, instead of chiming in with the matter-of-course acknowledgments of an obliged and obliging Court,—it is easy to conceive the picture we might have had of the old soldier, by the portrait-painter of *Absalom and Achithophel*.

For even Mr. Hallam—so impartial, so moderate, so exempt from all tendencies to exaggerate, or aggravate, or over-colour—and who argues that Monk's conduct in the revolution was not deserving of all the reproach that has been so frequently thrown on it, is yet free to admit, that no one can, without forfeiting all pretension to have his own word believed, excuse the General's “incomparable deceit and perjury,” which he calls, in short, a masterpiece of that wisdom which is not from above, to be admired as such by all who set at nought the obligations of veracity in public transactions. Our Constitutional Historian inclines, upon the whole, to believe that Monk, not accustomed to respect the parliament, and incapable, both by his temperament and by the course of his life, of any enthusiasm for the name of liberty, had satisfied himself as to the expediency of the King's restoration from the time that the Cromwells had sunk below his power to assist them; though his projects were still subservient to his own security, which he was resolved not to forfeit by any premature declaration or unsuccessful enterprise. “If the coalition of cavaliers and presbyterians, and the strong bent of the entire nation, had not convinced this wary dissembler that he could not fail of success, he would have continued true to his professions as the general of a commonwealth, content with crushing his rival Lambert, and breaking that fanatical interest which he most disliked. That he aimed at such a sovereignty as Cromwell had usurped, has been the natural conjecture of many, but does not appear to me either warranted by any presumptive evidence, or consonant to the good sense and phlegmatic temper of Monk.”

* Bell's Dryden, I. 173 sq.

Elsewhere the same temperate critic expresses his opinion, that, in seconding the public wish for the King's restoration, "a step which few, perhaps, can be so much in love with fanatical and tyrannous usurpation as to condemn," Monk seems to have used what influence he possessed, an influence by no means commanding, to render the new settlement as little injurious as possible to public and private interests. If the General frustrated the scheme of throwing the executive authority into the hands of a presbyterian oligarchy, Mr. Hallam, for one, can see no great cause for censure; nor does he think it quite reasonable to expect that a soldier of fortune, inured to the exercise of arbitrary power, and exempt from the prevailing religious fanaticism which must be felt or despised, should have partaken a fervent zeal for liberty, as little congenial to his temperament as it was to his profession. "He certainly did not satisfy the king even in his first promises of support, when he advised an absolute indemnity, and the preservation of actual interests in the lands of the crown and church. In the first debates on the bill of indemnity, when the case of the regicides came into discussion, he pressed for the smallest number of exceptions from pardon. And, though his conduct after the king's return displayed his accustomed prudence, it is evident that, if he had retained great influence in the council, which he assuredly did not, he would have maintained as much as possible of the existing settlement in the church. The deepest stain on his memory is the production of Argyle's private letters on his trial in Scotland; nor, indeed, can Monk be regarded, upon the whole, as an estimable man, though his prudence and success may entitle him, in the common acceptance of the term, to be reckoned a great one."*

How very far below a "great" man, Samuel Pepys (for one) reckoned him, we have sufficiently seen. How very far from "estimable," Lucy Hutchinson (for another) reckoned him, is manifest once and again in her well-read memoirs. For example: "The result of the House that day was to suspend Colonel Hutchinson and the rest from sitting in the House. Monk, after all his great professions, now sat still, and had not one word to interpose for any person, but was as forward to set vengeance on foot as any man." And farther on: "I cannot forget one passage that I saw. Monk and his wife, before they [the 'late king's judges'] were removed to the Tower, while they were yet prisoners at Lambeth House, came one evening to the garden and caused them to be brought down only to stare at them,—which was such a barbarism, for that man, who had betrayed so many poor men to death and misery that never hurt him, but who had honoured him, and had trusted their lives and interests with him, to glut his bloody eyes with beholding them in their bondage, that no story can parallel this inhumanity."† Mr. Fox, in the Introductory Chapter to his fragmentary History, denies that a base spirit could be found in the lowest ranks of that army which Monk commanded. "Personal courage appears to have been Monk's only virtue; reserve and dissimulation made up the whole stock of his wisdom." And bitterly it is charged against him that he "not only acquiesced in the insults so meanly put upon the illustrious corpse of Blake, under whose auspices and

* Constitutional Hist. of England, vol. i. ch. x.

† Memoirs of Col. Hutchinson, pp. 405, 411 *sq.* (Bohn's edit.)

command he had performed the most creditable services of his life, but in the trial of Argyle,* produced letters of friendship and confidence to take away the life of a nobleman,* the zeal and cordiality of whose co-operation with him, proved by such documents, was the chief ground of his execution; thus gratuitously surpassing in infamy those miserable wretches who, to save their own lives, are sometimes persuaded to impeach and swear away the lives of their accomplices."†

Mr. Plumer Ward,‡ having "taken fire" at these calumnies against "the restorer of the Stuarts," is referred by his Edinburgh Reviewer—apparently the Mr. Macaulay of 1838—to good old Tory Doctor Routh's preface to Burnet, which declares the question of Monk's conduct about the Argyle letters to be "finally set at rest"—it being clear, on the authority of Sir George Mackenzie, one of Argyle's assigned defenders, that Monk, "when advertised of the scantiness of the probation, did actually transmit to Scotland several official letters, formerly received by him from the Marquis, for the purpose of procuring that nobleman's condemnation." Sir George Mackenzie's own account of this ugly piece of business is, that "after the debate and probation was all closed, and the [Scottish] Parliament ready to consider the whole matter, one who came post from London knockt most rudely at the Parliament door; and upon his entry with a packet, which he presented to the Commissioner, made him conclude that he had brought a remission, or some other warrant, in favour of the Marquess, and the rather, because the bearer was a Campbell. But the packet being opened, it was found to have in it a great many letters which had been directed by the Marquess to the Duke of Albemarle, when he was General in Scotland, and which he reserved to see if they were absolutely necessary; and being by these diligent envoys advertised of the scantiness of the probation, he had sent them post by M'Naughton's servant. No sooner were these produced but the Parliament was fully satisfied as to the proof of the compliance, and the next day he was defaulted."§ In the same *Review*, many years previously, Sydney Smith had answered Mr. Rose on the same topic, much as Macaulay answered Mr. Ward—without, however, having Mackenzie's explicit evidence to proffer, but relying on the authority of the three historians who lived nearest to the date of the transaction, and who all report it as quite certain and notorious,—viz. Burnet, Baillie, and Cunningham.

Cold and phlegmatic as Albemarle was,|| he yet had the knack of making himself popular with the troops and sailors who came under his command. With them this stingy, cautious, taciturn schemer was "Old

* Burnet. Baillie's Letters, II. 431.

† Hist. of the Reign of James II. By C. J. Fox.

‡ Histor. Essay on the Revolution of 1688.

§ Mackenzie's Memoirs, p. 40. See *Edinburgh Review*, No. 136, p. 426.

|| "I doubt [Buckhurst *loquitur*] whether his Grace of Albemarle has not always had old blood. . . ."

"Your lordship, however," says Mr. Pearce, the surgeon, Pepys's gossip, and anybody's that will, "does not take his old blood to be cold blood; I mean, not fearful blood?"

"Oh, extremely fearful," replies Buckhurst,— "to the enemy. Cold blood! ay, about as cold as the steel that is coming to cut one's throat; as cool, Mr. Pearce, as the lancet with which you mean to twinge us."—*Sir Ralph Esher*, ch. xi.

George." And it was without malice in their mirth that the old salts laughed at the old soldier, when, wishing his ship to change her course, he called out, "Wheel to the left!"

As he had the honour of being called Old George by his men, so he was notoriously called George by his wife, in a tone and with an imperious frequency which amused the men about town, and the backstairs babblers at Court. Anne Clarges, who had been his mistress before she became his wife, is described by Clarendon as a woman "of the lowest extraction,* without either wit or beauty." The Chancellor repeatedly alludes to her influence over George, whose inclination to the Presbyterian party he ascribes, in part, to a wish "to satisfy the foolish and unruly inclinations of his wife." Elsewhere there is mention of "the vile good huswifery of his wife." And in submitting to the King's pleasure to put him in joint commission with Prince Rupert, Monk desires of the Chancellor "that what concerned him[self] should still remain a secret, and Prince Rupert be understood to have that command alone. For if his wife should come to know it, before he had by degrees prepared her for it, she would break out into such passions as would be very uneasy to him." Verily, the duke was right in his apprehensions. For, at a subsequent period the Chancellor tells us, that from the time her Grace had the first intimation of the king's designing her husband for the command of the fleet, she "was all storm and fury; and, according to the wisdom and modesty of her nature, poured out a thousand full-mouthed curses against all those who had contributed to that counsel"—among whom Clarendon came in for the chief share. She owed him a grudge, as she thought, which—if his impressions were correct—she was scrupulous to pay, as soon and as fully as ever she could. To her curtain-lectures the Chancellor attributes the cold shoulder which Monk turned on him, in the dawning day of his decline.

Not a whit more fascinating is her Grace in the pages of Mr. Pepys's Diary. Here are some flying records of her. 8th March, 1660-61: "To Sir John Robinson's, to dinner; where great good cheer. High company; among others, the Duchess of Albemarle, who is ever a plain, homely dowdy."—9th Dec., 1665: "My Lord Brouncker and I dined with the Duke of Albemarle. At table, the Duchess, a very ill-looking woman, complaining of her Lord's going to sea the next year [the grievance we have seen referred to by Clarendon], said these cursed words,"—which, however, are not, at this time of day, worth repeating, whatever

* A laundress's daughter, she was herself a sempstress in her younger days, and not ashamed of the craft in her older ones. At least, in the first week of May, 1660, when Lords and Commons were busy in conference about making Whitehall comfortable for his Majesty's return, we find that "Mrs. Monk, who is an extreme good woman," writes Broderick to Hyde, "far from vanity, and full of zeal for his Majesty, is providing linen for the king's person; and because it was (as she saith frankly) her old trade, she will save the King one half in laying out the other."—See Guizot's "Richard Cromwell," vol. ii. p. 222.

If this was not absolutely a ladylike labour, it was good-womanish. And in such employment, at such a juncture,

"Though she's no lady, you may think her such:
A strong imagination may do much,"—

as Dryden says in one of his smartest epilogues.

they may have been then.—Again, in Nov., 1666, a Mr. Cooling, of Mr. Pearce's school for scandal, tells Pepys, amid a heap of other pribbles, "that once the Duke of Albemarle, in his drink, taking notice, as of a wonder, that Nan Hyde should ever come to be Duchess of York, 'Nay,' says Troutbecke, 'ne'er wonder at that; for if you will give me another bottle of wine, I will tell you as great, if not greater, a miracle.' And what was that, but that our dirty Besse, meaning his Duchess, should come to be Duchess of Albemarle."—4th April, 1667: "I find the Duke of Albemarle at dinner with sorry company, some of his officers of the army; dirty dishes, and a flasy wife at table, and bad meat, of which I made but an ill dinner."* The Duchess's after-dinner discourse, too, he seems to have thought an ill dessert; but then to dine with a Duchess, you know, compensates for a deal of bad cookery and vulgar talk.

Honest Iago's saying, *Our General's wife is now the General*† might be applied to Nan Clarges as well as to the gentle Lady married to the Moor. Nash observes of Monk that, though never afraid of bullets, he was often terrified by the fury of his wife. To which fact, Butler is supposed to allude more than once, in the Epistles interchanged between Hudibras and his Lady: for example, in the knight's appeal:

A lover is, the more he's brave,
T' his mistress but the more a slave.‡

And in her ladyship's answer, in the name of her sex—an omnipotent *We*:

We make the man of war strike sail,
And to our braver conduct vail.
And, when h' has chased his enemies,
Submit to us upon his knees.§

Mr. Leigh Hunt, who, in his singularly painstaking (and, in this sense, matter-of-fact) romance, so accurately and minutely historical, "Sir Ralph Esher," is careful to reproduce as vividly as possible Restoration manners and mankind, seems to have caught the salient points of her Grace's portrait, and given them compendiously in the following extract. Buckhurst is the opening speaker.

"... If his Grace fears anybody in the world, 'tis the dowdy his wife; and if there is anybody in the world he despises, 'tis the enemy."

"Pray, my lord," inquired Pearce, "is it true that her Grace is so totally unqualified by her manners for the high rank to which she has been raised?"

"Why, I'll tell you," said his lordship; "you have heard of Troutbeck whom he drinks with. Well, Troutbeck once prevailed, on Sir Charles Sedley to go and taste some of the Duke's claret, which he said had been sent him by the French King. Sedley, who repented next day his having agreed to go, contrived to get me invited too, in order to stand by him; so we went, and found a dirty tablecloth and four lumps of meat. Bess (for so Troutbeck calls her, though her name be Nan) was in high good humour, and would have crammed us with beef and claret together, her lord, she said (who by the way is a little stingy), being but a plain soldier, and not understanding the ways at court. His

* Pepys, vol. i. p. 158; vol. ii. p. 334; vol. iii. pp. 2, 97 sq. See also p. 307 for a story of her Grace's alarm lest the illegitimacy of her son, the second duke, should be exposed.

† Othello, II. 3.

‡ Heroical Epistle of Hudibras to his Lady.

§ The Lady's Answer. (Butler's Poems, edited by Bell, vol. ii. pp. 222, 238.)

Grace was sitting all this while at the other end of the table, eating like a giant, and saying nothing. The Duchess undertook to apologise for his silence, touching her forehead significantly, and saying, 'Always in the wars; always in the wars.' 'That's the reason, I suppose,' said Troutbeck, in a low voice (for he was getting drunk), 'that you have furnished him so well with *chevaux-de-frise*.'

"What's that you say, Mr. Troutbeck," said the fair Nan, 'with your shiver and freeze? Pray, gentlemen' (her colour rising violently, for it seems she had just had a quarrel with Troutbeck, and she suspected he had been saying something against her), 'is it the custom at court for people to tell lies of one another to their faces; for I know they do it behind their backs?' . . .

"Sedley was impudent enough to assure her Grace, that Mr. Troutbeck had told no lies of her: upon which I ventured to tell a greater; namely, that no lies were told at court, as far as I knew. 'What, not even behind one's back!' cried the Duchess. 'No, madam, nor sideways, that I am aware of,' said Sir Charles. 'See there now!' cried the Duchess; 'ay, ay, the gentlemen are fairly caught; for my Lord Buckhurst is a courtier, and Sir Charles is a courtier, and if they haven't been telling me the greatest lies in the world, into the very eyes o' me . . . ' Here her Grace broke into a jovial laugh of triumph, in which we all joined, and harmony was restored."

"I am told," said Pearce, "her Grace prefers ale to wine; and does not stick at an oath or so."

"'Tis very true," said Buckhurst; "but we must have a care, Mr. Pearce; the limit is very nice between high breeding and low"*

which wise saw his lordship enforces by these modern instances of many Court ladies addicted to both ale and wine, as well as to protestations less pretty than profane.

KILLARNEY, AND SOME PARTS OF THE SOUTH OF IRELAND.

PART THE SECOND.

THE next day was the one which my companions and myself had fixed on for an excursion to Mangerton Mountain, to sleep there on the top, and see the sun rise in the morning. We determined to go about five in the afternoon, so as to see Mucross Abbey and the adjoining cascades, and then take our way up the mountain at our leisure. We rowed by the margin of the lake on the same course which we had taken the day before, so far as the journey from Ross Castle to O'Donoghue's Horse and Groom, and then coasted off to the left of the Lough Leane. The water begins to be very shallow on the southern shore of this lake. I remarked an appearance of a rock which gave the idea of a man standing in the water, at a distance of one hundred yards from the shore, and the boatmen told me that it was once a perfect figure of a man, but that some officers had come to this part of the lake on an excursion and had fired at the figure, and that the balls fired by these modern Goths had severed some pieces from the part which formed the appearance of the head, and destroyed the likeness. To

* "Sir Ralph Escher," chap. xi.

show how unfrequented this part of the country must have been at that time, we saw two very large eagles standing in the water, within such a distance as that we could have shot either of them if we had come provided with rifles. Several of these birds build in the highest cliffs of the rocks which surround the lakes, but the access to their nests is almost impossible for even the most active of the gossoons or peasant boys. We were determined to go as near the shore as possible, so as to have a view of whatever was to be seen; but the great charm of this part of the scenery did not lie in this northern direction, and one was not conscious of the effects which belong to the appearance of fine woody land surrounding ruined buildings until one reached Mucooss. This lies to the farther extremity of the lower lake, and now in its vicinity there is a small village. We landed and saw the extensive and ruined abbey—a gem of ruins, a beautiful pile of ivy-mantled walls, with their Gothic-windowed nave, in the centre of which an enormous yew-tree grows, and overshadows the ruined walls; different time-worn chambers, the largest of which was nearly full of skulls. Of the history and the legends—I must leave the treating to the antiquary or the guide-book; but before the intrusion of the hotels and their *posse comitatus*, I can recollect no place in Ireland more fraught with interest than Mucooss.

Again rowing from this place round by the strait, which lies between Camilla Wood and Brickeen Island, exhibiting as it does that lofty arch, which gives you, with its bridge and the high evergreens adjacent, the idea of a Gothic window, we entered the Torc Lake, which would suggest the idea of a miniature Lake Lemman—soft, still, embosomed in its surrounding heights like a beauteous crystal pond, the whole of its shores wooded and rich with the shrubs which here teem in such luxuriance. On the farthest side we saw Torc Mountain rising in relief—a beautiful background—and we landed near a cottage which was built at its foot, not far from the margin of the lake. We here left our boat, and taking some cloaks with us, proceeded to walk to the ascent of Mangerton Mountain. We passed by the Torc Cascade and several other small waterfalls, each formed by the river falling from that remarkable piece of water which lies on a spur of the great Mangerton Mountain, called the Devil's Punch-bowl—a place which the country guide told us was noted for several ancient legends and for one modern fact which was that the great orator, Charles Fox, swam round it. The scenery all through was wild and most interesting. When we got to the foot of Mangerton we found scarcely any path, but had to plod our way up to our knees, middles, and sometimes armpits, in heather, ferns, *fra hans*—the last I do not know an English word for, but it is a shrub that yields a purple fruit, which the country people gather and put into tarts—through heaps of stones lying loose and crumbling downwards as you trod; and lastly we came to the bare rock, where we knew that we must be near the highest point. I was anxious to reach this before it was dark, and so be sure of being in a favourable position before the first break of day next morning. I have had a view of the sunrise from many of the most favourable situations for it—from the Kootab at Delhi, the great Pyramids, and also from some of the most interesting, if not the highest, sites in Europe, from Parnassus, from St. Peter's at Rome, and from St. Paul's—but for the lone majesty of nature's wildness, the feeling of intense grandeur which surrounds the work of the glorious architect, the horizon clothed in the

tints of "incense-breathing morn," the different heights and woods gilded in the first glow of sunshine, nothing that I have seen is more picturesque or less possible to transfer to any canvas than the sunrise which I saw the next morning from the top of Mangerton Mountain. I have not entered into the detail of the way in which I passed the night—the extempore heather couch, the frugal meal, the charge which we mutually gave one another to watch for the first coming of the dawn, or the preparations which we made to keep out the night dew, which even in August was somewhat chilly,—all these can be fancied; but to enjoy such a sight as a sunrise from the top of Mangerton you must go to Mangerton, or else to its neighbouring heights—McKillicuddy's Reeks.

To dilate upon the beauties of the lakes as they lay beneath you like a map, would not be at all necessary, I think, as any one who got up to the summit of a mountain could fancy the appearance that this would present, though he could scarcely realise the extreme sense of loneliness which the admirer of nature would feel at seeing them thus before him; but the Gap of Dunlow, and the wild Tomies Mountain, also some adjacent hills, gave a great grandeur to the outline. I had not heard which was reckoned the highest of the rocks called McKillicuddy's Reeks, which formed the most prominent object in the horizon, but seen from where I viewed them they seemed of equal height. They are, however, the highest point of land in the whole island. Up to the top they are covered with heather. The great Gap of Dunlow, like a long, deep-wooded glen, extends between these and the mountains called Tomies and the Purple Mountain. To give even a faint idea of it would, I think, be impossible; I can only liken it to one of the grand mountain passes which you meet so frequently in Switzerland. There are several very small lakes on the west side of it; the dark wildness of the narrow trajet from Lord Brandon's cottage to the cottage which is shown as Kate Kearney's, must be seen to be understood. The entire length of the gap is about four miles. The frowning rocks, which are interspersed here and there with shrubs, roots, and heather, suspend most fearfully over one walking through its narrow pass. Of course we could not discern it minutely from our station on the top of the mountain, but we could form an idea of the line of country. On our right lay the small hills of Stampe and some others; and several lakes, like small patches of water, lay in this direction on the tops of the different hills. There were the lakes Eragh-Monagh and Coragarhy, and, in the background on that side, the country was more level, and we saw the longer lake called Guitane. All the mountaineers and peasantry whom we met in our descent had, besides speaking in a most uncouth accent, a habit of adding the word west to every description of journey or place which they spoke of. Thus, for instance, "Which is the way to Cloghereen?" we asked of a peasant boy, intending to go thither before reaching Killarney. He answered, "It is three miles west." Then again, "Where do you come from?" "From a town good way west." I thought that perhaps this phrase might be peculiar to this individual, but I ascertained afterwards that all the country people used it. Thus, for instance, "Which is the way to Cork?" I asked a man on the road. He answered "Thirty miles west." And I found that they used the word in the sense of off, or distant. The descent to Cloghereen was certainly an easy task, and one that could be accomplished, I think, in a fifth part of the time

that one would take to reach the top of Mangerton from its foot. The woods looked lovely, and we had a charming walk round by Mucross, the ruins of Cahernane, till we reached the peninsula of Ross, on which Ross Castle is situated. At this time of the year it is truly a peninsula, but there is a bridge spanning the small strait which separates it from the mainland, and during winter this is the only way of access to its castle. There is a copper-mine on this peninsula, which, however, does not at present yield any mineral which can make it worth labouring at.

Something ought to be said of the famed stag-hunt which takes place in Killarney, generally about the Glenagh Wood. I cannot, however, couple this very picturesque-looking scene with any of my ideas of a hunt. It is certain that it is most animating and most exciting to see the numerous country gentry in red, mostly with leaping-poles, running through the woods, and to hear the wild music of the hounds, and see them running swiftly through the interstices of the trees; to watch the stag issuing from the cover; to see it swimming across the lake for one of the small islets or woody rocks, a sight which reminds one of Landseer's inimitable picture of the "Sanctuary;" and to see the numerous groups, either in the boats or on the several shores, of the youthful and gaily-dressed fashionable visitants; but for the sport which is associated in the mind with the idea of a hunt, it seems to me that a hunt without horsemen is like the play of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet left out, and however beautiful and interesting the same may be, a hunt it is not; such as it is, however, I had a full opportunity of seeing. The next day being a very fine one, a stag was let out at Glenagh Wood, and all the spectators in crowds assembled in every direction, far and near, to have a view of the chase, which was kept up by the hounds with great spirit, until the stag took the water. He crossed over to Dinas Island, and there some of the sportsmen succeeded in driving him into a yard, where he was kept, and saved from the hounds.

I felt certainly the great advantage in thus seeing the beauties of the lakes at my leisure, in having a small boat always at my own command, in which I could either steer for Dinas, the upper lake, or Mucross, whenever I felt inclined, or whenever I wished to show them to a visitor. The hurried and shuffling manner of skimming over the different objects of interest, and hastening in crowded company through places which ought to be totally set apart for quiet and seclusion—not the lounge of languid worldlings—was what I wished specially to avoid. To see the modern city swell smoking his cigar, or making his bets in such a neighbourhood, would deteriorate from the enjoyment which such scenes impart to a refined mind so much as to make them totally hateful. But the swarms of every kind of idler and felicity-hunter, who assemble in groups in every available spot, quite preclude anything like solitude there at present.

I am not going here to speak of the races, which took place in a plain near Lake View, but they also, no doubt, formed an additional incentive to many who visited the lakes, and, I dare say, the atmosphere of the course was much more congenial to many who came "to do the lakes" than that of Dinas or the Eagle's Nest; indeed, I actually did hear one young officer say that he would have preferred a good rubber of billiards

to the whole row round from Ross Castle to the upper lake. Soon after I had finished seeing every one of the places which I wished to see, I found that I was obliged to return to the neighbourhood of Cork, having received the route.

I need not record the circumstances of the march or its preparation—a matter of routine to all military men—but, shortly after my arrival at Buttevant, we were rejoiced to receive an order to proceed to Cork, a city which I had often heard of, and, being one of the three in Ireland which could be called a town, was a very agreeable change after the long sojourn in the neighbourhood of the wretched villages which we had been inhabiting so long before. In fact, throughout the range of the island there are only three cities which are at all comparable to the smallest country towns in England—Belfast, Dublin, and Cork. The second stands, perhaps, as the town of next importance to London in the United Kingdom, but the other two are not in any way superior to the sixth-rate country towns of England.

That the approach to Cork is really (entering it by the river from its harbour) one of the finest-looking views which one sees in Ireland, I think most people will allow. The breadth of the river, so loftily commanded by grounds, exhibiting the beauty with which the mansions of the gentry and the villas of the residents of Glenmire Passage, Monkstown, and Queenstown are planted, on each side of the river, as one sails up—the heights so finely wooded—the varieties of shipping give one the idea of the approach to a metropolis much more than that which strikes one in the bay of Dublin. Indeed, the bay, or large range of prospect which one sees in the latter town, is in its way most superb, but for the purpose of answering the end of the transit of commerce, and affording the entry and exit to ships of any burden, and supplying by its water access a grand highway for the accelerating the traffic which forms the greatness of towns and the capital of nations, Dublin falls off; but Cork gladdens the eye of the visitor, who looks to the utilising effect which is there afforded by the ease with which the ships of any burden or size may bring their freights up to the warehouse door.

I know of no more commodious or ample harbour than that which lies opposite to Queenstown. Its entrance is exceedingly deep, but, at the same time, there is a somewhat narrow strait, which gives an inlet to the vast basin, and which is defended on each side by two forts—namely, Carlisle and Camden. There, in the vast expanse of the harbour, navies could ride without fear of the ships slipping their anchors. They are protected by the heights and by the different islands, and the sea there is tranquil and secure from storms on every side of the compass. The islands of Haulbowline, Spike, and Rocky Island, are all made available, either for the keeping of stores, powder, or the housing of convicts, and giving them employment. The town of Queenstown, provided amply with all that the inhabitants of these islands require, is a most favourite resort of the gentry in Cork. Excellent hotels, clubs, and houses for temporary residents are to be had there, as well as at Blackrock Passage and Monkstown; and farther down the river are also several smaller villages, which afford accommodation. The river from Cork to Queenstown presents always, during every day in summer, an animated appearance. In no other river except the Rhine have I ever enjoyed so much

the excursion in a steamer. The breadth of the stream and the beauty of the scenery on each of its banks make one quite forget the horrors of the steam conveyance. It is doubtless the greatest resource for an officer residing in the barracks at Cork. These last buildings are situated on the top of a high hill, so they stand about a mile from the town, and the way from the river up to the barracks is all along a steep ascent. Many times I used to leave them and take shipping at the wharf near Patrick's Bridge to enjoy the delightful sail down the river. In such a situation one can read, sketch, or else converse with the society, and I know of no excursion more enjoyable to one residing in Cork. I leave the description of the town to the guide-book. The view of it from the hill on which the barrack stands exhibits a mighty panorama, as striking and grand as one can possibly imagine, for none of the shabbiness of the back streets or the filth of their exterior, as well as their inhabitants, are at all apparent, but the vista of a grand city, and the size of the largest buildings, look to the best advantage.

The benefit which its merchants and shopkeepers derive from its being made the port of embarkation for most of the troops destined for foreign service, either bound for the colonies or elsewhere, is well known, as also its having such an excellent harbour, that both the ships of her Majesty's navy and other large craft find no place for victualling more favourable than this. The country in the vicinity is what agriculturists call exceedingly prolific. The butter and the live stock are as good as are produced anywhere in the dominions of the Queen. The first article is reckoned superior to any of the kind which is to be had in the island, particularly for transit or for salting. The live stock, which the farmers in this country bring into market either for shipping to the different ports of England or for slaughtering, exceed in quantity what would be met with in any part in the United Kingdom.

Of the history of the town, the legends and the records of which are interesting to an antiquary, I have no space here to treat. We all know of the inexorable cruelty of the Protector, and of his taking the bells from the churches and casting them into a foundry, and afterwards making them into cannon. It was in this county that the byword, which the lower orders in their rage use when anathematising any one, "The curse of Cromwell on you!" first had its origin, reminding me of the expression which they use on the continent of India when speaking of Tamerlane, or, as he is always called there, Tymoor-lung, the name meaning the lame Tymoor, that fearful scourge of humanity who massacred the citizens and laid waste the countries in his career of conquest. It is an habitual imprecation with them to say there, "May the face of Tymoor overshadow you!" Of the castles which Cromwell dismantled, or the towns which he reduced to obedience, many stories are told, but one which by high and low is known throughout this country, and which has the value of also exhibiting a testimony to the actual existence of its truth, I think I may mention here.

We shall find, I fancy, that if we read the life of any great conqueror—any one who was one of the world's great potentates—who "waded through slaughter to a throne," whether of ancient or modern times, however the ruling tenor of his life may have been marked by cruelty, pride, overbearing imperiousness, or overweening selfishness, there is still some trait recorded to mark him as human, and to redeem him by a few feeble

recollections from the infamy of a tyrant. Even the tomb of Nero had flowers strewn over it by some unseen hand ; and though there be little but bloodstained writing in the Draco-like decrees which issued from the usurper during his sojourn in Ireland, I can vouch for authentic one act of his, which, whether as a characteristic of gratitude or an ebullition of unwonted generosity, still lives dear to the feelings of those upon whose ancestors he had conferred the boon, and is imperishably recorded in the archives of their family. Long before Cromwell had been the marked man of the people, the leading star of the party, and the very nucleus of the spirit of the nation, when he was very young he was travelling far from home, and found himself in London. Whether, it was that he had been pilfered by thieves, or that circumstances, the result of indiscretion, had left him totally penniless, there is no clear account ; but so it was—that he was situated in a predicament which at that time was a fearfully perplexing one, and such as seemed a very improbable one to escape from. The story has it that he was totally deprived of funds to return home, or even to maintain himself in that gay metropolis ; when, feeling sad enough upon the occasion, he mentioned to an Irish gentleman, who was living in the same hotel, the whole of the circumstances in which he was placed, and added the distress which he felt at having to speak to a stranger, and have such unpleasant news to tell him. When the stranger had heard the whole of his tale, he expressed his sorrow that he should have met with any circumstance which had put him to temporary embarrassment, and instantly offered to lend him any sum that he should be in need of, seeing his extreme youth and pitying his ease. Cromwell accepted the offer and returned to his home in the country, and soon afterwards found means to repay his kind acquaintance who had acted the part of a friend so readily and so cordially. The Irish gentleman did not return to his native country till some time after this event, which he did not regard as one of much importance, and his mind, indeed, would not have dwelt upon it at all had it not been that, some short time afterwards, the disturbances ensued in England which brought out the Protector's name so conspicuously, and forced the attention of every subject of the realm to the man whom fame proclaimed most signalised in the consideration of the civilised world. Of the character and the principles of this man, no doubt each party will form a different opinion, inasmuch as they will be swayed either by favourable or unfavourable prejudices. Macaulay exhibits him to the world as a paragon of perfection in the way of judgment, prudence, equity, and piety, and finishes by calling him a prince. The Tory party have had also their spokesmen, who have denounced him as a man who was at times a bloodthirsty fanatic, and at others a crafty and able hypocrite. But, leaving aside the consideration of his motives and his principles, which would involve much more profound disquisition than we have limits for here, we may fairly advert to his public acts, which are as well known as any other part of the history of the nation. I suppose that a comparison of such a man with a monster like Tamerlane would be regarded as exaggerated, but we find that his policy in the career of his conquest in the land was similar to that recorded by historians of Tymoore. "In order to intimidate the natives from defending their towns, he, with a barbarous policy, put every garrison that made any resistance to the sword."

However, we must also in justice look back to the fearful story of the rebellion in the north of Ireland, when the Papists, under their leader, slaughtered, without reference to sex or age, every Protestant who was to be found in either town or country; and when the numbers of the victims massacred amounted, according to some, to two hundred thousand, but even according to the most partially-disposed narrator to forty thousand; and we must also bear in mind that when Cromwell thus conquered the towns in the south, in 1649, only eight years previous to his arrival with his army of disciplined followers, the horrible atrocities had been perpetrated by the malcontents in the north, which must have been fresh in the recollection of himself and his adherents. So, then, the extent of the ruin, the devastation, the plunder, the destruction and dilapidation of every castle, stronghold, or station, which he met with in his course, was felt far and wide; and even to this day the ruins of many a castle are pointed to on which the avenger had set his mark, and which was destined to stand for after ages a silent monument of his cruelty. And I could name the possessors of several noble titles who ride by imperiously and proudly, and survey the ruins of the baronial seats which their ancestors had dismantled, who, being followers of the republican general, had been given the possessions, and in some cases even the titles, of the former lords of the soil. These last ancient families, in most cases, have sought in foreign countries or in England a refuge, and many scions of them are to be found in the armies of Spain, and Austria, and France. Of the ruined castles which one meets with throughout the length and breadth of the south of Ireland, the catalogue would be surprising; but one that had been left intact—the only one (it is said) that was not dismantled—is to be seen at some distance from the road running between Queenstown and Carrigtowil. It is called Barry's Court Castle. In tracing the history of the families which flourished in Ireland previous to the ninth century, much obscurity meets the efforts of the researcher; but in ascertaining the origin of those who claim Danish or Norman descent, the task is comparatively easy. I have seen a map of the country in which the names of the townlands there in the sixteenth century were all inserted. It is in the British Museum. And the country having for the most part fallen an easy prey to its earliest invaders, the names of their owners also figure in this map, and in a great measure even now can be found in the records of its towns. The owner of this castle was descended from one of the early invaders, who came over from Denmark, and he having left its capital, in which he held a high rank, as being one of the Norwegian chiefs, was soon enabled to seize possession of extensive lands in the vicinity of Cork, and he subsequently constructed this stronghold, after the usual fashion of Danes and Normans, and his family got the name (among the population of his adopted country) of the town which they had left—Copenhageners. This was soon contracted to Copingers, and the name also became widely spread both throughout this county of Cork and also other parts of the United Kingdom, owing to many different branches having emigrated since then. The fate of Kilkenny, Clonmel, and other towns, when Cromwell's well-trained soldiers besieged them, the ruin of the castles of the Roches and of Blarney, were as trifles compared with the merciless wrath of the conquerors who besieged and captured Cork. Fresh from the

plunder of the ultra-Catholic city, the host proceeded, sated with the spoils which had come to their hands as trophies, attesting their superiority, but unweaned from the horrid practice of carnage and plunder, which a long apprenticeship had inured them to; they united the rigid severity of the Roman to the brutal barbarity of the Scythian, and spared no living being who spoke of anything but instant submission. The villages in the neighbourhood of course could offer no impediment to their onward course, but such of the castles as met their view were speedily marked for destruction. The different towns which had, on their arrival in the country, opened at their approach, the successive conquests which had invariably crowned their arms, made the officers more indignant when they received any further refusal to capitulate from any of the malcontents in the county of Cork, to whom Cromwell's policy was so far obnoxious, that in a desperate humour they wished to resist him at all hazards.

With no people has the religion which they profess more power than with the Irish, so far as influencing their feelings and affections, which are proverbially violent; and their frequent want of success in their own country may be attributed to their total want of discipline in its widest sense, neither having had rulers nor necessary training, and not to their want of courage or zeal in their own cause.

This—their religion—then, made them look upon the acts and on the person of the Protector—to whom an odious appellation is to this day current with them—with hatred and disgust. Flushed with the achievements of his army, Cromwell issued one day with a large force in the direction of Youghal—which place he had fixed upon for embarking from when he purposed to return to England—and resolving to receive submission from the owners of all the strongholds which he saw on his way. After he had marched some miles from Cork, he saw this castle of Barry's Court. He proceeded onward with his dragoons, resolving to send forward a party of horse, when he reached the gate of its avenue, to call on the inmates to surrender.

Riding onwards, he arrived at the gate, and just as he was about to give orders to the officers in command of this small party to require the instant surrender of the premises, he perceived an old gentleman riding down the avenue, and he resolved, as this seemed to be the proprietor, to wait until he arrived at the entrance of his estate. The old gentleman rode on, and when he reached the gate the Protector saw that it was indeed the same man who had supplied him with funds in London when he was in need who was now before him. He went up to him and claimed his acquaintance, saying that one who had acted before so generously, would be, he hoped, sure to act with fidelity to his government, and with this hope he would order his troops to pass onward and leave the castle unmolested. Its walls and roof are, I repeat, the only ones of the castles of that time which through that part of the country have been left without some breaches or trace of having seen warfare, and to this day attest this act of clemency of the Protector.

STRATHMORE;
OR, WROUGHT BY HIS OWN HAND.

A LIFE ROMANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GRANVILLE DE VIGNE," &c.

PART THE FIFTH.

I.

ROSE-LEAVES WHICH BORE A POISONED CHARM.

"SHE is divine—but she will play the very devil with him!"

They were uncomplimentary words, and very harsh ones, for that devout adorer of the beau sexe; but as Erroll stood leaning against the doorway of the portrait-gallery at White Ladies, and looking down it to its farthest end, where Lady Vavasour was seated, while Strathmore bent towards her, on the morning after her arrival, a jealousy towards this woman stirred in a heart which never harboured any acrid thought, or unjust envy, to any living thing. Is a man ever leniently disposed towards the woman whom his friend loves? Very rarely. She is his rival, and in lists, moreover, in which he can oppose nothing to her power. She supplants him, she invades his supremacy, fifty to one she is the cause of dispute between them; and he will see no good in this soft-skinned intruder, this dangerous Nazarene: unless he does what is worse—fall in love with her too!

And Erroll twisted his moustaches, and muttered to himself the first unflattering and mistrustful words that he had ever uttered of a lovely woman, Bertie being generally given to deny at all odds that the Ceinture could ever strangle; or the "Drink to me with thine eyes!" ever be an invitation to a cup of poisoned wine. Yet what he looked at was matchless, and dazzled his eyes even while he swore against it!

"Hate her!"—the germ of hatred might lie in it, but all of impatience and aversion, that had crossed, and checked the witchery, she had for Strathmore, were swept away the moment that he touched her hand and received her beneath his own roof. She came—the beauty of Paris, the Queen of Fashion—where before her Mary Stuart had languished a captive, and in ages yet farther, the ascetic Dominicans had dwelt, thrusting away from them with the throes of an unnatural struggle, the mere thought, the mere memory, of her sex. She came to White Ladies with the rest of a gay, dashing, fashionable party from his favourite Paris set; and the advent of Royalty could not have been received there with more splendour than was the Sovereign of the Salons. The State chambers were given to her, where the White Queen and the Winter Queen had closed their soft Stuart eyes in slumber before her, and where none save Crowned heads till now had been laid. The witchery of this woman was on him, and to lend éclat and honour to her I believe Strathmore would have dissolved pearls in his wines, or scattered diamonds *à pleines mains*. He did not realise it; told it, he would not perhaps have believed it even yet; but the web woven by the golden shuttle was drawing its charmed toils tighter and tighter

about him, and he was fast becoming the slave of Marion Vavasour: doubt had but bound him closer, absence had but riveted her chains; and Lady Vavasour laughed softly to herself when on the night of her arrival she drew her hands through her amber tresses, as she leant her head on her arm and looked at her face in the mirror, thinking, "My cold Strathmore! you are *my* captive now!"

Was it love that she felt for him which set her heart so strongly on this triumph? It is as easy to follow the wayward flight of a bird on the wing, or an April wind's wanton vagaries as it blows over field and flower, as to sift the reasons of a woman's will—of a coquette's caprices!

"That is your best friend, Major Erroll, isn't it?" she asked Strathmore, when they stood together in the deep embrasured window of the picture-gallery, her eyes glancing at the Sabreur, where he leaned against the doorway.

"My best indeed! You have been introduced to him?"

"Oh yes, you introduced me last night. I was anxious to see the only person out of the whole world to whom you are not indifferent! What charm has he about him?"

"What charm? Dear old fellow! None, save the gentlest nature and truest honour that I ever found in any man. He has the strength of a lion and the sweetness of a woman; he is game to the backbone, and frank as a boy!"

She raised her eyebrows. She was a little impatient of the warmth of his tone and the sincerity of his praise; a tyrannous, victorious woman is jealous of all influence not her own; and perhaps she foresaw here a power that might be opposed to hers. Lady Vavasour, with a woman's swift, unerring instinct, guessed that Erroll would be against her, in exact proportion to the sway she exercised over his friend.

"You admiring warmth of heart and the candour of boyhood, Strathmore," she said, maliciously enough. "Why don't you cultivate them, mon ami, if you think them so admirable?"

At her tone all the strange, sudden hatred of her, which now and then flashed so ominously across the passion which was growing on him for this woman, stirred into life afresh for a moment; he smiled slightly, the smile which made his face sneeringly cold, and gave his eyes the look, that in a dog, or a horse, we call *dangerous*.

"I am an Athenian, Lady Vavasour: I may admire what I fail to practise. Life makes us all egotists and dissemblers; but we may honour the nature which is such true steel that it resists and escapes the corroding. Erroll's is the only one I know which has done so."

Her impatience at Erroll increased. With the quick wit of her sex she saw at once that Erroll would undermine her power if she did not undermine his, and she changed her tactics accordingly. She looked at the Sabreur, letting her lashes droop over her eyes, and lend them that glance of softened interest which was the most delicate flattery such eyes could bestow.

"I can believe it; his face tells one so. How singularly beautiful a face it is, too; a woman might envy him his golden hair and his azure eyes!"

And for the first time in his life as he stood beside her—not for the praise of his personal attractions—such petty vanity and envy Strathmore

was far above—but for the softness of her eyes as they dwelt on him, the softness which with imperious jealousy he loathed to see wake for any save himself, an ill-feeling stirred in him towards the man whom he loved closer than a brother. And Lady Vavasour glanced at him, and smiled, amused and content; she had sown the larvæ of the cankerworm that would eat away friendship! It is a work at which the hands of women ever love well to be busy.

She had done enough to please her, and with one of her graceful, antelope-like movements she turned and looked upward at the portrait above her.

“Ah! a Vandyke and a Strathmore. Really you are wonderfully like one of those old pictures animated into life, Lord Cecil! My lord is quite right; he says you are a walking Velasquez. There are the eyes, ‘fathomless and darkly-wise,’ of the legend; you have them and the portrait has them; and in both they never soften, even to a woman!”

As she spoke, her own glanced at him with their most enchanting mischief, and Strathmore, subdued to the charm of her will, bent towards her:

“Looking down on *you*, the very portraits of the dead might soften their glance. How then shall any living man have power to resist? Have you not heard that the Strathmores of *White Ladies* have often disdained all, only as their doom, to madly and vainly covet—one?”

And it was as he whispered those words that Errol, not catching even the sound of his voice, but seeing the meaning warmth upon his face, the gaze which Strathmore fastened on her, muttered, *sotto voce*, “She is divine; but she will play the very devil with him!”

Into him, too, entered—with a nature as different to Strathmore’s as the summer to the winter, as the sunny unruffled lake to the deep and silent sea—the subtle poison of Marion Vavasour’s beauty, mingled with a warning and prophetic hatred of her power. There was a large party gathered by this time at the Abbey, and the hospitalities she had recently quitted of a Bourbon at Neuilly had scarcely been more brilliant than those which welcomed her at *White Ladies*. There was *Blanche de Ruelle*, that haughty dark-eyed beauty, who, amidst all the homage she received, treasured bitterly and wearily the memory of the love once whispered by a man whom no love had touched—who was now her friend and her host. There was *Beatrix Beaudesert*, that dashing *brunette* who led the first flight in a twenty minutes’ burst up wind, and never funk’d at any bullfinch or double that yawned in good Northamptonshire; but could have cleared *Brixenham Brook* and won the *Grand Military* were the sex allowed to enter either for the *Steeplechase* or the *Service*. There was the *Comtesse de Chantál*, who wove half the intrigues of the *Tuileries*, while statesmen and diplomatists wound her *floss silks*, and who brewed *embrogie* for the Western Powers in her dainty *Sèvres* coffee-cup. There was pretty *Lady Alaric*, who was so very religious, and went on her knees before her missal-like prayer-book before she floated down to breakfast to commence the flirtations, which always pulled up just short of—a court and a co-respondent; of an error and an esclandre. There was *Lady Clarence Camelot*, leader of the most exclusive of the thorough-bred sets, who was cold and still as a rock-crystal, and proud as any angel that ever fell by that queenly sin; but whose nature was sweet as the sun of *Sorrento*, and whose heart was as mellow as a *Catherine*

pear, for the few who had the fortunate sesame to either. There were these and others at White Ladies, but Lady Vavasour outshone them all: she was the *Reine Regnante*, and she used her sceptre omnipotently, and far eclipsed those whom most women found it a hard matter even to equal. The Marquis—who came thither, *en route* to Spa, for a few days, chiefly because the venison and the char out of White Ladies' woods and waters had had such a celebrity for centuries that he was curious to test their reputed superiority—was blessed with the most gentlemanlike indifference to his lovely wife's vagaries. He knew she was always flirting with somebody—who, didn't matter much; perhaps when he did think about it, his chief feeling was a certain malicious pleasure in seeing so many of his fellow-creatures chained, and worried, and fooled, by the seductive tormentress whom he had let loose on the world, with her *droit de conquête* legitimatised by his coronet. The Marquis was a philosopher, and the very husband for his wife: their marital relations were admirably ordered for the preservation of peace and friendship; they saw little or nothing of one another (the secret recipe for conjugal unity), and, by mutual consent, never interfered, he with her *caprices de cœur*, nor she with his "separate establishments." When he had first married, people had said his lordship was madly *entêté* with his bride; but that inconvenient folly had departed with a few months' wear: and now—he was proud of her loveliness, but wisely and placably negligent on whom that loveliness might shine; a wisdom and a placability never more needed, perhaps, than now at White Ladies.

"Lookest thou at the stars?
If I were Heaven, with all the eyes of Heaven
Would I look down on thee!"

The words were very softly whispered as Strathmore stood that evening on the terrace. It was late; the stars were shining, and the murmur of the waters flowing onward under the elm-woods was heard plaintively and monotonously sweet; as Marion Vavasour, whose whim was every hour changing, and who laughed at all feeling one hour, only to assume it most beguilingly the next, left the drawing-rooms, where she reigned supreme; and strolled out for a brief while in the summer night, followed by her host. The white light of the stars fell about her, glancing on the sapphires and diamonds that glittered in her hair or sparkled in her bosom; and shone in the depths of her eyes, as she raised them, and looked upwards at the skies above; where, here and there, some cloud of transparent mist trailed across the brilliance of the moon; or veiled the swift course of a falling star. She laughed, toying with the closed autumn roses that twined round the balustrade.

"Strathmore! you would do no such thing! If you had the eyes of Heaven, they would all be bent in watching conferences you cannot join, and in reading despatches you cannot see! There are three things no woman rivals with a man who loves any one of the triad; they are a Horse, a State secret, and a Cigar. We may eclipse all three, perhaps, for a little while, but, in the long run, any one of the triad outrivals us."

He bent lower towards her, with a soft whisper:

"Do not slander my sex, and belie the power of your own. Have there not been women for whom men have thought the world itself well lost?"

"There have been fools, mon ami; and that is how *you* would phrase

it if you were out of my presence and in the smoking-room, and anybody advanced the proposition!" she laughed, with that *moqueur* incredulity with which at Vernonceaux she had so constantly tantalised and provoked him.

"Fools? It would be rash to call them so. Manuel was no fool, yet he found his Isles of Delight sweeter than the din and clash of triumph, and the fall of conquered citadels. Alcibiades was no fool, yet he found to look into the eyes of Aspasia better than the sceptre of the Alcæonides and the wisdom of the Schools!"

Three months ago Strathmore would have sworn never to utter such words, save in derision; but now, as he stooped towards her in the sultry stillness of the night, it was not either in jest or flattery, that he spoke them; the roses had the perfume for him with which they had wooed Manuel in the Isles of Delight; the eyes had the power to which the soft Greek had bowed and sunk. For with every year the roses bloom, and with every age men love!

Her sweet mocking laugh rang in the air—the laugh which had enthralled him under the lindens of Bohemia, and from behind the mask of the White Domino.

"What! you who acknowledge but one love—Power; and covet but one boon—Age; confess so much as that! You must be very suddenly changed since three months ago; your eyes, a Strathmore's fathomless eyes, actually soften at the mere memory of Aspasia!"

Her eyes laughed up into his, her hand touched his own where it wandered among the roses; the sultry air of the night swept round them, only stirred by the dreamy splash of fountains, and the rise and fall of her low breathings. He had no strength against her in such a moment, nor did he seek, or strive, or wish, to have.

"Changed? If I be so, the sorcery lies at your door. It is not the memory of Aspasia which evokes the confession; the daughter of Hellas has bequeathed her glamour to one who uses it to the full, as fatally, and as surely!"

A smile trembled on her lovely lips, which became half a sigh, while her hand absently toyed with the sapphire cross that glittered just below her throat.

"Ah-bah!" she said, with a laugh, whose gay mockery had in it for the first time a *timbre* of constraint, as of lightness assumed but unfelt. "I do not believe in such sudden converts; I do not receive them into my creed! Strathmore, am I, who read you so well while you were yet unknown, likely to believe in your suave words so quickly? Remember! I am clairvoyante. I know the sincerity of every one who approaches me, and I know the worth of your words, my diplomatist! I shall be a very long time before I accord to you the honour of any belief in them."

"If you be clairvoyante, you will no longer disbelieve; you will see without words what your sorcery works. You must know your own power too well to doubt it!"

Know her own power? In every iota! and she knew it now; knew that this man, who was steeled in his own strength, and held himself far above the soft foolery of passion, was fast bending to her will, fast drinking in the draught which she tendered to his lips, fast succumbing to her

feet, to lie there, bound, and powerless, to free himself from bondage ; letting his life drift on as she should choose to guide it ; losing all, forsaking all, risking all, so long as he could look upward in her eyes, so long as her white hand would wander to his own ! Know her own power ! Truly she did, and used it without mercy, without scruple !

Her eyes looked up and dwelt on his with the mournful languor which gave to their dark brilliance the softness as of unshed tears ; the mockery of her smile faded ; and the lips seemed charged with some unuttered whisper, as the roses she toyed, were charged with the heavy sweetness of the clinging dew. If ever woman loved, Strathmore could have sworn she loved him then ; and the scorching sweetness, the dangerous delight of a forbidden passion, stole over him, and swept round him, in the sultry air of the night, only heightened by the strange hatred of the power which enthralled him to her will, which ever mingled with the madness that was stealing on him. He bent towards her, his breath fanned her hair, his hand touched hers where it rested among the flowers, and touched—the diamond circlet that chilled him as with the chill of ice. It recalled to him that this woman was but fooling him ; that this woman was Marion Vavasour ! And as their hands met, she drew her own away ; while a faint sigh stirred her heart beneath its costly lace.

“ Hush ! If they be not the words of flattery, they must not be the words of friendship ! How beautiful the night is ! I do not wonder that poets love it better than the day. The sunlight is for haste and care, and for men’s toil and labour, and for the fret of daily life ; but the night, when the flowers are closed, and the cities are silent, and the stars look into the chambers, where the living sleep peacefully as the dead, and shine upon the rivers, till the suicides who have sought their refuge wear a calm smile on their cold lips—the Night is the noon of the poets—the Night is for rest, for dreams, for——”

“ *Love !* ”

The word which paused upon her lips he uttered for her ; and the soft rebuke, the gesture with which she repelled him, and recalled to him that there was a boundary which the language of homage must not pass, to the woman who was a wife, enthralled him more than any art she could have called forward, since in his ear it whispered :

“ The woman who fears your homage, fears herself ! ”

As she spoke dreamily, mournfully, with that occasional earnestness which, when it succeeded her caprices and her brilliant mockery, had the charm of the Italian evening that follows on the dazzling day, Strathmore uttered, with a meaning new upon his lips, the word which had been his derision and disdain ; the word before which she paused ; the word which all the voices of the voluptuous night seemed to re-echo around them, while the moonlight streamed on the uncovered limbs of sculptured marble that wore all the repose of sleep, and the stars gleamed upon the winding waters, white with the snowy burden of innumerable lilies. Love ! Strathmore would have flung away that word in disdain if spoken to him in the coldness of reason, in the pauses of judgment ; but the insidious passion to which he gave no name, but which in her presence swept over him like the scorch of a sirocco, *was* love ; love, if you will, in its most soulless, love in its most sensual, form, but that form the

most alluring, the most dangerous, in which it ever steals into the life of man.

She shrugged her snow-white shoulders and pouted her lips with a *moue* of pretty contempt, while at the same time the faint sigh which was so little in unison with her beauty, yet gave it so rare a charm, heaved the sapphires where they sparkled in her breast.

"Bah! that is the 'pastime of fools,' too, and no more suits our world than the other. We do not believe in it; we only mimic it. It may do for Undine among the water-lilies yonder, but we have no faith left for those childish idyls. They are *contes pour rire* for us; we have outgrown them! Who loves in our world?"

For all its mockery the question was one of pitiless danger, spoken by her, as she leaned against the balustrade in the moonlight, gazing down on to the dark masses of foliage sheltering beneath; while her eyes were heavy as with some indefinite regret, as she pressed against her lips the leaves of a rose she had disentangled from the rest; which was wet and fragrant with the night dew. His lips brushed her hair, his breath fanned her brow, his words were whispered softly and wooingly:

"To answer you would be to risk rebuke afresh. The truth would neither lie in words of flattery nor of friendship."

"Then—those words must not be spoken!"

The reply was but like the cold breath which fans the embers into fire; uttered while her eyes dwelt on his without rebuke, while her lips parted with a breath that was so near a sigh, while half in sadness, half in coquetry, she silenced him with a light, fragrant blow of the roses, the words in their very forbiddance gave fresh fuel to the dawning madness they rebuked. In that moment he would have staked his life that he was loved by the woman he coveted, as he of Israel coveted the loveliness on which the eastern sunlight fell, making it in his sight, while yet it was unwon, more precious than palace treasure, or kingly sway, than the good word of man, or than the smile of his God!

She turned from him with one of the swift movements which had the charm of the antelope's grace, turned as a woman might from the danger which she dreads and fears; the jewels in her hair glancing in the starlight, the rose that had been pressed against her lips, falling on the marble.

"Let us go in!—we have given time enough to the night, we must give the rest to the world."

"And while the world claims you, even friendship may at least claim this?" said Strathmore, as he stooped, and lifted from the ground, the rich fresh rose which had rested against lips as fair and fragrant as itself. She laughed her gay mocking laugh; but her eyes were saddened still as she glanced at him while he held back the heavy draperies of a window for her to re-enter the drawing-rooms.

"Ah, I know you too well: to-night the roses are taken in flattery; to-morrow, withered and faded, they will be flung away with a mot! You are a man of the world, Strathmore, and all you prize is power. There is no State secret in the core of that rose."

"But there is a secret more fatal in the charm of the lips that have touched it."

Strathmore's eyes darkened as he spoke with the imperious and reck-

less passion she had rightly judged would be the only love to which he would ever waken, and which she had vowed to arouse in this man who held himself sheathed in an armour of proof; his words, losing the softness of suave compliment, were hoarse with a deeper meaning, and as he followed her he thrust the rose into his breast—the delicate leaves that had gained value in his sight, because her lips had touched them!

That night he drank deep of the delirious draught of a woman's witchery; that night, as he paid his gold to the Marquis, at *écarté*, he loathed the man who had bought her beauty with his title, and claimed her by right of ownership, as he claimed his racing stud, his *chef de cuisine*, his comet wines!—he loathed himself for having him at his table and beneath his roof; for chatting the idle nothings of familiar intercourse with him; and bidding the friendly good night of host to guest, to the man whom he hated with the dark hatred of the Strathmore blood, which was ever stronger than their wisdom, and deeper than their love, and closer than their honour. True! We seat our foes at our board, and welcome what we hate to our hospitality, and eat salt with those who betray us, and those whom we betray; wronged Octavia smiles as she receives Cleopatra into her house, and Launcelot shakes hands in good-fellowship with Arthur, the day after he has writ the stain on his friend's knightly shield! It is done every day, and he was accustomed to such convenience and such condonation; but Strathmore, when once roused, was a man of darker, swifter, deeper passions than the passions of our day, and the leaven of his race was working in him, beneath the cold and egotistic surface of habit and of breeding. As stillness fell that night upon his household, and sleep came with the hush of the advancing hours, and he stood in the silence of his own chamber, hating the husband, coveting the wife, knowing that both were now beneath his roof; he thought of her where, like the Lady Christabel,

Her lovely limbs she did undress,
And lay down in her loveliness;

till, with an oath, he pressed the broken rose-leaves to his lips with a fierce kiss where her own had rested on them, and hurled them out away into the darkness of the night.

Already—did he love this woman?

II.

"AT HER FEET HE BOWED AND FELL."

"I CONGRATULATE you on your fresh honours, old fellow. Bomont writes word the ministers have selected you for the Confidential mission to ——. Ticklish business, and a very high compliment," said Camelot, one morning at breakfast, when Lord Vavasour had left for Spa, and his wife had been some weeks the reigning Queen at the Abbey.

Strathmore went on stirring his chocolate.

"Bomont has no earthly business to tittle-tattle Foreign-office secrets; however, since he's let it out, I may confess to it."

"You accept, of course? You must leave at once—eh?"

"The affair's been on the tapis some time. I always knew I should be selected to succeed Caradoc. Try that potted char, Lady Beatrix," answered Strathmore, avoiding direct answer to either of Camelot's inquiries, while among his letters lay one which selected him, in a juncture of critical difficulty, to occupy a post which older diplomatists bitterly envied him, and which gratified his ambition and signalled his abilities to the fullest. Questions and congratulations flooded in on him from the people about his breakfast-table, among whom Lady Vavasour was not; she usually had her chocolate in her own chamber.

"You will draw us into a war, I dare say, Strathmore," laughed Beatrix Beaudesert. "You dips love an embroglio as dearly as journalists love a 'crisis'; and your race are born statesmen. Your *berceauxnettes* must have been trimmed with Red Tape; and you must have learnt your alphabet out of Machiavelli's Maxims! You're not like Hamlet; you specially enjoy the times being 'out of joint,' that you may show your surgical skill in setting them right."

"Of course," laughed Strathmore. "If half a million slaughtered gets a General the Garter, what does he care who rots, so long as he rises? Man's the only animal that preys upon his species, and for his superiority calls himself head of all creation. The brutes only fly at their foes; *we* turn on our friends if *we* get anything by it!"

"*Fi donc!*" cried Madame de Ruelle. "You have just received the Bath, and are appointed to a post which all the diplomatic world will envy you. You ought not to be in a cynical mood, Strathmore! It is those with whom life goes badly, who write satires and turn epigrams; a successful man always approves the world, because the world has approved him!"

"True, madame; but at the same time there may be a drop of *amari aliquid* under his tongue, because the world has approved other people too!"

"Dear old fellow, how glad I am!" said Erroll, meeting him in the doorway a quarter of an hour afterwards. "My K.C.B.! a discerning nation does for once put the right man in the right place. On my word, Strath, I *am* proud of you!"

"Thank you!"

The two monosyllables were odiously cold after the cordial warmth of the other's words, and Strathmore crossed the hall without adding others. He was conscious that he could fling away power, place, fame, honour, if one woman's voice would murmur, "Relinquish them—*for me!*" And the consciousness made him bitter to all the world, even to the man who was closer than a brother.

"The deuce! How changed he is! It is all that woman's doings, with her angel's face and her devil's mischief; her gazelle's eyes and her Messalina's soul!" muttered Erroll.

"*Vous avez l'air tant soit peu contraire, monsieur!*" said a voice behind him, half amused, half contemptuous, as Lady Vavasour, having just descended the staircase, swept past him, radiant in the morning sunlight; her silk folds trailing on the inlaid floor, and the fragrance of her hair scenting the air. Perhaps she had heard his words?

Lady Vavasour, however, could very admirably defy him and his enmity, and anybody or everybody else. She played utterly unscrupulously,

but equally matchlessly, with Strathmore; now avoiding him, till she made his cheek grow white and his eyes dark as night with anger; now listening with a feigned rebuke, which made it but the sweeter, to the whispers of a love, that while she chid, she knew how to madden with the mere sweep of her dress across him. She was a coquette and a voluptuary. She loved, I believe, with the shallow, tenacious, fleeting love, such as Parabère and Pompadour knew, while romance still mingled with licence, as their best *pointe à la sauce*. Strathmore's nature was new to her. To first rouse, and then play with it, was delightful to this beautiful panther; and she did both, till a very insanity was awakened in him. *Love* is by a hundred times too tame and meaningless a word, for what had now broken up from his coldness as volcanic flames break up from ice. It was a passion born entirely from the senses, if you will, without any nobler element, any better spring; but for that very reason it was headlong as flame, and no more to be arrested, than the lightning that seethe through men's veins, and scorches all before it.

She heard of his appointment to conduct the mission to —— as though he were her brother, in whose career she was fraternally interested, and nothing more; and spoke of his coming departure to Northern Europe as if it were a question of going into the next county for a steeplechase or a coursing meeting!

"Ah! you are going to ——?" she said, tranquilly, when she met him in the library, trifling with a new French novelette. "It will be very cold! Give my compliments to M. le Prince de Vörn; he is a great friend of mine, though he is a political foe of yours. His wit is charming!"

Strathmore, standing near her, felt his face pale with passion to the very lips as she spoke. She had wooed, while she repressed; she had tempted, while she forbade his love, as a woman only does who knows that she has conquered where conquest is dear to her; and now—she heard of his departure for a lengthened and indefinite term as carelessly as though he told her he was going to visit his stables or his kennels!

He tried vainly that day to meet her alone; she avoided or evaded him from luncheon to dinner with tantalising dexterity. Letters to write, a game of billiards, chit-chat in the drawing-rooms—one thing or another occupied her so ingeniously, that not even for a single second did she give him the chance of a *tête-à-tête*. She knew he sought one, and pleased herself by baffling and denying him, while her insouciant indifference tortured him to fury. Ambition had been the god, power the lust, which alone had possessed him; with both within his grasp, he would now have thrown both from him, as idly as a child casts pebbles to the sea, only to feel the lips of Marion Vavasour close upon his own!

That night there was a ball given at White Ladies, one among the many entertainments which had marked her visit; it was to be, according to her command, a *bal costumé*, and as Strathmore went to dress he caught sight of the azure gleam of her silken skirt sweeping along the corridor to the State chambers. He crossed the passage that divided them, and in an instant was at her side; she started slightly, and glanced up at him:

"Ah! Lord Cecil, you try one's nerves! really, you are so like those Vandykes in the gallery, that one may very pardonably take you for a ghost!"

Strathmore laid his hand on her arm to detain her, looking down into her eyes by the light from above:

"I have sought a word alone with you all the day through, and sought it vainly; will you grant it me now?"

"Now? Impossible! I am going to dress. The toilette is to us what ambition is to you, the first, and last, and only love—a ruling passion strong in death! A statesman dying, asks, 'Is the treaty signed?' a woman dying, asks, 'Am I *bien coiffée*?'"

Laughing, she moved onward to leave him, but Strathmore moved too, keeping his hold on her hand:

"Hear me you must! I told you once that I did not dare to whisper the sole *guerdon* that would content me as the reward you offered; *now* I dare, because, spoken or unspoken, you must know that the world holds but one thought, one memory, one idol for me; you must know—that I love you!"

The words were uttered which, old as the hills eternal, have been on every human lip, and cursed more lives than they have ever blessed. And Marion Vavasour listened, as the light gleamed upon the lovely youth which lit her face, and her eyes met his with the glance that women only give when they love.

"Hush! you forget," she murmured (and chiding from those lips was sweet as the soft wrath of the south wind!)—"I must not hear you."

But the eyes forgave him, while the voice rebuked: and Strathmore's love, loosed from all bondage, poured itself out in words of eager honeyed eloquence, with every richest oratory, with every ardent subtilty, that art could teach, and passion frame. To win this woman, he would have perilled, had he owned them, twenty lives and twenty souls, and thought the prize well bought!

She listened still, her hand resigned to his, a warm flush on her cheeks, and her heart beating quicker in its gossamer nest of priceless lace; stirred with triumph, perhaps stirred with love. Then—she drew from him with a sudden movement, and laughed in his face with radiant, malicious mockery:

"Ah! my lord, you have learned, then, how dangerous it was to boast to a woman that you had but one idol—Ambition; that you desired Age, and despised Love! The temptation to punish you was irresistible;—you have learned an altered creed now!"

The silvery laughter mocking him, rang lightly out upon the silence, and, ere he could arrest her, she had entered her chamber, and the door had closed. He stood alone in the empty corridor, stunned;—and a fierce oath broke from his throat. Had this woman fooled him? The echo of her words, the ringing of her laughter, stung him to madness; the taunt, the mirth, the jest flung at him in the moment when he had laid bare his weakness, and could have taken his oath that he was loved, was like seething oil flung upon flame. He swore that night to wrench confession from her of her love, or—or——He grew dizzy with the phantoms of his own thoughts. But one resolve was fixed in him; to win this woman, or—to work on her the worst revenge that a foiled passion and a fooled love ever wrought.

As he passed out of the State corridor and turned towards his own chamber he came unhappily upon Erroll.

"Is it you, Strath?" said the Sabreur. "I want a word with you; may I come in for ten minutes?"

"*Entrez.*"

Strathmore's voice sounded strange in his own ears; he would have given away a year of his life to have been left alone at that moment.

Erroll followed him into his chamber, however; noticing nothing unusual; for Strathmore, with Italian passions, had more than English self-control; and Bertie, who had had bad intelligence of a weedy-looking bay on whom he had risked a good deal for the approaching Cesarewitch, came as usual to detail his fears and doubts, and speculate on the most judicious hedging with Strathmore. With a mad love running riot in him, and a fierce resolve seething up into settled shape, Strathmore had to sit and listen to Newmarket troubles, and balance the pros and cons of *Turf* questions as leisurely and as interestedly as of old! Apparently, he was calm enough; actually, every five minutes of restraint lashed his pent-up passion into fury.

The Newmarket business done with, Erroll still lingered; he had something else to say, and scarcely knew how to phrase it.

"Will all these people stay much longer, Strath?" he began; "they've been here a long time."

"I don't tell my guests to go away," said Strathmore, with a smile. "Besides, the pheasants just now are at their prime."

"The pheasants! Oh yes, but I was thinking of the women. To be sure, though, you must leave yourself in a few days; I forgot! When must you start for —?"

"It is uncertain." The subject annoyed him, and he answered shortly.

Erroll was silent a moment; then he looked up, his eyes shining with their frank and kindly light:

"Strath, you wouldn't take wrongly anything *I* said, would you?"

"My dear Erroll! what an odd question. I believe I am not usually tenacious?"

"Of course not; still I fancy you'd let *me* say to you, what you mightn't stand from another man; I hope so at least, old fellow! We have never been on ceremony with one another yet; and I want to ask you, Cis, if you know how yours and Lady Vavasour's names are coupled together?"

He could not have chosen a more fatal hour for his question!

"Who couples them?"

The words were brief and quietly said enough, but Strathmore's hand clenched where it lay on the table, and an evil light gleamed in his eyes.

"Oh, nobody in especial, but more or less everybody," answered Erroll, carelessly, whom the gesture did not put on his guard. "Your attention to her, you know, must be noticed; impossible to help it! Naturally the men joke about it when you're out of hearing; fellows always will."

"What do they say?"

The words were quiet still, but Strathmore's teeth were set like a mastiff's.

"You can guess well enough; you know how we always laugh over that sort of thing. Look here, Strathmore!" and Erroll, breaking out of the lazy softness of his usual tone, leant forward eagerly and earnestly,

"I know you'll take my words as they're meant; and if you wouldn't, it would be a wretched friendship that shirked the truth when its telling were needed. If you called me out for it to-morrow, I would let you know what everybody is saying—that you are infatuated by a woman who is only playing with you!"

Strathmore leaned back in his chair, fastening his wristband stud, with a cold sneer on his face; it cost him much to repress the passion that would have betrayed him.

"The world is very good to trouble itself about me; if you will name the particular members of it who do the gossiping, I will thank them in a different fashion."

"The better way would be to give them no grounds for it!"

"Grounds? I don't apprehend you."

"You do, and you must!" broke in Erroll, impatiently; this smooth, icy coating did not impose on him. "Whether your heart be in the matter or not, you act as though it were. You are becoming the very slave of that arch coquette, who never loved anything in her life save her own beauty; you, who ridiculed everything like woman-worship, are positively infatuated with Marion Vavasour! Stop! hear me out! I have no business with what you do; true enough! I am breaking into a subject no man has any right to touch on to another—I know that! But I like you well enough to risk your worst anger; and I speak plainly, because you and I have no need to weigh our words to each other. Good God! *you* must have too much pride, Strathmore, to be fooled for the vanity of a woman!"

He stopped in his impetuous flood of words, and looked at his listener, who had heard him tranquilly—a dangerous tranquillity, thin ice over larva-flames! Strathmore only kept reins on the storm because it rose to his lips—to betray him.

"Pardon me, Erroll," he said, slowly and pointedly, "I will not take *your* words as they might naturally be taken, since you claim the privilege of 'old friendship'; but I must remind you that friendship may be both officious and impertinent. The office of a moral censor sits on you very ill; attention to a married woman, is not so extraordinarily uncommon in our set, that it need alarm your virtue——"

"Virtue be hanged!" broke in Erroll, impetuously. "Bosh! You don't understand, or you *won't* understand, me. All I say is, that hundreds of fellows will tell you that Marion Vavasour is the most consummate coquette going; and that as soon as she has drawn a man on into losing his head for her, she turns round and laughs him to scorn. What do you suppose Scrope Waverley and all that lot will say? Only that you have been first trapped, and then tricked, as they were——!"

"Thank you, I have no fear! Lady Vavasour makes you singularly bitter?"

"Perhaps she does; because I see her work. Near that woman you are no more what you were than——"

"Really I must beg you to excuse my hearing a homily upon myself!" interrupted Strathmore, as he rose, speaking coldly, intolerantly, and haughtily. "As regards Lady Vavasour, she is *my guest*, and as such I do not hear her spoken of in this manner. As regards the gossip you are pleased to retail, people must chatter as they like; if they chatter in

my hearing I can resent it, without having my path pointed out to me; and for the future I will trouble you to remember that even the privileges of friendship may be stretched too far if you overtax them."

As he spoke he rang the bell for Diaz, and as the Albanian entered the chamber from the bath-room, Erroll turned and went out without more words. He was angered that his remonstrance had had no more avail; he was hurt that his interference had been so ill received, and his motive so little comprehended. Like most counsellors, he felt that what he had done had been ill-advised and ill-timed: while Strathmore, indifferent to how he might have wounded a friendship which he had often sworn worth all the love of women, was stung to madness by the words with which Erroll had unwittingly heaped fuel on to flame. Men saw his passion for Marion Vavasour! He swore that they should hopelessly and longingly envy its success.

The fancy ball at White Ladies was as brilliant as it could be made; the great circle at the Duke of Trémayne's, the people staying at Lady Millicent Clinton's, and at other houses of note in the county, afforded guests at once numerous and exclusive, and the Royal women who had been visitors at White Ladies had never been better entertained than was Marion Vavasour. As he received his guests in the great reception-room known as the King's Hall, that night, women of the world, not easily impressible, glancing at him, were arrested by they knew not what, and remembered long afterwards how he had looked that evening. He wore the dress of the Knights Templars, the white mantle flung over a suit of black Milan armour worked with gold, and the costume suited him singularly; while it yet seemed to bring out more strongly still the resemblance in him to all that was dark and dangerous in the Strathmore portraits. His face was slightly flushed, like a man after a carouse; his wit was courtly and light, but very bitter; his attentions to the women were far more impressive than his ever were—he might have been in love with all in his rooms!—but his eyes, dark with suppressed eagerness, and with a heavy shade beneath them, glanced impatiently over the crowd. Every one had arrived, but *she* had not yet descended; his salons were filled, but to *him* they were empty! This was no light, languid love, seeking a liaison as a mere pastime, which had entered into Strathmore for another man's wife; it was the delirium, the frenzy, the blindness, in which the world holds but one woman!

At last, with her glittering hair given to the winds, a diadem of diamonds crowning her brow, snow-white clouds of drapery floating around her, light as morning mist, and her beautiful feet bare, only shod with golden sandals, she came, when all the rooms were full, living impersonation of the Summer-Noon she represented. A crowd of *costumés* followed her steps, and murmurs of irrepressible admiration accompanied her wherever she moved; there were many beautiful women there that night at White Ladies, but none that equalled, none that touched her. The golden apple was cast without a dissent into the white bosom of Marion Vavasour; and at sight of her his reason reeled and fell, and his madness mastered him, as it subdued him of Brocéliande before the witching eyes and under the wreathing arms of Vivien,

while the forest echoed Fool!

His face wore the reckless resolve which was amongst the dark traits of

the Strathmores when their ruthless will had fixed a goal, and underneath their calm and courtly seeming, the fierce spirit was a flame which made them pitiless as death in all pursuit. His eyes followed the gleaming trail of her streaming hair, the flash of her diamond diadem, with a look which she caught, and fanned to fire with one dreamy glance of languor, one touch of her floating drapery. And yet, even while the passion devoured him, he hated her for its pain—hated her because she was another's and not his ! Do you know nothing of this because it has not touched you ?—*tut !*—the forms of human love are as varied and as countless as the forms of human life ; and you have learned but little of the world, and the men that make it, if you have not learned that Love, often and again, treads and trenches close on Hate.

It was as though she set her will to make her beauty more than mortal, and goad him on till he was as utterly her bond-slave, as the Viking whom, as the Norse legend tells, twenty strong men could not capture, yet who lay, helpless and bound as in gyves of iron, by one frail, single thread of a woman's golden hair ! That night his passion mastered him, and all that was most dangerous, in a nature where fire slept under ice, woke into life, and set into one imperious resolve.

It was some hours after midnight, when he passed with her into a *cabinet de peinture*. The wax-radiance streamed upon her where she stood like some dazzling thing of light, some dream of the Greek poets, some sorceress of the East, while the diamonds crowned her brow, and the gold sandals crossed her snowy feet. In the stillness of the night they were alone, and her eyes met his own with a glance which wooed him on to his sweet temptation. Ambition seemed idle as the winds ; fame he was ready to cast aside like dross ; at the most brilliant point in his career, he was willing to throw away all the past, and cut away all the future, so that her voice but whispered him "*Stay !*" His honour to the man who had been a guest beneath his roof, the bond which bound him to hold sacred the woman whom his house harboured, were forgotten and left far behind him, drowned in his delirium as men's wisdom is drowned in wine. He saw, remembered, heeded nothing on earth or heaven save *her*. And she knew the meaning of his silence as he stood beside her.

"So you will leave England very soon, Strathmore ?"

The words were light and ordinary : but her words are but a tithe of a woman's language ; and it was her eyes which spoke, which challenged him to summon strength to leave her ; which dared him to rank ambition before her, and claimed and usurped the dominion which power alone had filled ! It was the eyes he answered, only seeing in the midnight glare the fairness of her face.

"Bid me stay for *you* ;—and I resign the Mission to-morrow !"

"What ! desert your career, abandon your ambition, give up your power, and at a *woman's* word, too ! Fie, fie, Lord Cecil !"

The sweet laughter echoed in his ear, and her face had all its witching mockery as she turned it to him in the light.

"Hush ! My God !—you know my madness ; you shall play with it no longer. Bid me stay, and I give up everything for you ! But you must love me as I love ; you must choose to-night for yourself and me. If you are fooling me, beware ; it will be at a heavy price ! Love me ! and I throw away for you, honour, fame, life, what you will !"

The words were spoken in her ear, fierce with the passion which was reckless of all cost; broken with the love which was only conscious of itself, and of the beauty that it craved. His face was white as death; his eyes gazed into hers, hot, dark, lurid as the eyes of a tiger. This mad idolatry, this imperious strength, made a love new to her, dear to her as its costliest toy to a child; a richer gage of her power, a stronger proof of her dominion. A blush warm and lovely, if it were but a lie, wavered in her face; her eyes answered his with dreamy languor; the diamonds in her breast trembled with the heavings of her heart, and even while she hushed him, and turned from him, her hand lingered within his.

He knew that he was loved!—and his whole life would have been staked on that mad hour. His arms closed round her in an embrace she could not break from; he wound his hands in the shining shower of her amber hair; he crushed this soft and dazzling thing which mocked, and maddened him, against the chill steel of his armour as though to slay her. Burning words broke from him, delirious, imperious, half menace, half idolatry, born of the strong passion, and the sensuous softness, of which his love at once was made.

“I sacrifice what you choose, for you; or—I hate you more bitterly than man ever hated! *Friendship between us! My God! it must be one of two things—deadliest hate, or sweetest love!*”

He paused abruptly, crushing her with fierce unconscious strength against his breast, gazing down into the face so fatally fair. Her eyes looked into his with all their eloquence of loveliness; her amber hair floated, soft and silken, across his breast; and his lips met hers in kisses that only died to be renewed again, each longer, sweeter, more lingering than the last.

And that night, at the tempting of a woman, he bowed and fell.

III.

THE AXE LAID TO THE ROOT.

“*Tu l'as écrite?*” she said, softly, looking up into his eyes.

The whisper was brief, but as subtle and full of power as any words that ever murmured from Cleopatra's lips, wooing him of Rome to leave his shield for foes to mock at, and his sword to rust, and his honour to drift away, a jeered and worthless thing, while he lay lapped in a woman's love, with no heaven save in a woman's eyes.

It was some hours past noon on the morrow of the *bal costumé*; she had not yet left her dressing-room in the State chambers. Her hair was unbound, folds of azure, and lace of gossamer texture, enveloped her; and she lay back on her couch, resting her cheek on her white, bare arm, and letting her eyes dwell upon his.

“*Tu l'as écrite?*” she murmured, softly, her hand lying in his, her lips brushing his brow.

For all answer he put into her hand a letter he had just then penned—a letter to decline the appointment offered to him; to refuse the most brilliant distinction that could have fallen to him; in a word, to resign the ambitions his life had been centred in, to destroy the career, and the goal, of his present, and his future!

Her head rested against his breast while she read it, her eyes glancing over the few brief lines which gave up all power and honour, the world and the world's ambitions, and flung away life's best prizes at her bidding, as though they were empty shells or withered leaves. And a smile, proud and glad, came upon her lips. Even she had scarcely counted on binding him thus far to her feet!—on chaining him thus utterly her slave. She read it, then she lifted her eyes, now sweet with the languor of love, while she lay in his arms, her warm breath fanning his cheek.

"You will not regret it, Cecil? Are you sure?"

"Regret! My Heaven! what room have I to dream even of regret now? My whole future would be a willing price paid down for one hour of my joy!"

The last words were spoken in a madman's heedless, headlong love! He stooped over her, spending breathless kisses on her lips, and passing his hands through the golden scented hair which floated on her shoulders. Every single shining thread might have been a sorcery-twisted with that bound him powerless, so utterly he bowed before her power, so utterly he was blinded to all that lay beyond the delicious languor, and the sensuous joys, which steeped his present in their rich delight!

An hour afterwards, Strathmore descended from the State chambers by a secret staircase which wound downward to the library. He listened; the room was silent; he looked through the aperture left in the carvings, by those subtle builders of the olden days, for such reconnoissance by those who needed secrecy; it was empty, and, pressing the panel back, he entered. As it chanced, however, in the deep embrasure of a window, hidden by the heavy curtains, Erroll sat reading the papers; and, as he looked up, he saw Strathmore, before the panel had wholly closed on its invisible hinges, that were screened in a mass of carving. Erroll knew whence that concealed passage led.

"Why was she not dead in all her demon's beauty before ever she came here?" he muttered to himself; for Erroll had grown jealous of Marion Vavasour; and had, moreover, strange stray notions of honour here and there, better fitting the days of Galahad than our own.

"You here, Bertie!" said Strathmore, carelessly, very admirably concealing the annoyance he felt, as Erroll looked up from his retreat. "What's the news?"

"Nothing!" yawned the Sabreur, stretching him the *Times*. "They notice your appointment for —; very approvingly, too, for the Thunderer. When do you go, old fellow?"

"I do not go at all," Strathmore answered briefly. He was aware it must be known sooner or later, and, in the reckless rapture of his present, ridicule, remark, or censure, were alike disregarded.

Erroll looked quickly up at him:

"Not go?"

"No. I have requested permission to decline the appointment."

There was a dead pause of unbroken silence; then, with a sudden impetuous movement, Erroll rose, pushing back his chair, and flinging his fair hair out of his eyes with a gesture of impatient anger:

"Good God! Strathmore, have you sneered at every love all your life through only to become a woman's slave at last!"

The swift dark wrath of his race glanced into Strathmore's eyes. At all times he brooked comment or interference ill; now he *knew* himself the slave of a woman, and while in the sweet insanity of successful love his serfdom was delicious, and its bondage dearer than any liberty that had ever been his boast, the words were still bitter to him. To any but the Sabreur they would have been as bitterly resented.

"That cursed coquette!" muttered Erroll between his teeth, as he paced impatiently up and down. "What! she enslaves you, till you wreck your whole future at her word, let all the world see you in your madness, and forget your honour even under your own roof!" The words broke out almost unconsciously! he was rife with hatred for the woman who had robbed him of his friend, and grown more powerful with Strathmore than honour or ambition, than the present, or the future; than the ridicule of the world, or the triumphs of his career.

Evil passions passed over his listener's face, flaming into life all the more darkly, because the accusation bore with it the sting of Nathan's unto David—the *sting of truth*.

"By Heaven! no man on the face of the earth, save you, should dare say that to me and live!"

Erroll looked up, stopped, and halted before him, his sunny blue eyes growing cordial and earnest as a woman's:

"Dear old fellow, forgive me! I had no right, perhaps, to use the words I did, but we have never stopped to pick our speech for one another. No!—hear me, Strathmore. By Heaven! you *shall*! Your honour is dearer to me than it ever will be to any one, and I only ask you now to pause, and think how you will endure for the world to know that you are so utterly a coquette's bond-slave, that you lie at her beck and call, and give up all your best ambitions at her bidding. I am sinner enough myself, God knows, and have plenty to answer for; but no passion should have so blinded me to honour, let her have tempted as she would, that the wife of an absent guest should have ceased to become sacred to me, while trusted to my protection, and under my own roof!"

He stopped: and a dead silence fell again between them. They were fearless and chivalrous words, built on the code of Galahad and Arthur; and the spirit of the dead Knights, and of a bygone Age, broke up from the soft indolence and easy epicureanism of the man, and found its way to just and dauntless speech. But speech that on the ear which heard it was useless as a trumpet-blast in the ear of a dead man, as little heeded and as powerless to rouse! The sting which lay in the Prophet's charge to him of Israel lay here; but here it touched to the quick of no remorse: it only heated the furnace afresh, as a blast of wind blows the fires to a white heat.

For one instant, while Erroll's glance met his, Strathmore made a forward gesture, like that of a panther about to spring; then with all that was coldest, most bitter, most evil in him awake, he leant back in his chair, with a sneer and a smile on his lips.

"An excellent homily! Perhaps, like many other preachers, you are envious of what you so venomously upbraid!"

Over Erroll's face a flush of pain passed, as over a woman's at a brutal and unmerited word.

"For shame! for shame!" he said, hotly. "You know better than to

believe your own words, Strathmore! I do not stand such vile innuendoes from you!"

Strathmore raised his eyebrows, his chill and contemptuous sneer still upon his lips; his anger was very bitter at all times when the velvet glove was stripped off, and the iron hand disclosed, which was a feature of his race.

"*Soit!* it is very immaterial to me! Pray put an end to these heroic speeches. I have no taste for scenes, and from any other man I should call an account for them under a harsher name."

"Call for what account you will! But does our friendship go for so little that it is to be swept away in a second for a word about a woman who is as worthless, if you saw her in her true light, as any——?"

"Silence!" said Strathmore, passionately. "I bear no interference with myself and no traducement to her! End the subject once and for all, or——"

"Or you will break with a friendship of twenty years for a love that will not last twenty weeks!" broke in Erroll, bitterly. It cut him to the quick to be cast off thus for the mere sake of a capricious coquette; from their earliest Eton days they had had no words between them till now that this woman brought them in her train!

"It is the love which appears to excite your acrimony!" laughed Strathmore, with his chilliest sneer; that swift, keen jealousy stirring in him which is ever the characteristic of such passion as his, even in its earliest hours of acknowledgment and return, and which permits no man even to look wishfully after its idol unchastised.

As sharply as if a shot had struck him, Erroll swung round, righteous indignation flushing his face, and his azure eyes flashing fire.

"For God's sake, Strathmore, has your mad passion so warped your nature that you can set down such vile motives in cold blood to my share? I have no other feeling than hatred for the woman who befools you. *That* I will grant you is strong enough, for I see her as she is!"

"Most wise seer and admirable preacher! Since when have you turned sermonizer instead of sinner?" sneered Strathmore, coldly, the dark wrath of his race gleaming in his eyes. "It sits on you very ill!"

"Sermonizer I am not, nor have I title to be!" broke in Erroll, his gentle temper goaded fairly into anger; "but still in your place of host I might have passed before I violated the common laws of hospitality and honour, to the wife of an absent man, let her have been my temptress as she would!"

In another instant words would have been uttered which would have cut down, and cast away, the friendship of a lifetime: but the door of the drawing-room opened.

"Are you tired of waiting, Major Erroll? Never mind! Patience is a virtue, if, like most other virtues, she be a little dull sometimes!" said Lady Beaudesert, as she floated in—a picture for Landseer—with a brace of handsome spaniels treading on the trailing folds of her violet habit.

Her presence arrested, perforce, the words that were rising hot and bitter to the lips of both. But when the axe is laid at the root, what matter if its work be delayed a few hours, a few days, a few months? The tree which would have stood through storms is doomed by it, and will fall at the last!

The words Erroll had spoken that day had been just and true ones: but, like most words of truth in this world, they had been rash, and idle as the winds to carry one whit of warning, to stay for one hour's thought the headlong sweep of a great passion. Now that she had, like himself, forgotten every bond of honour, and cast aside every memory save the indulgence of a forbidden love, the semi-hatred which had so strangely mingled with Strathmore's fatal intoxication had gone: and with it the last frail cord which had held him back from falling utterly beneath the sway of her power. If in the bitterness of an unwelcome love he had been her slave, in the delirium of a permitted one he was more hopelessly so still. Erroll's charge of having violated the laws of hospitality stung him for one instant to the quick; but the next it was forgotten, as her smile lighted upon him, and her silvery laugh rang on his ear! He weighed nothing in the scale against her; he cast away all to stay in the light of the eyes where his heaven hung; he remembered nothing but the exultant joy which lay in those brief, yet all-eloquent words: "he loved, and was loved!"

She held him in her fatal web, as Guenevere held her Lover, when the breath of her lips sullied the shield which no foe had ever tarnished, and her false love coiled with subtle serpent-folds round Launcelot till he fell. But in Marion Vavasour would never arise, what pardoned and purified, the soul of the daughter of Leodegrance: those waters of bitterness which yet are holy—Remorse and Shame.

IV.

GUENEVERE AND ELAINE.

THAT night, when the men had left the smoking-room, and all was still, Bertie Erroll quitted the Abbey, by one of those secret entrances which had been known to him as to Strathmore from their childish days, and took his way across the park, treading the thick golden leaves under foot. A bitterness and depression were on him, very new to him, since he usually shook off all care, as he shook the ash off his cigar. After such words as had passed between them, he would not have stayed an hour under any other man's roof; but he loved Strathmore well enough not to resent it thus, though the breach in their friendship cut him more hardly than the sneers which had been cast at himself, as he paced on through the beech woods, that were damp and chill in the silent night, with white mists rising up from the waters in thin wreaths of vapour.

At some distance, just without the boundaries of White Ladies, a light glimmered through the autumn network of brown boughs and crimson leaves, from the casement of a cottage which stood, so shut in by wood from the lonely road near, that it might as easily have been overlooked by any passer-by, as a yellowhammer's nest on the highway. Its solitary little beam shone bright, and star-like, through the damp fogs of the chilly midnight; like the light which burns before some Virgin shrine, and greets us as we travel, wayworn and travel-stained and foot-weary, down the rocky windings of some hill-side abroad. The simile crossed Erroll's mind, and perhaps smote something on his heart; it *was* the light of a holy shrine to him, but one from which his steps too often turned, and one which now reproached him.

He passed under the drooping heavy boughs, and over the fallen leaves, across the garden of the little cottage, drew a latch-key from his pocket, opened the door, and entered. A light was left burning for him in the tiny cottage entrance, which was still as death ; he took the lamp in his hand, mounted the staircase noiselessly, and turned into the bed-chamber upon his left. It was small, and simply arranged, but about it, here and there, were articles of refined luxury ; and half kneeling beside the bed, as she had lately knelt in prayer, half resting against it, in the slumber which had conquered the watchful wakefulness of love, was a young girl, delicate and fair as any of the white lilies that had bloomed one brief hour, to perish the next, on the lake-like waters of White Ladies. Her head rested on her arm, her lips were slightly parted, and murmuring fondly his own name, while

her face so fair,
Stirred with her dream as rose-leaves with the air.

His step was too noiseless to awake her, and he stood still gazing on her in that slumber in which Life, becoming at once ethereal and powerless, escaping from earth, yet lying at man's mercy, so strangely and so touchingly counterfeits Death. And while he looked, thoughts arose, filling him with vague reproach ; thoughts at which the women he had just left, the women who knew him in intrigue, and in pleasure, and in idle flirtations, would have bitterly marvelled, and as bitterly sneered. The world in which we live knows nothing of us in our best hours, as it knows nothing of us in our worst !

They were in strange contrast !—the dazzling beauty of Marion Vavasour, on which he had looked a few hours before, with a sorceress-lustre glancing from her eyes, and rare Byzantine jewels flashing on her breast ; with this fair and mournful loveliness, which was before him now, hushed to rest in the holiness of sleep, with a smile like a child's upon the tender lips, and with a shadow from the lamp above falling upon a brow so pure that it might have been shadowed by an angel's wings. They were in strange contrast !—and he stood beside his Wife, as Launcelot stood and gazed upon Elaine, while the pure breath of a stainless love was still upon his soul, and while the subtle power of Guenevere only stole upon him in the fevered, vague, phantasma of a fleeting dream, unknown and unadmitted even there.

He stooped over her, and his lips broke the spell of her sleep with a caress. She awoke with a low, glad cry, and sprang up to nestle in his breast, to twine her arms about him, to murmur her welcome in sweet, joyous words.

"Ah, my better angel," he whispered, fondly yet bitterly, as he rested against his the cheek which still blushed at his kiss, speaking rather to his own thoughts than to her, "why are men so doomed by their own madness, that they sicken and weary of a pure and sacred love like yours, on which Heaven itself might smile ; and forsake it for a few short hours of some guilty passion, that is as senseless as the drunkard's delirium !"

And she believed he only spoke but of the sweetness of their own love, pitying those who had never known such, and smiled up into his eyes !

SAN FRANCISCO.*

THE good old days of the Union are gone—irrevocably gone. It has often been asserted that the United States had no history, and it has arrived all of a sudden, though whether it will please the Yankees is another question. In any case the present civil war is founding a new historical epoch; what lies on the other side of the stream of blood belongs to the days of the old merry Union, but we must wait to see what lies on this side of it before we express any opinion on the subject.

In those good old times there was a frightful amount of boasting, and any quantity of falsehood, and we in the old country believed the greater portion of it. But there was one territory of the Union in the description of which the imaginative Yankee had no need to exhaust his invention, for its actual development reminded one of Baron Munchausen. That territory was California: it shot up out of nothing like the gigantic Canadian cabbage which, planted overnight, by the next morning overshadowed the belfry. Ere we were properly acquainted with its geographical position it was bedewing both hemispheres with its golden showers.

San Francisco sprang up simultaneously with California. In 1849 the city counted some seven houses built of limestone, with slate roofs and arcades round them, which were a remanet from the Spanish or Mexican rule, and a few wooden houses covered with boards, shingles, or canvas. The rest consisted of tents, though here and there by the roadside could be seen various cabooses and poop-houses, which their proprietors had fitted up as houses, bars, and shops. Wood was extraordinarily dear: inch-thick planks cost from 200 to 300 dollars per thousand square feet, and the demand for them was so great that all was eagerly bought up on arrival. The goods lay in heaps in the streets, and hundreds of the constantly inflocking immigrants had no shelter. Necessity taught them to build tents and seek spots where they could temporarily settle, without paying rent or being driven away. The building spots not yet used or levelled outside the city were consequently inhabited by a number of squatters, who here and there formed regular colonies: for instance, New Boston, a company of Americans who arrived in a vessel of the name of *Boston*, and settled in a ravine of Telegraph Hill; New Mexico, at the top of Pacific-street, where Sonorians principally dwelt; New Sydney, in a valley between Bush and Market-streets, a settlement of Irish families, who had chiefly immigrated from Australia; New Canton, or Little Canton, a long way past Clay-street, where the sons of the Celestial Empire temporarily bivouacked, &c. A few remains of these colonies still exist with the old population, if no longer with the original tents. When building sites were fenced in but not yet built on, the tents and huts of the squatters stood on the streets outside the fences, from which they were gradually compelled by the landlords to retire. Ground was remarkably dear: thus, a building site with a frontage of twenty feet and a depth of sixty-five to one hundred and thirty feet,

* Reise Erinnerungen se von C. A. Pajeken. Bremen: Heyse. 1862.

produced a monthly rent of from 100 to 500 dollars, according to the situation; to place a chest or a box under a roof cost a dollar per article a month, and any one who was fortunate enough to obtain in a yard a room ten feet square, not unlike a pigsty, in which to place his luggage and sleep, was obliged to pay at least 25 dollars a month for the accommodation. This want of space induced the inhabitants and owners of houses to behave most savingly with their room, and what could be seen daily at that time would have been considered incredible by a traveller who arrived only three years later. In Dupont-street stood a large round tent, which during the week was a bar, but on Sunday was a Presbyterian church. In Pacific-street, a ship's cabin, eight feet square and seven feet in height, was a bar by day, and a sleeping-room at night for four or six men; in addition, a general dealer lived in it, who during the day displayed his goods in front of the house. At the upper end of Jackson-street stood a very small tent, which seemed to have scarcely room for two persons, but in which, for all that, a doctor and an apothecary lived; in addition, salt pork in barrels, bottles of brandy, and hot coffee could be procured there at any time. In some of the wooden houses the lower floor was arranged for offices, and in such five or six wooden desks stood close together, which belonged to persons of the most varied trades: merchants, money-changers, lawyers, doctors, land commissioners, brokers, notaries, &c., and for which each paid from 25 to 30 dollars a month. The sleeping places, narrower than in ships' cabins, were built up three or four over each other. On a floor of about twenty feet surface, more than sixty people might be seen sleeping, from whom the landlord made a net profit of 30 dollars a night, as each guest had to bring his own bed and blankets.

Owing to the high price of building material and the extraordinary wages of the carpenters, who earned from 16 to 20 dollars a day, speculation in wood and houses was naturally encouraged, and it was not long ere a number of the latter were introduced from the Atlantic States, Chili, Germany, Sweden, and Oregon. In a few days entire streets were built, and tents and barracks made way for considerable houses. In 1850, such a strange collection of houses, inhabited by people of all nations, was probably never seen before in any country. The speed with which the houses were run up, bordered on the marvellous. With amazement you would see fifty houses standing on a well-levelled quarter of the city, which a week previously had been bush, mountain, and valley. The *El Dorado*, three stories high, though certainly built of light wood, was finished in sixteen days; but as early as the tenth day was prepared for the reception of the gambling public, who got rid of their dollars and ounces to the sound of drums and bugles on the ground floor, while the carpenters above were finishing the building with axe and saw. At the same spot, where the *Jenny Lind Theatre* is now built, stood Parke's house, one of the oldest wooden houses, and at the same time the largest, in the city, a very tasteful building, with a portico, and about sixty feet in width. In this house there were also dining-halls, billiard-rooms, bars, desks, money-changers, and a number of bedrooms. It was let out to a man for 13,000 dollars a month, who again let out the separate gambling-tables, bars, billiard-rooms, lodgings, &c., and thus earned a large sum of money. A yearly rent of 156,000 dollars for a house which

was said to have originally cost 62,000 dollars, has probably never been before known in the world, even if we take into calculation the heavy ground-rent.

Opposite this house, and on the Plaza, stood the old Custom-house, one of the ancient Californian buildings, with an ugly, gloomy, and dirty exterior, assimilating with the business carried on there, for the cheating of the officials at that day surpassed all credibility. In front of this house Jankins was hung by the Vigilance Committee, as the first warning example of popular justice. Parke's house was destroyed in the first fire of 1849. The old Custom-house was burned down in May, 1851, and the ground was not built on again, but left open, as belonging to the Plaza. On the west side of the Plaza stood only one building in addition to the Custom-house, a simple but pretty wooden edifice, in which were the residence of the alcade of that day, the courts of law, and some offices. It brought the owner in an annual rental of 12,000 dollars. He was at the same time proprietor of the ground, for which 100,000 dollars in cash were offered: he had bought it prior to the gold discoveries for seven hundred dollars. This piece of ground is so far remarkable that it is the only one within the city which has not been ravaged by fire. At the present day the post-house, the fire-engine establishment, and other buildings, stand upon it.

At that time, also, sprang up gradually the large and massive mercantile houses in Montgomery-street, which, however, with but few exceptions, have become a prey of the flames in the repeated fires. Of the Chinese houses imported at that period but few will be found inside the city, for the camphor-wood, of which the majority are built, catches fire too easily. Those of them that still stand at the extremities of the city, or outside of it, can be easily recognised, because they are framed like wardrobes, and the windows have very small panes, but always jalousies. The houses brought from Germany and Sweden are less remarkable for their handsome exterior than for their solidity; the houses brought from the old States are generally pretty, most of them resembling cottages, but are as light and weak as booths; those built in the country are also weak, and many during the building process were either carried off by the wind or washed away by the rain.

At that time (December, 1849) Graham House was opened on the very day after the burning of Parke's house, and on the first evening, when the room was full of guests, the curious circumstance occurred that the landlord got into a passion with his head waiter, and fired all six barrels of his revolver at him, though without wounding him or any one else. It was a large, two-storied wooden house, surrounded by arcades, and having enormous cellars, in which were the bowling-alleys. A few months later it was purchased by the city, the courts and officers were removed there, and the ground floor was converted into a gaol. Here, also, the aldermen held their sittings, and at one of their first meetings they voted one another an annual salary of 4000 dollars. After the house had suffered severely in September, 1850, it was burnt down in May, 1851.

After the import of so many houses, the owners of huts, tents, and booths were enabled to purchase larger buildings. The smaller ones were conveyed bodily on waggons, and the heavier, among them several two

stories in height, were placed on rollers and conveyed to other parts of the city. Those house proprietors who would not or could not renew their ground lease were obliged to do the same. The proverb that time is money, was never so true as it was at that period in San Francisco. In many of these migratory houses the owners quietly carried on their ordinary business during the migration. Thus, for instance, our author saw a travelling shoemaker's workshop, as well as a house moving on wheels, with forge, anvil, &c., in which the master and four journeymen did not leave off working during the four days the house was on its travels. When the streets were levelled, it was discovered that the houses were some twenty feet too high, others, again, twenty feet too low, so that they must either be raised or lowered, which was effected simply enough, but with the usual recklessness, so that many houses fell in during the operation, and men lost their lives.

We will now pass on to 1862; the wildest time is left behind us, the city has gained a respectable appearance, and Judge Lynch has got rid of most of the roughs by summary process. San Francisco still has a foreign look, much the same as it now offers. After the newly arrived stranger has gazed sufficiently long from the vessel at the forest of masts and labyrinth of houses, he desires to go ashore. A boat carries him for a dollar to land; that is, to the Long or Central Wharf, which is built for half a mile out into the bay, and is, for the most part, covered with houses. Only the outermost end is free from buildings: here lie the large sea-steamers and clippers; then other sea-bound ships; the steamers which go up the bay to Sacramento, Stockton, Vallejo, Pueblo de San José, &c., and lastly, close to the houses, the small schooners and cutters, whose destination is indicated by a suspended board. The pressing and thronging of the waggoners, boatmen, shoeblacks, sellers of fruit and sweetstuff, and the incessant ringing of the auctioneers' bells, produce a stunning effect after the tranquillity and monotony of the long sea-voyage. The greatest disturbance is made on the long wharf by the runners, or agents, of two rival steamers to Sacramento or St. Joaquin, who uninterruptedly shout in a loud voice that the fare to Stockton is this day one dollar, that their boat is the best in these waters, if not in the whole world, that the fare by the other boat is certainly only a dollar also, but that the owners ought to give every passenger ten dollars on account of the enormous danger and discomfort. If a man arrive from the city loaded with luggage or merely with a couple of blankets, the constant and indispensable companions of travelling in these parts, both runners dash at him to sell him a ticket; they bar his way, hold him tight, and frequently can only be driven back by the exhibition of a Colt's revolver. "Go with the other boat, if you feel a wish to be blown up?" is the consoling yell of the runner whose pertinacities and impudence have obtained no result.

While the novice walks on by the side of the truck conveying his luggage he sees large American flags floating before several houses. They seem to him holiday ornaments, but he soon convinces himself that they are merely depôts where seamen are engaged for ships about to sail, as the notices under the balustrades evidence: "Twenty good seamen for China, round the Cape of Good Hope"—"A head steward and cook for a steamer"—"Twelve men wanted for New York direct." Bars and eating-

houses are very numerous, with real and painted flags, and large bills of fare hanging on the door-sills, decorated with pictures of bears, deer, roes, partridges, fish, wild-geese, gigantic cabbages and turnips, and also with a lion, panther, racoon, heron, pelican, and other edible and inedible things. From one of these houses issues a noise which the Americans are pleased to call music: it is a gambling-house, where lovers of faro, monte, or roulette drop their money to the notes of a badly-played violin, which is accompanied by a guitar, banjo, tambourine, and the indispensable cymbals. These bands formerly smeared their faces and hands with lampblack, put on woolly negro wigs, and played and sang those Ethiopian melodies which are neither Ethiopian nor melodious. Farther on is another house where pseudo-Tyrolese sing; and then another, where the doubloons and dollars have a more musical ring than the pianoforte, which is being mercilessly ill treated by an ex-sailor, who was afterwards gold-digger. News-boys offer every passer-by their latest Atlantic journals, and the constantly-repeated shout, "This is the latest edition of the *New York Herald*, of the *Weekly Tribune*, the *Boston Journal*, and *True Delta*," outsounds for a while the rattling of the vehicles, the cries of the runners, the musical chaos, and the chattering of the Chinese and Frenchmen, who have this in common, that they always go about the streets in couples, holding a loud conversation accompanied by violent gesticulations, so that it seems as if they were everlastingly quarrelling.

Through the crowd the novice forces his way, for it is his chief anxiety to find a shelter in order to make sure of his traps, of which, like all immigrants, he has thrice too much, and then take care of the inner man. He stops before an unpretentious plank-house, on which the words "Board and lodging" are painted in large letters. In a second his traps are in the street, the porter says sharply, "One dollar and a half," takes his money and goes off, careless as to the life or limbs of his fellow-men, into the thickest of the crowd. The landlord is engaged with some guests at a game of euchre, hence cannot attend to his guest—which, indeed, he does in no case until the guest has been properly introduced to him. The bar-keeper stands laughing behind the bar, and regards the new comer, whom he at once recognises as a greenhorn, and on whom he looks down compassionately though without offering him the slightest assistance, for the bar-keeper has been three months in the country, and is consequently an old Californian. After inquiring of a waiter, who points to a corner, the stranger drags into it his boxes, beds, weapons, and tools, and then commences a conversation with the waiter over a glass of cocktail. Our traveller is informed that dinner is over in the house, but that he can dine close by at a restaurant's from the bill of fare. After being assured that his traps are all safe, and that he can have a bed for the night, he proceeds to the restaurant, orders soup, meat, potatoes, pudding, and a cup of coffee, eats like the other guests, silently and as rapidly as if it were for a wager, pays twenty-five cents for each dish, and goes his way. In the street he meets an acquaintance: with him he climbs up Telegraph Hill, and surveys the magnificent panorama of the bay, with its ships, islands, mountains, and city, lit up by the setting sun. When the first lights twinkle below he goes down again to see San Francisco by night, and we will accompany him.

The vehicles of all descriptions, from the light buggy and cab down

to the old Californian ox-cart, have disappeared from the streets, but life in them is as lively as by day, for the persons who do not belong to the working classes, and have spent the day at their offices and desks, now leave their late dinner-table, and go in search of their evening's amusements. Others are only beginning their day—gamblers, adventurers, and loafers, of whom San Francisco, like all North American seaports, has a superabundance. This is the time for the most ear-rending music, to which you have to become accustomed. In front of the American Theatre, in Sansome-street, we notice a scaffolding like that in front of Richardson's booth, on which a band of musicians perform operatic tunes; more than one hundred yards off, at the beginning of the Long Wharf, a man runs up to every fresh party, and shouts in a stentorian voice that any one who wishes to visit the only respectable place for real amusement in San Francisco need only go to the American, where he can have a seat for two dollars in the pit, for four dollars in the boxes, or for one dollar in the gallery (in the latter place, however, among coloured gentlemen). At the same time he points to the flashing pitch-pots which are lighted on the above-mentioned scaffolding. We go along the Long Wharf, till a new uproar of a barbaric nature suddenly bursts forth close to us: it is a landlord announcing that his supper is ready, and for that purpose beats so tremendously on a Chinese gong, that not only all the persons dwelling in the city, but those a mile away, must hear it. Although the streets are not lighted, the brilliantly-illuminated eating-houses, shops, bars, and gambling-houses, diffuse sufficient light to let us notice objects in the street, as well as the portions of the public establishments. On the pavement, laid with creaking planks, we are suddenly stopped in the midst of the crowd by a man whom we recognise as an Irishman by his dialect. At the same time his red face and lurching movements show that he is more than half-seas over. He says, as he politely raises his hand to his forehead, where his hat or cap would have been had he not lost it in the crowd, "Gentlemen, I can see that you are respectable settlers; I am looking for"—(here he falls on the centre of gravity with which nature has provided him, and continues his speech in this humble position)—"I am looking for a situation as footman, groom, or something of that sort. I am an Irishman bred and born, brought up at Sydney, New South Wales," &c. We leave the crowd which has by this time collected to listen to the end of the bemused Hibernian's self-praise, and enter an auction-room, where gold watches and jewellery, all warranted genuine, are sold to the highest bidder, though only by candlelight. The auctioneer is a German Jew, of whom there are a great number in nearly all Californian towns, and who hardly speak any German. He holds up a common gilt Swiss cylinder-watch, and shouts till he grows red in the face, with an atrocious accent but extraordinary fluency: "Twelve, twelve, twelve dollars for this new English patent lever watch—diamond holes—twelve, twelve." So that it seems wonderful how any person can make a bid, let alone have it heard. To any man whom he fancies from his dress or beard to have recently arrived from the mines, he hands down the watch from his rostrum, praises its splendid work, declares that it cost fifty pounds in Liverpool, that there is twelve pounds' worth of gold about it, &c., until some one offers thirteen dollars, to whom it is immediately knocked down, and he begins the same game

again with a heavy chain (of course of real gold too). In the adjoining house, hats, jackets, trousers, shirts, &c., are being put up to auction by another German Jew. The gold-diggers, when they return from the mines, being generally in a seedy condition as to clothes, equip themselves here for the night (the articles rarely last longer), dress themselves in a back room, in which an officious Jew-ling offers them a helping hand, and throw their old things, boots, hats, &c., into the street, which seems to be permanently paved with them. The small gambling-house at the corner of Montgomery-street attracts our attention; the melody of "Oh, Susannah, don't you cry for me," meets our ear with the obligato accompaniment of the auctioneer's bell and the cry of the sweetstuff-seller. The room is small and crowded, the walls are overladen with paintings from the Grecian mythology, the bars are supplied with the requisite fluids, while the Ethiopian minstrels produce the most frightful sounds from their elevated balcony. A faro, a monte, and a roulette table, to which you make your way with difficulty, are covered with piles of dollars, ounces, and gold, while bags of dust show that a digger has just been plundered. But the noise is too great, and the pressure unpleasant to any but pickpockets, so we will go farther afield.

At the opposite corners the banking-houses of James King, William and B. Davidson, agents to Rothschild, stand gloomy and deserted, for business hours are long past. The latter especially has a most uncanny look, for it appears to be built on the model of the Egyptian or Babylonian catacombs. Between these is Commercial-street, the liveliest in the whole city at night. We do not yield to the blandishments of the once pretty Mrs. Whitney—of the European Saloon, with its pleasant landlady—of the Italian Saloon, kept by a Milanese with her seven daughters—or the Café des Artistes, in which two German women do the honours. For we are bound for the "Polka," the only renowned gambling-house in the street, and which is kept by a Frenchman. Three girls wait at the bar in turn, and hence the guests and gamblers mostly belong to that nation; faro, remo, monte, roulette, lotto, trente et un, &c.—each game has its bankers and its players. You hear from the nearest table, "Jeu est fait! game is made, gentlemen! all down, no more! Dix, vingt, vingt-huit, trente-doux! Red loses. Gentlemen, make your game! faites votre jeu, messieurs!" At the faro-table counters for one, five, or ten dollars are staked, and lost or won in silence; but there is a greater noise over the lansquenet, as the state of the game is being constantly shouted: "Quatre piastres à faire; four dollars to make!" The persons who are not playing stand in groups and talk in French, with any amount of gesticulation and lively play of features; but a few are talking in English, German, or Spanish. An elderly man the while plays the violin, and accompanies it with the most fearful grimaces; while he is looking at the notes he draws up his eyebrows to his short cropped hair, so that he bears the closest resemblance to an offended ape. A very serious man accompanies him automatically on the pianoforte. As we go out we see at the bar a French sailor with his arm in a sling, and learn from him that, on the previous evening, he was unfortunately witness of a quarrel in this room, and a pistol bullet accidentally lodged in his arm. At this moment a disturbance breaks out at the rouge et noir table, curses are interchanged in English and

French, revolvers crack, and while the table with the cards and gold is overturned, and a number of people fly to the door, our sailor receives a shot in the thigh. "Trop de malheur!" he exclaims. We convince ourselves, however, that the wound is not dangerous, congratulate him on his fortunate escape, and leave the close hell to seek a wider field for our observations in Portsmouth-square, which is also called the Plaza, because it is the liveliest place in the city.

The large room of the California Exchange is empty; Union Hotel has only politicising drinkers; the Jenny Lind Theatre is filled with an applauding audience—for the American applauds everything—hence we will proceed to the El Dorado, the largest, most frequented, and oldest gambling-house in the city. Two years before it was only a canvas tent; as a wooden house it was thrice burnt to the ground; but now it is a stately four-storied massive building. In the lower room we find American and Mexican bank-holders, as well as gamblers from all nations. Mexicans, Chilenos, Peruvians (here generally known as Spaniards), constitute the majority; the women present, with the exception of a French one who keeps a hazard-table, all come from these republics. Our Spanish republicans only play monte: they stake their money without looking, and win or lose without moving a feature or letting their paper cigarette go out, while, careless of the heat, they sit closely wrapped up in their zarapés. Among the women a pretty face is rarely seen: their complexion is as dark as that of the men, and their Indian descent is unmistakable. They smoke with a grace for which the Bloomers might envy them, if they had not the bad habit of expectorating incessantly. Their dress is usually very simple: a dark-coloured gown, a blue-and-white plaid shawl (reboso) thrown over the head, and their pretty little naked feet are thrust into satin slippers. The Chilenos have the best complexions of all, and are also remarkable for their long black hair, which they part very plainly, and let hang down their backs in two long plaits. The women play as passionately as the men, and frequently stake six ounces with the utmost indifference on a card. Many of them are overladen with gold chains, rings, and other ornaments, for their extravagance in such finery is as great as their parsimony in buying useful things, where they are capable of chaffering about half a real.

The gaps which did not happen to be filled at the monte-table by Spaniards, were occupied by adventurers from all countries, chiefly sailors, gold-diggers, and other men who were temporarily independent, and wanted to get rid of their hardly-acquired wealth before returning to sea or to the mountains. They look extremely provocative with their bronzed faces and long beards. All of them were armed, either with revolvers or double-barrelled pistols, which they made use of upon the slightest excuse. The only nation not represented in the gambling-houses and bars is the Chinese. The fashionable classes may generally be noticed at the faro-table—French artistes, American gamblers, and the idle vagabonds and chevaliers d'industrie of all nations. Ivory counters, representing one, five, ten, and fifty dollars, take the place of ready money, and a fortune is gained or lost with the utmost silence. The roulette and hazard tables are but slightly frequented; only now and then a curious greenhorn goes up to the latter to make a sacrifice of a few dollars to the young French girl who does the honours here.

A few paces from the El Dorado is the Bella Union (the first word is

spoken here in Spanish, the second in English), which is also a much-frequented gambling-house. Somewhat higher up the Plaza is the Californian Restaurant, a thoroughly German house, with the exception of the cook, who is French. It has no music, gambling-tables, or squabbles; but, on the other hand, offers excellent food and wine. We are on the point of entering, when a cry of "Fire!" is raised, and the boom of the engine-house bell electrifies all the inhabitants of the city: even the gamblers leap up from the table and hurry to the door. At once the engine rattles past, dragged by fifty "boys," belonging to various classes, commanded by a fireman in full uniform, and are followed by thousands of men across the Plaza into Kearney-street. It was, however, only a window-curtain burnt, and the fire was promptly extinguished. After minds are calmed down again, we go up Pacific-street to be present at a Mexican dance. After witnessing this so-called dancing, we start in the direction of the lower town, in order to find refreshment and sleep at our hotel. We stumble over a few "illuminated" sleepers, and here and there disturb myriads of rats in their street-cleaning operations. At length we reach home, and have obtained our first impressions of a city which has sprung from the ground like a fungus. If we resolve on remaining in it, we get rid of the greenhorn as speedily as possible, pass with indifference all the strange scenes in the street, and turn to the sole task worthy of the North American—money-making. By such time we have become a real Californian.

THE SANITARIUM OF DARJEELING:

ITS PRESENT CONDITION AND FUTURE PROSPECTS.

BY HIMALAYENSIS.

At a time when every mail from India brings tidings of universal peace and commercial prosperity, and when the local press calls for European superintendence as the one thing needed for the prolongation of that financial revival which has commenced under the auspices of Sir Charles Trevelyan—as the sure means for developing the resources of the cotton crop and other productions of the soil—it may not be amiss to describe in a few words the present condition and future prospects of Darjeeling, a place hitherto little known, but the situation and capabilities of which entitle it to the attentive consideration of those who regard thoughtfully the destinies of our great Eastern empire.

Situated three hundred and seventy miles only—a short span where distances are measured by thousands—from Calcutta, the seat of supreme government, in a climate no less adapted to the European constitution than is our own, this place, which thirty years ago was covered with impenetrable forest, has, within the last few years only, been converted into

one of the most thriving stations in Bengal—a station not bearing the marks of decline, like so many in the East, but one that sees year by year a steady increase both in the number of its inhabitants and in the extent of its cultivated soil.

Until Dr. Hooker published, in 1854, the account of his wanderings in Sikkim from 1849 to 1851, entitled "*Himalayan Journals*," the English public knew little or nothing of Darjeeling, except from a passing notice now and then in the papers.

Situated in the Sikkim Himalaya, about thirty miles from the base of the hills, at an elevation of from six thousand five hundred to seven thousand five hundred feet above the sea, this spot was made in 1840 the seat of an English settlement, chiefly through the exertions of Major Herbert, Mr. Grant, and Dr. Campbell, the latter of whom was appointed superintendent of the new station. Under his able management it made steady progress, and attracted both European and native settlers, the former chiefly by its climate, so particularly grateful to those who had been panting in the hot plains of Bengal, the latter by the advantages it offered for trade.

The great impetus, however, to English settlement in Darjeeling was only very lately given by the discovery that the slopes of the mountains were well suited to the growth of tea. Of this tea specimens have been very favourably reported upon both in Calcutta and England, and were on view in the International Exhibition of last year, and the result is, as a recent article from the Calcutta correspondent of the *Times* well describes it, "There is a perfect furore for the formation of tea companies with limited liability, and scrip is hardly put on the market when it rises to fifty per cent. premium." Since Sir Charles Wood's waste lands' measure came into operation, almost every available plot of land in the neighbourhood of Darjeeling has been bought up by these companies and by private individuals.

Coffee, too, has been grown with success, but the low elevation which this plant requires is considered rather unhealthy at certain times of the year, and the higher slopes are cultivated in preference. Within the last few months the cultivation of tea on these higher slopes has proceeded so rapidly, that a belt from fifteen hundred to four thousand feet may be traced on almost every mountain-side visible from the station, where the land has been cleared and planted for this purpose.

The great drawback to progress in these hills has been the want of good roads for wheeled conveyances. Such a thing as even a pony carriage is at present perfectly useless: the only place where it could be used with safety being the mile or two of the new cart-road, already opened, along the line of which there are as yet but few permanent residences.

Until 1861 there was no continuous method of approaching Darjeeling from Calcutta except by "*palkee dāk*" (i.e. carried in palanquins on men's shoulders), and this in the rainy season was not only impracticable at times, but even elephants had some difficulty, after heavy floods, in forcing their way through the marshes of the Purneah district. Now, however, the traveller from Calcutta is carried in a few hours by the East Indian Railway from Howrah (the Calcutta terminus) to Sahabgunge, on the Ganges, a distance of two hundred miles. A steam-ferry

plies between this and Caragola Ghaut, a small village a few miles higher up on the north bank, and from this to the foot of the hills a capital road, thirty feet wide, is in course of construction, and will be thoroughly finished in a year or two. This road is formed with very gradual inclines, so that without much trouble it will eventually be available either for a tram or railway.

From Punkabarie, the first hill village the traveller stops at, everything at present has to be carried up to Darjeeling on men's shoulders, the path being too narrow and steep for anything except bipeds, hill-ponies, and oxen. On the backs of these latter nearly all the supplies for the native population (rice, &c.) are transported. A continuation of the main Purneah road, already described, is in course of formation to connect Darjeeling with the plains. Beginning at its extreme limit, its line runs from the native bazaar of that place, gradually rising, until after six miles it reaches its culminating point, "the saddle," on the Goong ridge, an elevation of seven thousand four hundred feet. From hence it gradually slopes along the sides of Mount Sinchul until it reaches Kurseong (a small station chiefly occupied by tea-planters), elevation four thousand eight hundred feet. After another gradual dip of three thousand feet, it debouches into the plains at a point considerably to the east of Punkabarie, and there unites with the Purneah road.

This road, when completed, will be available for wheeled vehicles of all kinds, and will give a great start to the station in every way, especially in reducing the price of provisions, the carriage of which on men's backs from the plains increases their cost nearly twenty-five per cent. It will probably take several years to finish thoroughly, the engineering difficulties being of such a nature that it requires both time and gunpowder, without stint, to make a broad road along the sides of mountains overgrown with dense vegetation, and in some places almost perpendicular. The local press promises that it will open for temporary purposes in a year or two, but if so, it will still take a long time to enable the culverts, bridges, &c., to be finished with the solidity so essential in a locality where the rains set in both suddenly and heavily. Parts of all the roads near Darjeeling become impassable from landslips during the rains, and require constant supervision.

A great difficulty, too, exists in procuring labour even at exorbitant rates, the hill-men being limited in number (most of them being emigrants from Nepal and Sikkim), and such calls being made for their services by the tea-planters, who vie with government which shall offer the highest rate of wages, or other tempting inducements. As the station increases, and more emigrants come into British territory, this evil will gradually be ameliorated, and wages will probably fall to a more healthy rate. The great drawback to the present system is the utter independence of the labourers, who know well enough that if they are turned off by one master there are plenty more who will be too glad to accept their services.

From the station itself, looking northwards on a fine day, especially after rain, the view of the snowy range is gorgeous. Imagine pile upon pile of dark forest-clad mountains, extending over an arc of eighty degrees, nearly one-fourth horizon, surmounted by the numerous silvered crests of the ever snowy peaks; and, above all, Pelion upon Ossa,

the tremendous treble-pointed mass of Kinchinjunga (elevation 28,177 feet), rearing its head high above the clouds, masses of which are seen ever in motion, apparently ascending the sides of the mountains far below.

Towards the south from the station no view can be obtained, excepting of the sides of Mount Sinchul, distant six miles, the dark hues of the vegetation of which are in spring dotted with patches of white and red, the bloom of the magnolia and rhododendron. But on ascending the top of this mountain, which is the site of a military cantonment, and covered with barracks, on a clear day the table-land of the plains appears spread out like a map at one's feet, the numerous rivers intersecting it looking like silver threads, and the vision extending over more than one hundred miles of country. In fact, it is currently reported that before now, with the aid of a glass, the Ganges, nearly two hundred miles distant, has been seen. On the east, the side of the hill (on the hog's back, of which the station is situated) descends abruptly, forming, with a spur of Mount Sinchul, a narrow valley, at the bottom of which the rush of the Rungnool River, on its headlong course to empty itself into the Great Rungeet, twelve miles farther down, though the stream itself is invisible, is distinctly heard.

On the west is seen the Goong ridge, dark, sombre, and forest-clad, running at almost right angles with that of Darjeeling until it meets the lower spurs of Mount Tonglo (elev. 10,000 ft.), the top of which constitutes in this direction part of the boundary between Sikkim and Nepaul.

Beyond this, again, is seen the Singalelah range, trending apparently more to the north, until it is lost in the snowy sides of Kinchinjunga.

The houses in the station were, a few years back, entirely roofed with "cheem," a small species of bamboo, split open and crimped so as to lie flat when spread out; but, within the last few years, a better substitute has been provided in wooden "shingles," pieces of wood about one foot and a half long, six inches wide, and half an inch thick, which are nailed on the rafters like slates, and then coated with pitch.

This, considering that many houses are built almost entirely of wood, conduces much to their inflammability; but fires are rare, except in the native part of the town, where one this year (1863) consumed a large portion of the bazaar and the sappers' lines, and finally caught and blew up their magazine before it could be got under, and then only because it had no farther material to feed on.

The explosion of the live shells and boxes of gunpowder, occurring as it did almost in the middle of the station, is described by an eye-witness as having caused great alarm for the safety of the surrounding houses, which fortunately are all detached, or the consequences might have been fearful.

Since Dr. Hooker's book was published, to which I refer the reader for full particulars concerning the rise of the settlement and progress up to the date he left, there have twice been British troops in Sikkim territory. A small force was sent in October, 1860, under the command of Captain Murray, accompanied by the superintendent, Dr. Campbell, on the old grievance, to put a stop to the slave-stealing propensities of the Sikkimites, who had carried off some British native subjects and sold

them into slavery. This expedition having failed, a larger force, twelve hundred in number, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Gawler, forced their way into the country in March, 1861, and, penetrating as far as the capital, "Tumloong," compelled the rajah to sue for peace, and submit to terms.

Since they evacuated the country, by one of the provisions of the treaty, Europeans have been allowed the before unwonted privilege of exploring and visiting the far-famed snowy range without fear of opposition.

Of this privilege several have availed themselves, but none hitherto have equalled Dr. Hooker in the extent of their wanderings. This wild, mountainous, and forest-covered region presents to the lover of nature scenes both grand and beautiful, such as he will find in no other country in the world, but to reach them is the difficulty, and with Dr. Hooker I quite agree, that any one not able to encounter an immense amount of bodily exertion, and occasionally very poor fare, would find the obstacles to be overcome in an attempt to penetrate far into the interior almost insuperable.

To the entomologist it is a perfect paradise, the amount of insect life suddenly called into existence in the valleys during the rains being enough to satisfy the collecting propensities of the most ardent in this delightful pursuit. The gorgeous and immense variety of all kinds of lepidoptera and coleoptera are, I believe, not to be equalled anywhere in India—I might almost say in the world—if the small extent of the locality be taken into consideration: since nearly all the specimens of Darjeeling insects that have ever been captured have been taken in a limited number of valleys within a few miles of the station.

In Sikkim proper no one, I believe, has collected either birds or insects except B. H. Hodgson, Esq. (through native collectors), whose varied contributions to science are too well known to need further mention; but there are still numerous novel specimens to be met with, the plumage and varieties of which would quite repay the labour and expense of collection to an ardent ornithologist.

While on the subject of zoology I may mention the curious fact that, considering the large extent of country in Sikkim uninhabited and covered with vegetation, the apparent scarcity* of the larger forms of animal life is very remarkable, compared to its adjoining country, Thibet, where by native accounts mammalia† of all kinds are very abundant amid the cold, elevated, and bleak regions on the other side of the snows.

Of the several species of the gorgeous Himalayan pheasants known about Simla, only three or four kinds are found about Darjeeling, and for the sportsman this is one of the very worst places he could come to, the

* *Apparent scarcity*, because to some degree the great extent of cover in Sikkim causes the animals to be much scattered, and reduces the opportunities of the observer. Besides animals, great numbers of water birds, ducks, geese, cranes, &c., breed in the lagoons and snow-surrounded lakes of the elevated plateau region of Thibet. At certain times of the year large flocks of them may be seen high in air, passing from the plains of India to their breeding-grounds.

† *Ovis ammon*, wild yâk, kiang or wild ass, and great variety of deer and antelope tribe; goa, thar, gooral, &c.

jungles being so dense that he may wander the best part of the day in most localities without getting a shot.

The commonest game birds near the station are the jungle fowl (*Gallus ferrugineus*), two species of pheasants (*Satyra melanoccephala*, Red argus), which delights in elevations of from six to nine thousand feet, and *Nycthemerus melanotus*, or black kallege, which is found from two to five thousand feet. The only species of partridge common is *Arboricola rufogularis*, commonly called "tree partridge," a bird a little smaller than the English perdix. The hornbills of this region are some of the largest and most curious among the birds. *Buceros Nipalensis* is generally found in flocks, and is rather common. *B. eunatus* on the other, either singly or in pairs, and much more shy and rare. The former inhabits higher elevations than the latter.

Bears, panthers rarely, and the kalkur, or barking deer, are occasionally killed by the natives, but generally by a pitfall, trap, or poisoned arrow; and the majority of the birds, small and great, the skins of which they bring up to the station for sale, are also snared.

So many English, as a resource from ennui during the rains, having taken to the collection of specimens of birds and insects, the Lepchas (aboriginal natives) sell great numbers yearly, and are very expert in their capture.

They have a fine breed of black and white cattle in these hills, which in size and appearance would not do discredit to England. Pasture land for them there is comparatively none, but they are located in herds within a few miles of the station, to which the milk is daily carried for sale; the cows, after the morning's milking, are turned adrift into the jungle, to forage for themselves on the shoots of the bamboo, which supplies in the station the place of fodder for all cattle, no grass being available. There is but little danger of their being carried off by wild animals, as tigers very seldom penetrate the higher ranges, and leopards are not often heard of.

The rivers swarm with fish, chiefly of the carp species, the commonest of which is the *marsya*, but they can seldom be captured by English imitation flies and baits, and though they grow to a much larger size, are not equal either in flavour, or in the sport they afford, to the salmonids, no species of which are found in these rivers.

The natives catch large numbers in traps placed in weirs, formed like mouse-traps, of the never-failing bamboo, and also by poisoning the water in small streams. They accomplish this by macerating a certain bark on the stones in the water, which turns it of a whitish colour, and stupifies the fish, which, however, are generally small.

They occasionally catch large ones of two or three pounds weight, with rod and line, using larvæ or a small frog, and sometimes a species of fig as bait; but their tackle, made from creeping plants found in the nearest jungle, is of very rude manufacture, and will not often hold a large fish, some of which run to forty and fifty pounds weight.

The climate of the valleys, too, except in the cold weather, or winter months, which of course correspond with ours, is generally too close and hot to be agreeable to Europeans, especially as the risk of encountering malaria has to be considered. This will always prove a serious obstacle to the naturalist: the general plan is to purchase specimens of the natives,

who make their capture a profession, and are inured to the climate. The botany of the country has been well investigated by Dr. Hooker, but there is room, I have no doubt, for the discovery of many plants as yet unknown in parts not visited by him.

As a matter of course, where vegetation is so luxuriant, trees of large size are not wanting, and some of the oaks, magnolias, pines, sissou and sâl (*Vateria robusta*), make good timber, but they are generally situated in such inaccessible places that from the want of roads they cannot be transported from their native wilds.

When the land is cleared for tea cultivation, the larger trees are either cut down or encircled by fire until they fall; the débris mixed with the surrounding brushwood—which has been cut and left to dry for some weeks previous—is then set fire to, and the whole mass gradually consumes. The effect on a still dark night in summer, when whole hill-sides are sometimes in a blaze, is very grand; anon, the fire reaches a clump of bamboos, the tubes of which explode with a noise resembling cannon, from the steam generated inside by heat.

It takes some years before the larger tree stumps are finally eradicated from the soil. The tea plant, which is first sown in nurseries, is then transplanted between the stumps, each plant about four feet distant from each other—sometimes more. The leaves are not fit to gather until the third or fourth year; the first crop is generally small, but increases as the plant grows older.

Within the last year, under the supervision of Dr. Anderson, Superintendent of the Calcutta Botanical Gardens, government have introduced the culture of the cinchona, or quinine-yielding plants, into these hills, and as yet great success has attended his efforts.

In a recent article in the *Times* on the subject of tea cultivation, occurs this paragraph: "All the schemes now afloat are sound, if the manager on the spot is able and trustworthy. That is the sole condition of success."

What a field, then, lies open for that class of Englishmen who, having a little capital of their own, are yearly flocking to our colonies, and by patient and steady application to business are raising them, in an incredibly short time, to large and flourishing districts. Let them examine carefully the advantages offered by settlement in the hills in India, and among others regard with due attention the progress of Darjeeling, which, with its nearly completed facilities of approach and proximity to Calcutta, its climate, and profitable productions, bids fair eventually to become the most important European station in those regions.

The completion of the roads is all that is required now to make Darjeeling to Calcutta what Capua was to Rome.

EARTHQUAKE THEORIES.

THE recent earthquake has attracted such general attention, and has caused such a turmoil among the ready pens of newspaper correspondents, as has led to the very humiliating conclusion that very little is substantiated as to the origin of these marvellous phenomena. For a while the Neptunists and Plutonists waged a desperate war, until the great authority of Humboldt and Leopold von Buch was given to the latter theory, and almost reduced the others to silence, although here and there an obstinate German brought forward his pet notion, and if he succeeded in nothing else, still managed to upset preconceived ideas to some extent. Many of the paragraphs, wise and otherwise, which appeared during the last month in the papers, are referable to Mallet's admirable work on seismology, the great authority in this country, but our Teutonic relatives have not been idle in this interesting matter. In the hope of throwing further light upon it, we purpose cursorily noticing a painstaking work by Emil Kluge,* and laying before our readers the results at which he has arrived, and which are, in more than one respect, remarkable. These investigations will at the same time serve as a proof, how many laborious observations a naturalist is obliged to make before he can express any result, and with what caution he employs the conclusions drawn from such results ere he is able to recognise them as an absolute law of nature.

As earthquakes have their originating focus, at depths which are not accessible to direct observation, there are special difficulties in the way of their investigation. In such a case the naturalist can only proceed from external phenomena to the probable internal forces, or from substantial effects to their causes; and in the present instance it results that most of the signs are untrustworthy, and that only one thing can be assumed as perfectly characteristic and universally existing—the oscillation of the earth's surface. But this shaking itself may be produced in very different ways, for it can be the result of forces working either internally or externally. The pressure of a violent hurricane, the slip of a distant mountain, the explosion of a mine, or even the fall of a belfry (as was observed a few years back on the Rhine), will also produce earthquakes, although only of a local character. Conversely, the cause of a great earthquake may be found in the falling in of a cavity in the interior of the earth, in the dislocation of mountain strata, in the sudden conversion of subterranean waters into steam, or in a violent shock of liquid lava against the walls of a volcano. Hence it results that no theory, which attempts to refer all earthquakes to one and the same cause, can be perfectly tenable; while, on the other hand, the time has not yet arrived to reject any reasonable seismic theory entirely on behalf of another. The Neptunists and Vulcanists, therefore, must continue to labour amicably, in order to thoroughly investigate this problematical phenomenon.

The only method of doing this is to make every separate earthquake,

* Über die Ursachen der in den Jahren 1850-57, stattgefundenen Erdschütterungen und die Beziehungen derselben zu den Vulkanen und zur Atmosphäre.

let it be ever so local, with all its accompanying manifestations, the subject of a special study, and to seek the most probable among the possible causes that might produce it. A comparison of all the data with the geognostic circumstances of the soil, as well as with similar phenomena in other regions, will at any rate lead to the conclusion whether the several shocks can be explained solely by generally known causes, or whether we must have recourse to the recently so fiercely opposed theory of fluctuations taking place in an unknown molten fluid mass in the interior of the earth.

Emil Kluge undertook the laborious task of collecting notices of all the earthquakes which were known between January 1, 1850, and December 31, 1857, and grouping them in tables, which supply full statistics of these phenomena during that period. From these we first arrive at the surprising result that during these eight years, *i.e.* in 2922 days, no less than 4620 known earthquakes were felt over the whole surface of the world, so that if we take into account that, in addition to these, numerous earthquakes certainly took place which were unknown, or at least unknown in Europe (for instance in Central Africa, at the Polar regions, and over the enormous expanse of ocean), it is not going too far to assert that, on the average, two earthquakes take place daily. Nature, however, does not repeat her phenomena with such a regularity as a table of averages offers. Kluge's tables show us that on some days several earthquakes happened, on others none at all. Thus in January, 1852, Lower Italy and Sicily felt 90 earthquakes in 22 days; in the Swiss, Savoy, and Piedmontese Alps, in August, 1853, 164 earthquakes were felt in 31 days; in September of the same year, 99 in 29 days; and in October, 85 in 26 days. The 4620 known earthquakes were divided in the northern hemisphere into 1810 days, with 3818 shocks; and in the southern into 637 days, with 802 shocks. This inequality between the earthquakes, on either side of the equator, tends to prove that the want of information from the southern hemisphere is the chief cause of the remarkable reduction in the tables, and hence that the report of these terrestrial phenomena for the northern hemisphere approaches nearer the truth. Kluge divides the northern hemisphere into 17 principal seismic regions, of which Europe, with Northern Africa, Asia Minor, and Persia (the territories from which we receive the most regular and trustworthy information), constitute 12, and America 4, while Eastern Asia forms a region by itself. The great region Great Britain, Scandinavia, and Northern Russia, had the fewest earthquakes (37); the region of Switzerland, Savoy, and Piedmont, the most (1005); next to this come Lower Italy and Sicily (509); the Greek Archipelago and Asia Minor (364); and then Dalmatia, Croatia, and Albania (331); Germany with Hungary, Galicia, the Danubian Principalities, and Southern Russia, only counted 112 earthquakes on 96 different days, so that in this large region we may reckon an average of 12 earthquakes a year.

On closer investigation we find that not only the season but the period of the day exercises an influence over seismic phenomena. In the northern hemisphere more earthquakes occur in winter than in summer (from beginning of March to end of August, 1834; from beginning of September to end of February, 1834; or 150 more in autumn and winter than in spring and summer), while the converse takes place in the

southern hemisphere (414 in the summer half, 388 in the winter half). The average proves that more earthquakes occur at night than by day; in the northern hemisphere the nocturnal shocks were nearly twice as many (1592 against 988 by day).

If we proceed to examine what all these regions have in common as regards their geographical position and geognostic relations, we attain the following general results. The most earthquakes take place—

1. *In districts which are situated on the sea or on great inland lakes.* Nearly every sea is surrounded by a girdle of seismic foci, which only in a few cases extend inland, but generally have their seat upon the coast, or on islands near the shore, or in the sea itself. The shores of large lakes (the Caspian Sea, the North American and Scandinavian lakes, &c.) offer numerous instances of earthquakes. If we compare the number of all these with those that took place far inland, the latter are almost insignificant. If we also take into calculation that the greater portion of the earth's surface is covered by water, and that the shocks at the bottom of the sea almost entirely escape notice, Kluge is perhaps justified in expressing the opinion, that the great majority of earthquakes are directly or indirectly connected with water—an opinion which has an important bearing on the other volcanic phenomena.

2. *In high mountains.* While the valleys (with the exception of those on the sea-shore) do not offer an instance of a single independent shock, most mountains, even when not of a volcanic nature, are rich in them. In this case water also appears to play an important part, as owing to the decreased temperature and the collection of clouds, the rainfall increases in proportion to the height above the level of the sea. At the same time, owing to the vertical position of the strata, the water percolates more easily through crevices and fissures into the interior of the earth.

3. *In the neighbourhood of hot springs.* The penetration of the water into the upper strata of the earth does not appear a sufficient cause to generate earthquakes: the water must percolate to the vicinity of the subterraneous furnace (no matter what the nature of this may be). That shocks are frequent in the neighbourhood of hot springs is a well known though not sufficiently noticed phenomenon. It has also been repeatedly proved that earthquakes have an influence over these springs. On some occasions they were completely dried up, on others they did not return for some time, and then did so at a different spot, or they flowed more powerfully or more feebly, or their temperature and chemical components were altered.

4. *In mountain formations which can be dissolved or carried away by water,* and thus give rise to subterranean cavities. This is specially the case with strata of rock-salt, gypsum, and lime.

5. *In volcanic and pseudo-volcanic regions:* a fact so well known that it requires no further explanation here.

The nature of earthquakes, however, depends on further variations, which are material for the purpose of recognising their different causes; among these their superficial extent and temporary duration hold the first place. Most earthquakes are local; that is to say, they are confined to one of the above districts, or even only a portion of it. Still there are other, though rarer shocks, called general, which are remarkable for a much greater expansion, and the fact that they visit several regions simulta-

neously leads to the assumption that a certain internal connexion exists between the separate earthquake regions. The nearer to the centre the cause lies, the further (theoretically regarded) must the effect extend over the surface. If we assume the certainly improbable case that a shock could emanate from the immediate centre of the globe, it would radiate in all directions, and shake the whole surface of the earth. Conversely, it is evident that the lateral extension will be less (unless special favourable circumstances happen) the nearer to the surface the shock takes place. Local and general earthquakes probably indicate partially different causes. In the same way a distinction must be drawn between shocks which only occur once, or are repeated at the expiration of a few minutes, and those which pause for hours or even days, but always recur in the same region, and often last for weeks. The latter are called earthquake periods, and Kluge estimates their shortest duration at ten days, while they may last for months or years.

An example of a general earthquake extending a great distance, is the one which occurred on November 26, 1852, simultaneously in the East Indian Archipelago (from Banda to Manilla, Sumatra, and Java), in the West Indies (Cuba, Jamaica, and Haiti), in North and South California, and in Lower Italy (Reggio), with which were connected the shocks felt on the two following days in Massachusetts and New Hampshire, Lima and Chili. At all these points the earth did not cease to oscillate during the three days, while in the East Indian Archipelago the shocks continued with great violence through the whole of December and January. We have here an instance of a general earthquake, which formed itself into a large period, and, as it were, settled down at the seat of its probable cause, in the sea to the south-east of Banda, which rose in waves twenty-six feet in height. It is self-evident that such an earthquake, which passed in a broad girdle over nearly half the world, must have had a cause as deeply seated as it was tremendous. A fact specially worthy of attention is that these earthquakes occurred without the slightest premonitory symptoms, and were not even accompanied by the usual subterranean thunder.

Other examples, although not of such extent, are offered by the earthquakes that occurred in 1855 at Broussa and in the Valais. The former (February 28), which almost entirely destroyed the city, extended over a portion of Asia Minor, of European Turkey, and of the Greek Archipelago; up to March 31 the earth daily experienced at short intervals single and double shocks, without counting the smaller and almost incessant oscillations. On April 11, Broussa was for the second time visited by vertical shocks. The first lasted nearly half a minute, and was followed by others with such rapidity that in fifteen hours one hundred and fifty were counted, some of which were violent enough to throw down walls. The extent of the general shocks was quite as great as on February 28; but the violent vertical shocks were only felt for a distance of two miles from Broussa. From these facts Kluge concludes that the earthquakes under Broussa were not primary but secondary. We must state, in explanation, that shocks either come upwards from below—that is to say, have a central effect—or else they come from the side, that is, have an undulating effect. The latter are the more widely spread, while the former are the more dangerous, although all the undulating earth-

quakes must always have a central point at which they were first aroused. The earthquake of February 28 undulated from the south-west to the north-east; its farthest limit in the latter direction being Adrianople: but its starting-point was in all probability at Makri, on the island of Rhodes. When the oscillating movement (which was felt at Smyrna earlier than at Broussa) reached the latter town, it gave rise to vertical shocks of augmented violence from below upwards, which are called by Kluge secondary, because they may be regarded as a new and independent earthquake. These shocks ended with another undulating movement to the north-east, whence Kluge concludes that the primary undulating earthquake continued during the period of the secondary vertical shocks, but was not noticed owing to the violence of the latter. It is not surprising that with such vertical and lateral shocks dealt simultaneously, an entire city can be destroyed, and the very foundations of the houses thrown up. At Makri, on March 2, a whole village, with the surrounding fields sank into the ground for a depth of one hundred and fifty feet. The shocks were repeated at Broussa and Smyrna during the whole of the summer.

The earthquakes in Central Valais (25th to 28th July, 1855) have been so repeatedly described, that we need not enter into any details here. They spread over Switzerland, Italy, France, and Germany, and, strictly speaking, they had a period of two years and a half, for they lasted till the end of 1857. A very remarkable earthquake was the one on February 1, 1856; it again proceeded from the south-west to the north-east, and was felt almost simultaneously through the whole of Switzerland, in Italy as far as Naples, in Albania, and at the St. John's tower of Zittau. This town appears to be connected in some peculiar way with the south; distant earthquakes are felt there in their last faint oscillations, as, for instance, the earthquake of Candia on October 12, 1856, which extended as far as Jerusalem and Cairo on one side, and to the duchy of Parma and Savoy on the other.

A comparison of these general shocks and seismic periods with the statistical tables of all the local earthquakes, leads Kluge to the following results:

The circumstance that the former often occur after a pause of several years, although they take place in regions where light and local shocks are common events, seems to prove that the force necessary to produce a violent shock required a certain growth, or else that, although it existed, it was held captive and awaited some internal or external impulse to liberate it. Many of them were preceded for some time by small oscillations, which increased in number and strength till the main shock ensued. While a remarkably violent shock was experienced in one seismic region, they were entirely interrupted in the adjoining regions.

In the question as to the relations between earthquakes and volcanoes, Kluge partially differs from most of his predecessors. Alexander von Humboldt called volcanoes the "safety-valves of the earth;" but Kluge is of opinion that, owing to the great number of earthquakes and the no smaller amount of volcanic eruptions, it is an easy matter to discover a connexion between them, though it possibly does not exist. If an earthquake occur in non-volcanic regions, people say that it happens because the expanded gases or molten mass in the interior of the earth can find

no outlet (that is to say, because no safety-valves exist); if it occurs in the vicinity of volcanoes, it is said that the earth's crust is here thinner and full of crevices, and hence can be more easily shaken. If earthquakes precede an eruption, it is considered perfectly natural, because the chimney by which the expanded gases escape is stopped up; if they accompany it, they are produced by the outpouring of the gases or the pressure of the lava. If shocks occur in distant regions simultaneously with an eruption, the two are brought into a subterranean connexion; but if the whole earth remain quiet during an eruption, it remains so because the volcano has found an exit. In short, there is always an explanation ready to hand in order to prove a connexion which in many cases is extremely improbable.

From an examination of the seismic phenomena between the years 1850 and 1867, Kluge arrives at the following facts as *points d'appui*: The greater number of earthquakes and the highest intensity of the shocks are felt in those countries where volcanoes are in a state of activity. Still, eruptions at times occur without any seismic phenomena. Volcanoes in their mutual relations at times display phenomena that lead to a belief in a subterranean connexion, and at others the exact reverse; and in the same way eruptions at times seem to protect the neighbouring country from earthquakes, and at others do precisely the contrary. Finally, as regards the relation between eruptions and remote earthquakes, its existence may be assumed to be more than probable. Of sixty-four eruptions, whose commencement could be proved with a tolerable degree of certainty, only four took place without a simultaneous earthquake (our author does not assert, however, that an unknown earthquake may not have taken place), while all the others were accompanied by shocks more or less remote. As, however, we may reckon on two earthquakes, and at least one volcanic eruption daily, it is still questionable whether this coincidence originated in a subterranean connexion between the two phenomena, or whether the same terrestrial seismic influences prevailed at both points, so as to produce here an eruption, and there an earthquake, without any internal connexion.

Equal caution must be displayed in bringing together simultaneous earthquakes. It is very natural that several should occur on the same day, owing to the great number of shocks at all points of the earth; but Kluge hesitates to deduce merely from this a subterranean coherence and common origin. Still there is only one mode of accounting for the violent shocks that extend for a great distance, and which must originate in a general fluctuation of the molten mass in the interior of the globe.

Unfortunately, there is a great want of decided information about the simultaneousness of the shocks, the rapidity of the seismic wave, and partly, too, about the mode of its propagation. It has not as yet been subjected to any regular scientific observation, which we can easily comprehend, for it would need the classic calmness of an Archimedes or a Pliny to carry on purely scientific investigations during one of the most fearful cataclysms of nature. Still, as so many meteorological and magnetic stations have been established, the most simple way would be to employ these for the purpose of collecting accurate data as to the time of the shock beginning, the duration of the oscillations, and also to observe the direction of the waves by putting up seismometers.

But even if this were done a great many difficulties still remain, which are partly based on the fact that the seismic waves are diverted from their course, or hurled back by the structure of the mountains, and partly because an earthquake can produce at another and very distant spot, through its own final and weakened waves, a new and independent shock, which possibly has an entirely different origin from that of the primary earthquake. This phenomenon of the secondary earthquakes, to which we alluded in the case of Broussa, was first systematically established by Kluge.

There are evidently seismic regions which, as it were, form the echo of remote earthquakes, and in which the disposition to produce a shock exists, though it must be first aroused by another one. In such regions the waves of distant earthquakes are always felt more violently than in the intermediate regions, which frequently feel nothing at all; and in these sensitive regions the secondary shock does not occur till some hours after the primary one. It appears as if the former fainter wave, which has come for a long distance, suddenly finds an echo, which strengthens it, and, at the same time, opens a new and hitherto closed shock-magazine, which is violently discharged. As this strange phenomenon is constantly repeated in the same regions, it can no longer be regarded as accidental. Kluge calls such seismic regions dependent, and gives a list of several in which this law is established. Thus Bucharest, Galatz, and Cronstadt very frequently undergo oscillations simultaneously with Constantinople and Asia Minor, though more generally the shocks are felt four or five hours later. Ragusa responds almost regularly to earthquakes in Italy and Asia Minor; Nice to shocks in the Alps, Central Asia, or Algiers; the Balearic Islands to shocks in Algiers and the West Indies; and Innsbruck and Zittau repeatedly to similar phenomena in the Greek Archipelago and the Alps.

It is an old belief that earthquakes are connected with certain seasons of the year, and this belief is now confirmed by statistics. We alluded to this relation between earthquakes and the seasons in the opening part of our article. Generally, more earthquakes take place between September and February than during the period from March to August, while in other regions the shocks are more frequent at the beginning of spring, with the setting in of the south wind, and shortly before the beginning of the winter rains. It is a remarkable fact that the long-lasting and violent general earthquakes principally happen in the summer half, and more frequently in April and August. This exception is confirmatory of our opinion, that the great world-convulsing earthquakes must be dependent on other influences than the mere occurrence of a large number of local, or the repetition of great, shocks. The autumnal equinox witnesses most shocks in both hemispheres, and next to it comes the winter solstice in the northern, and the summer solstice in the southern, hemisphere. Over the entire globe August and January display the maximum of earthquakes, May and June the minimum. The proportion varies, however, with the seismic regions of the different countries. One of the most remarkable results is obtained from the analysis of the various hours of the day at which earthquakes take place. Everywhere we notice a vast majority of earthquakes by night, although the proportion decreases from the poles to the equator. In the northern hemisphere the maximum of shocks is felt from ten to twelve o'clock at

night, the minimum from twelve to two in the day. These results, again, are decidedly opposed to the beginning of the great seismic periods, whose maximum falls shortly after the hottest hour of the day and the hottest period of the year.

A further remarkably curious point is the share of the atmosphere in earthquakes, which is indubitable. But, whether extraordinary atmospheric phenomena are only the simultaneous effects of the same fundamental cause, or whether violent earthquakes can of themselves produce unusual atmospheric phenomena, is in the present state of meteorology a matter for supposition. The unusual phenomena which are mentioned in popular works on natural history as the harbingers, accompaniments, or effects of an earthquake, are tolerably correct, though not absolute. These are: violent rain, frequently accompanied by hail, and an ensuing fall of the temperature; stifling heat and calm; violent storms, in Europe chiefly south and south-west winds; in the tropics cyclones and the reduction of the atmospheric pressure connected with them.

Of the connexion between earthquakes and heavy rain (phenomena which have so long been popularly connected, that the natives of the Moluccas spend the rainy season in light bamboo huts, through fear of the earthquakes), Kluge produces a number of instances, which may be divided into two principal groups. In the former we have all the shocks which were preceded by a long and violent rain, and from which we may deduce the probability that the penetration of the water into the earth was one of the causes of the earthquake. The second and far more important group comprises those phenomena in which rain set in as the immediate companion or consequence of the shock. In these cases the chief importance is to be attached to the reduced pressure of the atmosphere produced by the condensation of the watery gases in the air, by a sudden reduction of the temperature. That the latter always accompanies an earthquake is an observation made many years ago; but it was always regarded as the result of the shock, while Kluge considers it the first, though not immediate, cause of it. In most cases electrical discharges take place, and it is possible that the atmospheric electricity and the terrestrial magnetism may be intimately connected with earthquakes, as we shall proceed presently to describe. This is proved by the luminous flashes that accompany many shocks, the effect of earthquakes on the magnetic needle, as well as their frequent coincidence with northern lights and possibly with fiery meteors.

As regards the connexion between earthquakes and oppressive heat and cessation of wind, it is, according to Humboldt, an old and very widely-spread opinion at Lima, that when, during very hot weather, and after a long drought, the sea-breeze suddenly ceases to blow, and a reddish mist appears on the cloudless horizon, earthquakes are certain to take place. These premonitory symptoms, however, refer almost exclusively to the regions between the tropics.

The third remarkable phenomenon in connexion with earthquakes is their frequent coincidence with violent storms and currents in the atmosphere, which are announced by a sudden fall of the barometer. Kluge attaches the chief importance, not to the storm but to the sudden reduction of the atmospheric pressure, to which the storm itself owes its origin. It may be asked how a reduction in the atmospheric pressure can produce a storm? Our author offers two explanations, which are, however, only

hypotheses whose value remains an open question. He says, if the internal mass of the earth is fluid (as we are bound to assume), in any sudden and great reduction of the atmospheric pressure an equally violent counter-pressure must take place from the interior, which may be the cause of a shock. Through the disturbance of the equilibrium it is also possible that the falling in of an internal cavity or the transposition of a mountain stratum may be accelerated, which causes the surface of the earth to tremble. The tropical cyclones furnish the most striking instance of the enormous differences of pressure which a marked fall of the barometer is able to produce. The various readings of a barometer between the periphery and the centre of one of these cyclones, which has been observed at sea, amounted to two and a half inches. This corresponds with a column of water two and three quarter feet in height, to which extent the surface of the sea at the centre of the cyclone must rise above that of the circumference. On land this pressure is not compensated for; but if the internal earth mass is in a fluid state, it must, in order to restore the equilibrium, react with the same strength against the earth's crust, in so far as communications exist. This communication is afforded by the volcanoes, through which the interior of the earth is connected with the atmosphere; the centre of a cyclone consequently acts like a sucking pump. In order to form a fuller idea of the working power, we must bear in mind that two and a half inches of mercury represent the twelfth part of the pressure of the whole atmosphere. The latter, however, presses on a square inch with a weight of fifteen pounds; and the twelfth part of this pressure consequently gives the enormous weight of 47,000,000 tons to the surface of a square mile. That such a difference of pressure not only can, but assuredly does, produce earthquakes, by causing cavities to fall in and strata to move, even though it may have no effect on the fluid contents of the earth, may be almost certainly assumed. Still, that this is not the sole cause of earthquakes is evidenced by the extraordinary extension of some of them, their violence and duration, as well as by the fact that subterranean thunder does not necessarily accompany them. A further proof is found in the connexion between earthquakes and volcanoes, as well as in the enormous upheavals which follow seismic shocks. To attempt to account for such upheavals as the one which took place in Chili, where a coast range of twenty geographical miles was raised nearly four feet by the falling in of a cavity, would be a little too venturesome.

Hence there must be other causes for earthquakes, and we have already mentioned water as one of them. This element can also work in two ways, either by excavation or by chemical disintegration. If the pseudo-volcanic phenomena are produced by a gradual decomposition of fossil vegetable matter, effected by the admission of water, the cause is found of a second large class of seismic convulsions. Not only do the thermal and chemical processes produce changes in the mountain strata themselves, but combustible gases may be generated, which, through their explosion, become the cause of an earthquake. The eruptions of mud volcanoes, gas-springs, the bursting forth of flames in several earthquakes, and the petroleum wells in Asia and America, are sufficiently strong proofs of the existence of such causes, and the desolating effect of such explosions is to be sought, according to Kluge, in the slight depth of the seismic focus, which rarely exceeds four to five thousand feet, and

is frequently less. An explosion at such a comparatively slight depth would be sufficiently powerful to shake a superficies as large as France and Germany. The regions of such shocks as may be referred to these explosions of gas must, however, always be sought pre-eminently in pseudo-volcanic districts. We have, therefore, to investigate the further causes of earthquakes, and we find them, thirdly (and in our opinion chiefly), in steam pressure—that is, in water converted into steam by the addition of heat.

When water, whether from the sea or as rain, penetrates the earth, it must necessarily assume the temperature of the depth it reaches. As the temperature of the earth indubitably rises the nearer we get to the centre, this water must finally be converted into steam, which is kept down by the superincumbent weight of water. Any change, however, in the level of the incandescent bowels of the earth (such as the outbreak of lava, the alteration in the atmospheric pressure, &c.), must necessarily disturb the equilibrium between the subterranean steam and the column of water resting upon it—a disturbance which, in most cases, necessarily entails an earthquake. The intensity of the seismic shock will be regulated by the size of the cavity in which the steam has collected, as well as by the expansive force and depth of the latter. According to this opinion, volcanoes are rather the cause of earthquakes than a safety-valve against them; at the same time it will explain why volcanoes in the vicinity of the sea are always the most dangerous, why their eruptions are generally accompanied by earthquakes, or, if not so, why there may be a connexion between quiet eruptions and seismic shocks a great distance off. In support of this steam theory we may also refer to the geysers or periodical fountains of Iceland, whose larger eruptions are always accompanied by detonations and oscillations of the ground. If we were to imagine the upper funnel of the geyser removed to a subterranean cavity, the detonations and shocks would be more violent, from the fact of their greater depth, while their causes would be hidden from us.

We must here mention an objection which has been frequently raised against this steam theory (which is not at all novel). An analogy has been drawn from engine-boilers, in which there is no safer way of preventing explosion than making a hole through the sides to let the steam escape, and the crust of the earth is full of such holes, through which the water percolate into the interior.

It may be, according to Mephistopheles, a law with demons and ghosts that they must slip out again at the spot where they slipped in, but steam is not a ghost, and obeys very different laws. The argument drawn from the sides of a boiler was very badly selected, for though it is perfectly true that piercing a hole through them is a remedy against explosion, it is equally true that in many cases it is of no use. Safety-valves offer no certain guarantee against boiler explosions, because the steam usually makes its own hole, but unfortunately an entirely different one from that left for its passage. The cause of most boiler explosions is not the excessive regular pressure against iron that is too thin for the work (for in such cases a sufficiently large safety-valve performs its duty properly), but a momentary shock produced by a partial incandescence of the sides of the boiler (analogous with the molten interior of the earth), which admits the presumption of an internal detonation. As to the reason of

this remarkable phenomenon, the savans are not yet agreed: some suppose a decomposition of the steam into explosive gas, while others invoke the aid of steam electricity; but all agree that no direct remedy has yet been discovered, especially as it has been proved that when a boiler is red hot small apertures may be made in it, and yet the steam will not escape through them. But, apart from the question of explosion, it is not true that steam will always find its way out at the spot where water has entered. More than twenty years ago, Alexander Petzholdt proved by an experiment that the penetration of water into the earth's interior does not follow the laws of simple atmospheric pressure, but those of capillary attraction, so that steam will sooner overcome the fourfold higher pressure of a column of mercury than that of a stream of water filtering through sand in order to reach the open air—a direct proof of the steam theory about earthquakes, which we have allowed to be the most probable theory of all.

We should now have arrived at the end of our remarks, were there not still rarer seismic phenomena which cannot be accounted for either by differences of atmospheric pressure, by falling in of cavities, by the explosion of inflammable gases, or by steam. At least Kluge is of this opinion, and we will accompany him for a short period into the mysterious region of cosmic hypotheses. He bases his argument on the relations that appear to exist between earthquakes and the electrical condition of the atmosphere and terrestrial magnetism. He mentions many instances in which earthquakes have been accompanied by electrical phenomena in the atmosphere, remarkable disturbances of the magnetic needle, or the simultaneous appearance of the northern lights, and arrives at the conclusion that the disturbances in the earth's magnetism proves that in such cases the cause of earthquakes should not be sought in local circumstances, but that it was a general one embracing the entire globe, to which the great extension of many shocks bears testimony. Earthquakes like that of the 26th to the 28th November, 1852, which affect one-sixth of the globe, force upon us the assumption that they emanated from a reaction of the molten mass against the rigid crust of the earth. These internal waves, however, can only be produced either by some internal cause, or by one that must be sought externally. If we accept the first theory, it can only subsist in the progressing solidification of the globe, by which either the inner space is reduced, and a pressure of the fluid mass against the external crust is produced, or a large quantity of imprisoned gas and steam is evolved, which, partly through their power of expansion, partly through their change of places, continue to cause violent fluctuations of the fluid nucleus, until they finally succeed in escaping through some of the crevices in the earth's crust.

Kluge, however, maintains that the cause may lie possibly outside the rigid earth's crust. In that case it must consist of a force which suddenly works attractively or repulsively on the fluid molten mass, or in any case disturbs the equilibrium. Are we acquainted with such a force? No. Does it exist? Kluge believes he can answer these questions in the affirmative. Maury states in his "Physical Geography of the Sea," that while examining the currents of the atmosphere and the sea his attention was drawn to a force in the former, whose character is still veiled in mystery, and Kluge believes he has found the same force in earthquakes. Although it is difficult, if not impossible, to produce any positive

proof of such a problem, in such cases it is permissible to draw an indirect proof from collateral facts. If there exist a force which can produce such a sudden effect on the fluid nucleus of the earth as to upheave it, we may fairly assume that the same force must work in a similar manner on the aqueous masses of the globe. And this really happens. In lakes as well as on the sea, waves suddenly rise which cannot be explained by any forces we are at present acquainted with.

On the Lake of Geneva these sudden risings of the water have long been known by the name of "seiches." It frequently occurs there that the surface of the water will rise at certain spots three, four, or even five feet, and sink again after a while. In other lakes the seiches are not so high, but have been frequently observed. Their duration varies, but rarely exceeds twenty-five minutes. They happen at all seasons and hours, but more frequently in spring and autumn than in summer and winter; and they are more general and violent as the condition of the atmosphere becomes more variable. The Platten See displays similar mysterious phenomena; the water there is almost constantly in a state of ebullition even in the calmest weather, but these motions are most remarkable at the full of the moon, when at midnight the water will suddenly rise with a fearful heaving and foaming. These phenomena have been noticed in lakes and rivers, and even in springs, at the time when earthquakes were taking place either close at hand or far away, and in the sea they assume a more menacing character. In the neighbourhood of the equator, enormous waves called "tide rips" are observed, which suddenly rise, even in the midst of a profound calm, and dash along with the rapidity of billows. Maury says that they may be compared to convulsions by which the sea has been all at once attacked.

Kluge does not consider it sufficient to explain the immediate connexion between these phenomena and earthquakes by the mere mechanical continuation of the seismic waves in the water. For, he asks, why does the sea behave calmly in so many earthquakes, which are felt on coasts or islands, and why does it rise into enormous billows during single shocks? Why does the rising of the sea always begin with a retreat of the water? Lastly, why do we notice (as in the great earthquake of Lisbon) commotions in half the lakes and seas of Europe, while not a trace of them is perceptible in the country around them?

If we assume a force which suddenly exerts a power of attraction, like voltaic electricity in waterspouts, we have a ready explanation of these phenomena. The rising of the waters and that of the fluid mass of the earth's centre will stand to each other as effects of one and the same cause. But what is this force which produces shocks at different parts of the globe at the same moment, and causes lakes to rise?—which produces the aurora borealis, or storms and tempests, and alters the magnetic current of the earth? Kluge is as little able to answer this question as we are, but for all that appears firmly convinced of the presence of this unknown force. But such "secret agents" are dangerous weapons for the naturalist, as he is apt too easily to pass from the region of observation to that of speculation. We prefer, therefore, to content ourselves with what is already known, and instead of cosmic forces, of which we have no idea, pin our faith on the primitive elements—air, water, and fire—as the only real bases of earthquake theories.

LORD LYNDHURST.

BY ERNEST R. SEYMOUR, ESQ.

A MIGHTY man has just passed from amongst us. Not mighty, perhaps, in that physical sense which is commonly applied to the word (although the deceased lord joined to great mental capacity one of those iron constitutions which seem to have been the appanage of most of the talents of his day), but mighty in the influence he exercised during his long life, in his profession, on the bench, in the councils of more than one sovereign, and over society at large. Lord Lyndhurst's might was of itself exhibited in an intellect "adorned and polished by art, education, and a spotless private character." He was indeed a giant, and one had only to be in his presence to feel this. The massive head and strong, well-set jaw, the commanding features, exhibiting what a modern author has termed "bright intelligence and serene intellectuality;" in short, the whole appearance of the man could not fail to arrest the most ordinary observer, even if he who possessed them was surrounded at the moment by a galaxy of talent. Other illustrious men have commanded as much by personal influence as by intellect or by eloquence. Others, again, have combined with these qualifications rank and riches, all of which contribute in their way to the weight which their owners exercise on the minds of their fellow-men. But Lord Lyndhurst carried the stamp of superiority not only in his personal bearing but in all that he said and did, and that stamp of superiority was the keystone to the influence he possessed. For this reason he was, as we have said, a man of might.

John Singleton Copley, first and last Baron Lyndhurst, was a son of the eminent painter of the same name, who emigrated from Limerick to America about the year 1769. The subject of this memoir was born at Boston, in the British North American colonies, on May 21st, 1772. His mother was a Miss Clarke, about whose family little is known, but who, if it be true that most great men owe much of their capacity to their female parent, must have been a lady of no ordinary kind. She died in 1836, having lived to see her son at the very pinnacle of his worldly success. When little Copley was only two years old the family returned to England. Of his childhood nothing is known, save that it was spent in the very house in which he afterwards lived and died, amidst the brilliant circle of artists and eminent men whom his father gathered around him. He received his early education at a private tutor's, and was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, in the year 1790. His first step to distinction was in his election to a scholarship on that foundation very shortly after his admission. In 1794 he came out in the mathematical tripos as second wrangler, that is to say, in the same year with Dr. Butler, afterwards head master of Harrow school, and later Dean of Peterborough. He then became also Smith's prizeman, a fellow of his college, and a little later "travelling bachelor," a situation which enabled him to travel, and especially to visit the country of his birth, the United States.

It has been stated that Mr. Copley originally contemplated adopting

the Church as his profession, but this supposition seems to rest on rather feeble authority, and is not quite reconcilable with his acceptance of the "travelling bachelorship." However, whether this be so or not, he entered as a law student at Lincoln's Inn on his return from America in 1797, and applied himself with great assiduity to the study of his profession. He seems to have allowed himself a more than usually long period for this purpose, as we do not find him called to the bar until 1804, in which year he commenced practice on the Midland Circuit. He did not for the first four years gain any practice worthy to be called such. Indeed, he seems first to have been brought into notice, not as an advocate, but as a writer. In 1808 he published a "Report on a double return for the borough of Pershore," which attracted considerable attention at the time, but his progress at the bar continued slow. Nevertheless it was sure, and in 1815 he was the acknowledged leader of the Midland Circuit. Still, at a time when his subsequent parliamentary antagonist, Brougham, was at the zenith of his forensic reputation, the world seemed to be ignorant of the political and administrative power which was soon to shine forth in Mr. Copley. The first achievement which may be said to have stamped him before the general public as a man of mark was his defence, in conjunction with Sir Charles Wetherall, of Watson and Thistlewood for high treason, in 1817. It is well known that both these criminals were acquitted on this occasion, and it was no small tribute to the manner in which Mr. Copley distinguished himself upon it, that from that moment the Conservative government employed him in all important cases affecting its interests. This circumstance has led to the opinion expressed of him in some biographies that Mr. Copley's sympathies had up to the time of Thistlewood's first trial been decidedly liberal, but that after this he immediately ratted over to the Conservative party; and in support of this view it is argued that very shortly afterwards, indeed, if we mistake not, in the very same year, he is found prosecuting, as counsel for the Crown, Brandreth and his associates, who were also arraigned on a charge of high treason. Our own impression is that Mr. Copley throughout his life was a staunch Conservative. The leading principle of his speeches, which was invariably founded on the basis of the "constitution," would be sufficient to prove this, and his acceptance of a brief to defend a man prosecuted by a Conservative government, at a time when he had never mixed himself up in politics at all, and when he was only known as a rising barrister, is but a sorry argument on the other side. Our readers need hardly be told that according to legal etiquette counsel are bound to give their services to the party in a case which first demands them, and even Queen's counsel, who are, strictly speaking, the Crown's especial advocates, may defend the most heinous criminal on retainer, after obtaining a license for that purpose, which is of itself but a matter of form. It is true that after an advocate has crossed the line which separates forensic from political life, and has identified himself with the views of one or other party in parliament, he becomes marked for a distinct side in certain cases which may be brought before the law courts; but Mr. Copley, at the time of Thistlewood's first trial, was neither a King's counsel, nor had he entered any appearance on the political arena. He was simply Mr. Copley in a stuff gown, whose services were open to all that chose to ask for them. His admirable mode of conducting that case undoubtedly induced the then administration to employ him, but it

is absurd to suppose that they would have done so on Crown prosecutions during the convulsions of that day if he really had exhibited decided liberal political tendencies previously. On the other hand, when he did enter political life he entered it as a Conservative. He was a staunch, unyielding Conservative during the most active and brilliant period of his career, and he continued a Conservative, in its true meaning, to the day of his death.

The following year (1818) saw Mr. Copley's first great step to promotion. He was appointed chief justice of the county palatine of Chester. This was in itself but slight advancement; but it was followed in the same year by an occurrence much more pregnant. On the nomination of the Earl of Liverpool, Mr. Copley was returned to parliament for the borough of Ashburton, and though he never distinguished himself in the House of Commons, except as an officer of the Crown, no one can regard this event as other than the starting-point in that great parliamentary career which has made the name of Lyndhurst famous. In 1819, Mr. Copley was made King's serjeant, on which occasion he bade adieu to the Midland Circuit. At the close of the autumn of the same year, on the appointment of Sir Robert Giffard to the post of attorney-general, he succeeded to that of solicitor-general. The year 1820 was a memorable one, not only in the life of Lord Lyndhurst, but in the history of this country. Before the expiration of its first month the Duke of Kent, father of her present Majesty, died, after a short illness; and hardly fifteen days expired before his venerable father, King George III., closed the longest and most eventful of English reigns. The country at this moment was, as compared with former years, tolerably tranquil. Yet, about the middle of February, public feeling was appalled by the discovery of the most atrocious plot known in England since the days of Guy Fawkes—namely, the Cato-street conspiracy. The trial of the offenders in this proceeding brought Sir John Copley forward as counsel against the men who had been his former clients in 1817. Now, however, he was one of the first law officers of the Crown, and his course of action was imperative. The crowning event, however, of the year was the impeachment and trial of Queen Caroline. It was a brilliant occasion for the display of forensic eloquence and ability. The speeches of Sir Robert Giffard on the one side, and of Mr. Brougham on the other, have been especially handed down to us as models of the former. Sir John Copley chiefly shone during the trial in the calm but crushing nature of his cross-examinations, and in the moderation of his address—a moderation which saved him much of the obloquy which fell upon the government for these proceedings.

In 1824, Sir Robert Giffard having been removed to the Mastership of the Rolls, Sir John Copley succeeded to the proud position of attorney-general of England. The state of parties, coupled with his now universally recognised abilities, had thus enabled him quite to outstrip Mr. Brougham in the race for political advancement, although that distinguished man had been at the zenith of his forensic career at a time when Copley was hardly known. Copley, as we have shown, became attorney-general in 1824, while Brougham did not take his silk gown until 1827. And yet the latter was far ahead of the former in the parliamentary arena. As a member of the House of Commons, he had come to be re-

garded as the most dangerous member of the Opposition, and the most unflinching champion of social reform. Copley's parliamentary career, on the other hand, can hardly be said to have really commenced until he entered the House of Lords. That he was regarded as a man of mark is evident from the manner in which his eloquent and argumentative addresses were received; but, despite his steady and unchallenged advancement towards the highest offices of the State, there appears almost a gulf between his career as Sir John Copley and his proud pre-eminence in the House of Lords as Baron Lyndhurst. In 1826 a further promotion awaited him. By the death of Sir John Giffard he became Master of the Rolls; and was in the same year returned, in conjunction with Lord Palmerston, for the University of Cambridge. The state of parties at this period, combined with the many vital questions then agitating the country, was such that no eminent statesman could long remain silent. Sir Francis Burdett's motion, in 1827, for an "inquiry into the laws inflicting penalties" on Roman Catholics, "with a view to their removal," drew from the new Master of the Rolls one of his ablest and most logical speeches. His opposition to that motion has been relied upon as one of the strongest evidences of that inconsistency to which we have already adverted—it being alleged that he had formerly advocated Catholic emancipation, whereas he now most vigorously opposed it. But to judge fairly of this charge, it must first be borne in mind that Sir Francis Burdett's motion was in very general and almost vague terms, and that Sir John Copley, on the occasion in question, did not oppose Catholic emancipation in principle, but because the Catholics were demanding it as a matter of right, and would concede nothing in return, while the Roman Catholic hierarchy persistently refused to give those securities without which the most eminent Protestant advocates of emancipation had admitted that it could not be yielded. The whole of Sir John Copley's speech made upon this motion rests upon this basis of "securities." He shows not only were they not offered then, but that for years nearly every bill for emancipation had failed, because the Roman Catholic hierarchy had either refused, or had withdrawn after consenting to them, some such securities.

A few months subsequently to this memorable debate occurred another event in Sir John Copley's life, which is adduced as a still more striking argument in support of the charge against him of inconsistency. The illness of Lord Liverpool, which finally incapacitated him for further public life, broke up a ministry never thoroughly united in sentiment, and already greatly distracted by differences among its members on the Catholic question. The appointment of a successor led to a variety of intrigues and political complications, which it would not be within the scope of this memoir to examine in detail. The country had but one wish, namely, that Mr. Canning should be the new premier, though it was probably unprepared for the changes in the cabinet which such a choice must involve. The King desired also that Mr. Canning should be at the head of the cabinet; but in choosing a minister so thoroughly devoted to emancipation, he expressed himself unflinchingly opposed to any further concessions to the Roman Catholics, as well as a desire that the subject should remain as it was before, and should not be considered a party question. But what might have been feasible under the supremacy

of Lord Liverpool proved quite impracticable under that of Mr. Canning. Immediately on his appointment, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Eldon, Lord Melville, Mr. Peel, Sir Charles Wetherall, and others resigned, and it was under these circumstances that Sir John Copley was offered the great seal and became Lord Chancellor of England, with the title of Baron Lyndhurst, of Lyndhurst, in the county of Hants. Now, on the face of it, it would certainly seem that the illustrious statesman whose life we are narrating did, by his acceptance of this exalted post, turn his back upon his political antecedents. But such a suspicion must be tested not so much by general principles as by light shed by the circumstances of the time. Copley, a resolute, unflinching anti-Catholic, took office under a premier who had been the most strenuous advocate of Catholic claims, and that although on the late debate a personal altercation had almost ensued between himself and Mr. Canning on this very question. But it must be remembered that the two had already served for some years in the same cabinet, and had sat in the same council-chamber, that the new chancellor represented the opinions of the king, and that the latter had expressly desired that Catholic emancipation should not be considered a cabinet question, but should remain as before. The circumstance of Lord Lyndhurst, a staunch Conservative, acting under Mr. Canning, who had long been exhibiting the strongest Liberal tendencies, is still more easily answered. For years political feeling had been in a state of transition in England. Mr. Canning's own liberalism was of very gradual growth, and even at the period of which we are speaking sat about as easily upon him as does that of Lord Palmerston at the present day.

During the years which elapsed between 1816 and 1827, the constant victories gained by the Liberal party on matters involving the liberties of the people, changed the views of even the extremest Tories on matters relating to government. Hence we find men of the most opposite opinions on some vital question acting together, and men who were perfectly of accord in it seated on opposite sides of the House. Canning was, undoubtedly, at heart a Liberal, although a moderate one, yet he had for years acted with a Conservative government. Canning and Brougham were of the same mind on the Catholic question, yet nothing could be more bitter than the animosity with which they met each other in debate. The conduct, therefore, of Sir John Copley at this juncture, in accepting office under Canning, becomes under these circumstances less open to criticism. His acting under his late colleague as Lord Chancellor can hardly be considered inconsistent with his having acted in the same cabinet *with* him as Master of the Rolls. It is said that Copley's elevation to the woolsack caused considerable sensation at the time. Probably in those days of political ferment and rapid political changes it did, but that surprise was nothing to the astonishment which the like appointment in the case of Brougham excited some years later. During the three successive ministries which followed his promotion, Lord Lyndhurst continued to hold the seals. Mr. Canning's health failed, and he died within four months after his accession to office. Lord Lyndhurst remained Lord Chancellor under Lord Goderich's administration, which lasted from August, 1827, to January, 1828, and during that of the Duke of Wellington, which covered the intervening period until November, 1830. During the tenure of office by this last-mentioned statesman,

the memorable bill for the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts (which excluded dissenters from offices of trust, and from all corporations, unless they consented to take the sacraments according to the Church of England) was brought forward. The great difficulty in passing this measure was that, compared with the Catholic claims, the grievance of which the dissenters complained was insignificant, and that to remedy the latter would be to prejudice the hopes of the former. With certain amendments, however, the bill passed both Houses. In the Lords it met with very little opposition; the bishops, nearly all of them, supported it on the ground that no test was a legitimate measure except as a defence against aggression, and Lord Lyndhurst supported this view. His conduct on this occasion proves conclusively that true conservatism is not inconsistent with gradual and well-judged progress. Just as he had opposed the Catholic claims on the principle that an aggressive body could only expect justice by offering proper securities for moderation and tranquillity, so he willingly granted concessions to dissenters which were equitable and liberal, and not incompatible with the well-being of the constitution. It was easily to be foreseen, however, that the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts would lead to a renewal of the agitation on behalf of the Roman Catholics. And so, in the House of Commons, on the motion of Sir Francis Burdett, and in the House of Lords, on that of the Marquis of Lansdowne, the whole subject was reopened. Lord Lyndhurst, in a masterly and logical speech, opposed the measure, precisely on the grounds he had always advanced. He traced the progress of the question since 1813, and showed that though on three different occasions, during the intervening period, bills, which had been brought forward in its behalf, were drawn by the most acute, learned, and zealous advocates of Catholic emancipation, yet that in every instance those bills had been repudiated by the Roman Catholic hierarchy of Ireland and its representatives themselves. The latter expected every concession from government, but they would give no security for the good behaviour of the party which claimed them. It must be remembered, nevertheless, that the principle of removing Catholic disabilities, provided it could be done with safety to the country, had never been questioned by Lord Lyndhurst; and, indeed, it had long become evident to the most sagacious statesmen, that some solution to the difficulty could not be long deferred. Accordingly, early in the session of 1829, the public was informed that the government was prepared to introduce a comprehensive measure to effect this object. It is not for us in this place to criticise the mode adopted by the ministry for carrying out their object. Looking back upon the events of those days, their conduct in commencing with a bill to suppress the "Catholic Association," seems open to question. But the nation rather passed over this point, attaching much greater importance to what it conceived an act of premeditated tergiversation on the part of the entire cabinet in granting concessions to the Catholics at all. But here, again, the so-called inconsistency of ministers was more apparent than real. Mr. Peel, in bringing forward the measure, expressed his intention of supporting it, "provided it was undertaken on principles safe for the Protestant Establishment." Indeed, nearly all the opponents of relief, including Lord Lyndhurst, had for years based their arguments on the ground of expediency, and they did no more in the present instance. Lord Lyndhurst used almost the same expressions on the present

occasion as Mr. Peel. He called attention to the fact that he had only spoken twice on the subject before, once in the House of Commons, and once since his elevation to the peerage, and that on both these occasions he had stated *that which had been the constant principle of his conduct*, that if concessions to the Roman Catholics could be made consistently with the security of the Protestant Established Church, and consistently with the great interests of the empire, he considered that we (parliament) "were bound in duty to make them." So little was he misunderstood on the first of these occasions, that his constituents at Cambridge, who thought that emancipation ought not to be granted under any circumstances, blamed him for even hinting that it could ever be possible. So far the Lord Chancellor's position was unassailable. The main charge against him, however, and at first sight the most difficult to meet, was, that whereas in the previous year he had declared his firm conviction that emancipation, even though secured by the weightiest conditions, was pregnant with danger to the constitution and to the Protestant Establishment, he now asserted with equal confidence that absolute emancipation without any securities at all would be equally pregnant of safety and prosperity to them both. The only answer to this is, that the circumstances of the time had rendered a change of policy not only expedient but imperative; that the principle of non-conciliation had been tried and had failed; that the condition of Ireland was worse than ever; and what might have been a hasty and premature course yesterday, was a salutary and indispensable one to-day. The soundness of this principle has been acknowledged in other great questions involving imperial interests, and in none more so than in the famous repeal of the corn-laws by Sir Robert Peel in 1846.*

An important crisis in the affairs of the country was now approaching. In the following year the king died, and almost immediately after the succession of William IV. the Whigs took up strong ground against the ministry on the question of the Regency. The new parliament which was called did not mend matters. The great question of Reform was already occupying all hearts; and the ministers being beaten on a motion for a select committee on the civil list, were compelled to resign. On the same day on which they received their death-blow in the Lower House, Lord Lyndhurst in the Upper introduced a bill to regulate the regency in case of the demise of the king before the heiress-presumptive to the Crown—the Princess Victoria—should attain her majority. This bill passed into law without a single discussion. The advent of Earl Grey to power, though it of course removed Lord Lyndhurst from the woolsack, did not interfere with his claims to a place in the public service. While, therefore, Lord Brougham replaced him as Lord Chancellor, the new ministers offered him the post of Chief Baron of the Exchequer. It was in the discharge of the duties of this high office that Lord Lyndhurst gained the great judicial reputation he has since possessed. Like many other common lawyers, he did not always shine in the Court of Chancery in a degree such as might have been expected from the largeness and comprehensiveness of his intellect; but as a common-law judge all the resources of his

* It is right, however, to mention, that Lord Lyndhurst's political attitude at the time made him many enemies, and that Lord Campbell, in his "Lives of the Chancellors," has not spared him respecting it.

mind, combined with the results of his education, were brought into play, and many of the most valuable decisions which adorn the pages of our more modern law books were delivered by him during the time he held this office. Nevertheless, although he owed his present position to the cabinet of Earl Grey, Lord Lyndhurst was true to his political principles. His strenuous opposition to the Reform Bill of 1832 was one of the most remarkable features in his political career; and when the report spread abroad that it was in contemplation to create a fresh batch of peers in order to carry it, his indignation found vent in a speech which has justly been considered one of his oratorical masterpieces.

The measure upon which that famous oration turned has been so long accepted, and has, in fact, become so completely a matter of history, that it would be out of place to give even an accurate *résumé* of it in these pages. But there is one portion of it which must possess interest for the public even now. It is that in which Lord Lyndhurst remarks upon the fact that hardly a day had elapsed in which the premier (Earl Grey) had not been assailed for neglecting to take means to control the authority of the House of Lords.

"My lords," says the subject of this memoir, "the noble earl knew this House too well to think of resorting to such a course. The noble earl well knew that he could not follow this advice—that he could not pack this house; but the proposition that he should do so—nay, the very measure of this bill, as well as the means recommended to carry it, showed the kind of feeling by which the party urging on the noble earl are governed. I will do the noble earl the justice to believe that he never could have intended to have recourse to such a measure. The effect of this bill will be immeasurably to increase the strength and power of the House of Commons, and to weaken and destroy this House, which was created as a Conservative body to balance the other two estates. I, however, do not think it is possible that the sovereign will allow himself to be placed in a situation from which he never can be extricated, except by having recourse to a similar creation. I have stated, my lords, what I believe the noble earl to have undergone in the painful sort of support he has received from his scourge and task-masters, who have urged it upon him. I repeat, that I do not impute to the noble earl the intention of resorting to such a rash, and desperate, and wicked measure."

These words are memorable in a twofold point of view: in the first, as exhibiting that burning love for constitutional liberty which was the leading principle of Lord Lyndhurst's political career; in the second, as bearing upon the discussion of privilege in the case of the Wensleydale peerage, to which we shall have to call attention. In the mean time, it is worthy of notice that Lord Lyndhurst's remark upon the tendency of the Reform Bill to "weaken" the House of Lords has proved singularly prophetic. Granting that the bill has been beneficial to the country, it is undoubted that the usefulness of the House of Peers as a legislative body has been crippled by it. Take the very debate when the speech from which we have been quoting was delivered. It lasted four days. With the exception of that on the Wensleydale case, and that on the war with Russia, and one or two others, it would be hard to find more than one or two instances of late years where the discussions of the Lords have been prolonged beyond a sitting. This, certainly, may not be a test of their lordships' usefulness, but it certainly seems one of their strength as a body in

reference to the leading political questions of the day. The debate closed, as is well known, by a majority of nine in favour of the second reading of the bill. But upon May 7th, when the measure had to be committed, Lord Lyndhurst, by his great tact and acuteness, gained an important triumph. Earl Grey had proposed that the number of the boroughs named for disfranchisement should not be fixed until the schedule A had been considered. Lord Lyndhurst went still further. The House had decided in favour of a bill, the leading principles of which were the "enfranchisement, disfranchisement, and the extension of the elective franchise." He proposed, therefore, "to postpone the consideration of the disenfranchising clauses until after their lordships had considered the enfranchising clauses conferring the right of representation on places by which it had not hitherto been enjoyed." And he carried this motion against ministers by a majority of thirty-five. His speech on this occasion was another brilliant display of oratory. Here again his strong constitutional sympathies shone forth conspicuously. Towards the end of his speech we find him contending "that the power of the Crown not extending now to the issuing or withholding writs from places which sent members to parliament being admitted, and that the plan of all the great reformers from the time of Lord Chatham to the present day having been formed, as he had shown, on the principle of enfranchisement as an end, and disfranchisement as a means, he was acting in accordance with the spirit of the constitution and in conformity with the practice of modern reformers, in proposing that their lordships should first consider the question of how far they were disposed to carry the enfranchising principle before they took into consideration the principle of disfranchisement."

It will be seen, then, that the star which guided all Lord Lyndhurst's political views was constitutional integrity. The last of these speeches caused the immediate downfall of the Whig ministry; but the two together placed the speaker at the head of the Conservative party in the Upper House.

The immediate result of this vote was the resignation of Lord Grey's ministry. The agitation of the public mind, caused by the delay in the passing of a measure which but too many looked upon as a panacea for all evils, became intense. Lord Lyndhurst was commanded by the king to form a Tory administration, and set about the work with zeal and hopefulness; but the refusal of Sir Robert Peel and other moderate Conservatives to co-operate with him, defeated all his efforts. Earl Grey, therefore, returned once more to office, and the Reform Bill became law.

During the two years which ensued, Lord Lyndhurst appeared little on the political arena. The only measures in which he appears prominently were in a bill to settle the litigations arising out of the great *Thellusson* will case, which, as our readers are well aware, never were settled until within a very few years ago, and in the defeat which he inflicted on Lord Brougham's bill for the establishment of local courts, which, on the other hand, has since become law. The telling and crushing speech which Lord Lyndhurst delivered on this occasion was less against the principle of the measure than against its details, and the fearful increase of patronage which it would throw into the hands of the Lord Chancellor for the time being. In 1834, on the accession of Sir Robert Peel to power, he again exchanged his post of Lord Chief Baron for the woolsack; but his tenure

of office was but of brief duration, extending over little more than three months. In April, 1835, Lord Melbourne resumed the direction of affairs, and Lord Lyndhurst went into opposition. An opportunity soon offered for exhibiting his powers in this direction.

The new ministers had resolved to confine their efforts during the session to passing the Municipal Reform Bill and the Irish Church Bill; and with a view to the first, a commission of inquiry had been issued, for the purpose of ascertaining what evils existed and what remedies should be applied. Nevertheless, in the debates that followed, little or no allusion was made to the report of that commission, the measure being argued on general principles, such as that it was right and proper that municipal governors should be elected by the householders, and that the truth or falsehood of any particular inquiries adopted by the commission was altogether beside the question. The malcontents, on this latter account, therefore betook themselves to the House of Lords, and before the motion for the second reading of the bill, petitions from several most influential towns in the provinces complaining of gross misrepresentations in the reports of the commission, and praying to be heard by counsel at the bar of the House, were presented. The prayer was acceded to, and after counsel had been heard for three days, Lord Melbourne, the premier, opposed the production of evidence in support of the allegations made by the petitioners. An animated debate ensued, in which Lord Lyndhurst indignantly declaimed against the "monstrous" proposition now suggested by government—viz. to "conceal from the knowledge of the House the evidence from which a set of men, appointed for party purposes, had chosen to deduce certain inferences." Though the measure, with some modifications, afterwards became law, the government at this stage of it received a very signal defeat, the majority against them in the Upper House being no less than seventy. Two other amendments—one of which had been rejected by the Commons—were subsequently triumphantly carried, and mainly through the energy and eloquence of Lord Lyndhurst; and though they were afterwards accepted by the Lower House, it was generally thought at the time that they would prove fatal to the objects of the promoters of the bill.

In 1836, Lord Lyndhurst was very active, attacking most of the government measures. Probably, during no time of his parliamentary career did he deliver such effective blows at the ministerial policy as he did during this session, and his warmth was in marked contrast to the comparatively moderate attitude preserved by other distinguished members of his party, such as the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel. He was especially severe at this time against the Irish Roman Catholics, and one expression of his in this respect has been severely animadverted upon. He is reported to have said of them, during the heat of debate, that they "were aliens in blood, language, and in religion." It is not necessary for the biographer to apologise for or to vindicate these words. It has been said that they were the less excusable in that his grandfather was a native of Limerick; but Lord Lyndhurst partook no more of the peculiar features of the Irish Roman Catholic character—if, indeed, of the Irish character at all—than did the Duke of Wellington himself, although a similar claim on the part of the Sister Isle could with greater justice be raised against him. It was in this year also that Lord Lyndhurst became

famous for what have been termed his "sessional speeches," or what in common parlance would be termed his annual reviews of the session. These celebrated orations were commenced in the year 1836. Throughout the period during which they were delivered their character remained the same—withering, but never ill-natured—crushing, but never unfair. But the damage they did either to the government in office, or to the Opposition against which they were directed; can only be appreciated by those who were steadily watching the politics of the day. The first so-called sessional speech was delivered on August 18, 1836. It turned upon an accusation made by Lord Holland that the Opposition which Lord Lyndhurst represented had systematically mutilated bills laid on the table by the government. After an explanation on this point, Lord Lyndhurst says:

"My lords, it is impossible to enter into a consideration, however general, of the subjects to which I am about to direct your attention . . . without contrasting the brilliant anticipations contained in that speech (the speech from the throne), with the sad reality which has since occurred: a result as disproportioned in execution to the expectations held out, as the lofty position of the noble viscount at that period to what he will allow me to style his humble condition at the present moment."

Referring to the promise made at the commencement of the session respecting "Reform in the Court of Chancery," Lord Lyndhurst continues:

"Week after week and month after month passed away, but those expectations were not gratified. At length, and after a long delay, a bill was produced by my noble and learned friend (the Lord Chancellor), which I have too much respect for his understanding to suppose could be his own production. It must, I think, have been forced upon him by some other person, and hastily and unadvisedly adopted by him. I said this measure was produced; yes, it appeared for a moment, and fell from my noble and learned friend's arms, still-born, on your lordships' table. The measure met with no support in this House; it met with no support from any party, or any section or fragment of any party out of it. Neither Whig nor Tory, Radical nor Conservative, defended it; it met with no support from any portion of the public press, whether in the pay of government or espousing the party in opposition: no single voice in any quarter has been raised in its favour. Even the noble lords who usually vote with the government appear by anticipation to have condemned it; for a more scanty attendance, considering the importance of the question, never has, I think, occurred during the present session of parliament. I pass over this measure—*requiescat in pace*—I will not disturb its ashes."

After touching on other measures which had been promised but not carried out, the orator said:

"And this, my lords, is a government! Was there ever in the history of this country a body of men who would have condescended to carry on the government under such circumstances? In this House they are utterly powerless: they can effect nothing. We on this side of the House are obliged to perform the duties of government for them. In the other House of Parliament, measures which they themselves have advised, and prepared, and brought forward, involving, as they tell us, the most

important interests of the country, they, without scruple, abandon at the dictation of a section of their supporters. Yet thus disgraced and trampled upon, they still condescend to hold the reins of government. Proud men! eminent statesmen! distinguished and high-minded rulers!"

After alluding to the mischievous foreign policy of the ministers in respect to Spain, his lordship thus concluded:

"It would seem as if some envious and malignant demon, eager to sully his reputation, had suggested, as a fit means, that miserable buccaneering expedition, patronised by the government, but so unworthy a great and powerful nation, which has rendered us odious to Spain, and ridiculous and contemptible to the rest of the world. And yet the noble viscount stands erect and confident amid these accumulated disasters and disgraces, and, reversing the rule of the poet, is swelling and lofty in his tone and language in proportion to the fallen and abject state of his fortunes and the reeling and staggering condition of his government. In former times, amid such defeats, and unable to carry those measures which he considered essential, a minister would have thought that he had only one course to pursue. But these are antiquated notions: everything has changed. This fastidious delicacy forms no part of the character of the noble viscount. He has told us, and his acts correspond with his assertions, that notwithstanding the insubordination which prevails around him, in spite of the mutinous and sullen temper of his crew, he will stick to his vessel while a single plank remains afloat. Let me, however, as a friendly adviser of the noble viscount, recommend him to get her as speedily as possible into still water.

—Fortiter occupa
Portum.

Let the noble lord look to the empty benches around him:

—Nonne vides ut
Nudum remigio latus

Vix durare carinas
Possint imperiosius
Æquor?

After all, there is something in the efforts and exertions of the noble viscount not altogether unamusing or uninteresting. It is impossible, too, under any circumstances, not to respect

The brave man struggling in the storms of fate.

My consolation is, that whatever be the disposition of the noble viscount, he has not sufficient strength, though his locks, I believe, are yet unshorn, to pull down the pillars of the building, and involve the whole in his ruin. I trust it will long survive his fall!"

On the return to power of Sir Robert Peel in 1841, Lord Lyndhurst for a third time returned to the woolsack, in which position he remained until the former's retirement in 1846, at which period he retired virtually from political life, although he occasionally took part in the debates in the House of Lords. He had, however, excepting within the last few years, when the increasing infirmities of age rendered it impossible, been

a constant labourer as a law-lord. He openly and warmly supported Lord Derby's government in 1852-53. In the latter year he also spoke more than once in favour of the war with Russia, and never failed to urge upon his hearers the duty of perseverance in its prosecution. The consummation of the treaty of Paris was a keen disappointment, and in a speech delivered on the occasion he denounced the foreign minister's (Lord Clarendon) policy as a virtual "capitulation on the part of England." His later most distinguished speeches were those delivered in 1855 on Cambridge University reform, on the Wensleydale peerage in 1856, when he successfully upheld the dignity and the privileges of his order, on the state of Italy, on moving the Oath of Abjuration Bill, and, finally, in 1859, when on his eighty-eighth birthday he delivered his last speech on the Abolition of the Paper Duty.

Not the least satisfactory way of estimating the purity of Lord Lyndhurst's political career, is to test them by his speeches and votes during the years that he was untrammelled by the ties of party. He has been accused, as we have seen, of inconsistency, if not of tergiversation; a Liberal at heart when a young man, he became, it was stated, a Tory, as offering him a greater chance of early success in life. He rattled both on the Catholic and the Reform questions, "he was determined to have the Chancellorship at any price," and so on. But when these objects were gained, did he ever show himself a servile truckler to party? As an independent peer, he gave, it is true, a general support to the Conservatives, because that party embodied those principles which were the mainsprings of his political life. But if it forgot—as it did forget at times—that true Conservatism is progressive, did Lord Lyndhurst ever hasten to shield it? Did he not advocate the admission of the Jews into parliament? Did he not support the Maynooth grant? Did he not denounce the tyranny of Italian rulers and the nefarious annexation of Nice? And did he not, finally, expose the reforms in our National Defences in 1859, and show that, in spite of them, England would, as they then stood, be in a year or two still behind France? Biographers of the past fortnight think him lucky in having so long outlived his early career. Lucky, rather, say we, for ourselves, in that it enables us to judge him fairly!

As a polished speaker, Lord Lyndhurst has probably left no superior behind him. His style was exceedingly captivating, being simple and persuasive, and even when witheringly sarcastic, as it sometimes could be, never ill natured. His voice was silvery and clear, his articulation clear, his delivery unruffled and without hesitation, his quotations those of an accomplished scholar and always appropriate and well selected, while his manner possessed that irresistible charm which compels even the bitterest opponent to listen. He goes to the grave full of honours in a green old age, leaving his name indelibly stamped on the history of his time.

His lordship was twice married—first (on the 13th March, 1819), to Sarah-Garay, daughter of Charles Brunsden, Esq., and widow of Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Thomas, of the 1st Foot Guards, slain at Waterloo, by whom he had four daughters and one son, four of which children, including the latter, deceased in his lifetime. He married, secondly, 5th August, 1837, Georgiana, daughter of Lewis Goldsmith, Esq., by whom he leaves one daughter, who was married during the present year. The title expires with his lordship.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

WON OVER;

OR, THE COUNTESS AND THE JESUIT.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

PART THE FIRST.

I.

THE YOUNG COUNTESS.

It was a bright sunny afternoon in early autumn, bands of young officers in hussar and other gay Prussian uniforms, knots of swaggering, rough-looking students, and a few artists, known by their short black velvet cloaks and Spanish hats, sauntering along, crowded l'Allée Verte, as the walk, shaded by rows of tall trees, in the centre of the wide street, was called. There was a carriage-road on either side of this verdant alley, and between that and the houses again a tolerably broad footpath or pavement, so that the street, the principal one in the German town of Düsseldorf, had rather an imposing appearance to strangers, and was much admired by the good burghers themselves.

Some half-dozen young ladies were also parading up and down, and seemed noway disconcerted by the observation which they attracted, but appeared, as their tittering and giggling evinced, rather vain of it. They were soon, however, doomed to be eclipsed, for when the promenade was most crowded with gay gallants, a travelling-carriage, drawn by four horses, and well laden with imperial, trunks, carpet-bags, &c. &c., dashed up from the direction of the bridge across the Rhine, and stopped at the door of the fashionable and well-arranged Breidenbach Hotel.

Great was the commotion within doors, great the commotion without !

The waiters rushed pêle-mêle to the carriage, while the gentlemanly and good-looking master of the Hof remained, with his head uncovered on the highest step, bowing even before the travellers had alighted from their dust-covered conveyance. These travellers were speedily discovered to be two ladies, by no means verging on a certain age, for they were both decidedly young women, though one seemed a few years older than the other. Their attendants, an active Swiss waiting-maid, and an angular, quaint-looking, but exceedingly respectable elderly man-servant, busied themselves in unloading the carriage, and in a few minutes the ladies and their luggage were safely deposited in "the grand saloon" upstairs, and the suite of rooms appertaining to it.

"Who are they?—who can they be?" was asked and ejaculated not
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only by all the male loungers in the Allée, but by the families right and left of the hotel, and on the opposite side of the street. There was no mystery, however, attached to them, and therefore it soon became known that the young Countess von Altenberg, accompanied by an English friend, had arrived in Düsseldorf with the intention of visiting her relatives and her estates in the grand duchy of Berg, and not far remote from that important military station. It was further whispered that the wealthy young countess might probably spend the winter at Düsseldorf; and all the schemers—whether appertaining to the regular army, or to the Landwehr (militia), to government offices, or other civil occupations, whether counts, barons, or only vons—set about deluding themselves with building castles in the air, the structures of which were raised on the thalers of the rich Bertha, Countess von Altenberg.

Those who know the habits of the generality of German officers stationed in provincial towns, and the large amount of curiosity, probably arising from the ennui of idleness, which pervades all country towns in all parts of the world, will not be surprised that the entrance-hall and the door of the Hôtel Breidenbach should have been unusually lumbered with uniforms on the evening of the fair strangers' arrival, and the morning after it. There was a very large muster of gentlemen also at the table d'hôte dinner next day, but to the general disappointment the newly-arrived ladies ordered dinner à l'Anglaise in their private sitting-room, and thus there was not the slightest opportunity for commencing an acquaintance by handing fruit, or anything else at table, starting up to open the door of the salle à manger, or even bowing as the ladies passed. In the afternoon these ladies sallied forth, attended by a valet de place, to see the town; but though the theatre was open that evening, and an unusually attractive piece given, they did not condescend to visit it; and the following morning the travelling-carriage with all thereunto belonging, and those to whom it belonged, was seen to depart towards Elberfeld.

There are now excellent railroads from Düsseldorf to Elberfeld, to Berlin, to Cologne, and other places of frequent resort, but, at the period of which we are writing, Düsseldorf could only be reached by steamers up and down the Rhine, by very comfortable stage or mail-coaches, called "schnell-posts," or by travelling post.

While our travellers are passing the ancient town of Gerresheim, celebrated for the convent of noble ladies whence the fair Agnes de Mansfeldt eloped with an archbishop of Cologne in the latter end of the sixteenth century—the picturesque valley of the Düssel—and that portion of the country beyond it which looks one mass of red, from the immense quantities of cottons, silks, and other materials which are here dyed in such profusion, and which are spread over the fields and the hedges so thickly, that, at a little distance, one might fancy the very grass and foliage grew of a Turkey red tint—we shall take the opportunity of saying a few words about the birth and parentage of our new acquaintances.

Precedence, of course, must be given to the titled lady. Bertha von Altenberg was the last descendant of a noble and ancient race. She was an only child, and her parents had both died when, though past infancy, she was still very young. Her father, whose mother was a Hanoverian,

had for a time served in the Hanoverian legion, and, during his residence in Great Britain, had married a Scotch heiress of family, though untitled, as proud and ancient as his own.

The Count von Altenberg was a Protestant, and his only sister was married to a Protestant nobleman ; but his only brother, who was a few years younger than himself, was a Roman Catholic, and so bigoted a Roman Catholic, that the difference of their religious tenets very much interfered with their fraternal affection. Count von Altenberg's health was extremely delicate, and, being haunted by the fear that his imperious and wily brother, who had devoted himself to the Church, and was the superior of a monastery near Malines, would, in the event of his death, try every possible means to acquire an influence over his daughter, and knowing his brother-in-law, the Baron von Axleben, though a well-meaning man, to be of a weak and listless character, and that Bertha herself was impulsive, enthusiastic, and apt to see no faults in those who were able to win her affection, he made the countess promise that, if he were snatched away by death, she would remove with her daughter to England or Scotland, where his brother could have no opportunity of subverting the young Bertha's religious principles, and enticing her over to Roman Catholicism.

Religious differences, it is well known, when they are permitted to swell into feelings of enmity, create a stronger degree of dislike and distrust than any other cause of disagreement. Even money, so often the apple of discord in families, does not arouse such deep passions nor such inveterate hostility as religious warfare. Strange, so evil is the nature of mankind, that *that* which should exercise the purest, the gentlest, the holiest sway, is too often the cause of private animosity and political quarrels, dividing families, severing friends, invading the quiet of communities—nay, disturbing the peace of nations and of the world at large! Can rational beings really think that by hating and maligning each other in private life, and by slaughtering each other by thousands in war, they are serving that great Being who “is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity?”

Count von Altenberg, we have said, was much afraid of the influence which his talented “Papist” brother might at some future time acquire over Bertha ; but he had not the same intense dread of *all* Roman Catholics, and, without once reflecting that he might thereby be injuring her religious principles, he permitted, and even encouraged, her intimacy with two young Catholic wards of his own.

These orphans were the son and daughter of his oldest and dearest friend. Fritz von Feldheim and himself had been companions in infancy, in boyhood they were at the same school, and they had afterwards been fellow-students at college. Von Feldheim was himself a follower of the doctrines of Luther, but he had married a Roman Catholic, and she had prevailed on him to let their children be brought up in her faith ; but neither she nor they were by any means rigid Catholics. The Von Feldheims and the Von Altenbergs were near neighbours when the latter resided at the count's estate in the vicinity of Berlin, and Rudolph and Agatha von Feldheim were the frequent companions of the otherwise solitary little Bertha.

On the death of Mr. von Feldheim, which had been preceded by that

of his wife, the orphans were confided to the guardianship of Count von Altenberg, and not only to his guardianship, but in a great measure dependent upon his bounty, for their father had left a very slender provision for them. Agatha and Bertha were about the same age ; Rudolph was four years older. When seventeen years of age, he was placed by his guardian at the University of Heidelberg, but his vacations were spent at his new home, in the society of his sister and her friend.

Bertha was warmly attached to both of her father's wards, and they seemed fully to return her affection, for they were all too young to feel any jealousy or distance on the score of religion, and the Heidelberg student cared very little about the disputes of the Church, and was quite as willing to listen to the simple eloquence of the Protestant pastor, in the unpretending little village church, as to attend mass at the more gorgeous Catholic chapel. The young people sang and played, and drew, and read, and walked together ; and Rudolph taught Bertha chess, though he would not take the trouble to teach his sister ; and she embroidered cigar-cases and slippers for him, which Agatha pronounced to be "wasting time upon a schoolboy."

But these happy days were not destined to last—what happy days ever are ? The benevolent invalid, Count von Altenberg, was suddenly snatched from his family, before Bertha had completed her sixteenth year, and the dreaded brother having written to offer his services, advice, or protection to his bereaved sister-in-law and niece, the countess became so alarmed, and so anxious to fulfil her promise to her departed husband, that she broke up her establishment, placed Agatha at a good school at Brussels, and hastened to England with her daughter. There, Bertha was amply provided with every means of improvement in her education ; and at eighteen, when her mother thought it was time to emerge from the retirement of the two first years of her widowhood, and to introduce her daughter into society, their wealth and rank soon surrounded them with acquaintances in their own station of life. And in the fashionable circles, both of London and Paris, where the ladies spent a portion of their time, the beautiful young heiress was as much courted and admired as the vanity of any mother could have desired. But, although Bertha had been thus ushered into the gay world, and during "the season" was kept in a continual whirl of amusements, she did not enter into them with the zest and spirit of most girls of her age. The balls, fêtes, and other réünions, were all tiresome to her ; and it was only the opera and the best concerts in which she took any pleasure, for she was passionately fond of music. She did not care for admiration ; she was displeased at the flattery with which some of the more common-place of her suitors sought to thaw the coldness of her manners, and in her heart there was a constant sadness for which she could hardly herself account.

When first she left her native Germany, she kept up a close correspondence with her friend Agatha, and through her she heard of Rudolph, how hard he studied, what an excellent amateur artist he had become, what fame he was acquiring at the university. But, after a time, Agatha's letters became less frequent and less interesting ; she wrote apparently under some restraint, and when she mentioned her brother it was merely to say that he was well. At first, he used to send kind messages to Bertha : these were now dropped, and at length Agatha wrote

that the abbot of St. Dreux, Bertha's Roman Catholic uncle, had taken a great fancy to Rudolph, who had been spending some time with him, and by whose advice he had gone to Italy, before determining whether he would enter on the career of an artist, or follow some other profession. Agatha herself was about to leave the school at Brussels, where she had lately been a parlour-boarder, to join some relatives of her mother who had come to reside in that town.

At Bertha's earnest entreaty, the Countess von Altenberg wrote to Agatha inviting her to England, and offering her a home in her house; the invitation and offer were both respectfully and gratefully, but *absolutely*, declined. The orphans had been put in possession of the small sum left to them by their father, which, without their knowledge, had been doubled by the generosity of their guardian, the late count; and the countess, feeling that she had done her duty by them, and dreading that Bertha's girlish affection for Rudolph might ripen into some more inconvenient attachment, if they were to meet, or to cultivate their friendship even through the medium of letters, was not sorry that Agatha and her brother seemed disinclined to continue their intimacy with her daughter.

When Bertha expressed her surprise at Agatha's having given up corresponding with her, and not having even communicated her future address, the countess represented to her that this apparent estrangement of her former friends must be the result of their religious faith; that doubtless they had been taught by their priests and confessors that it was sinful to be on such terms of intimacy with heretics; and that if Rudolph had become the protégé of the stern and inflexible abbot of St. Dreux, she might depend upon it his mind had been poisoned and his feelings prejudiced against them.

Poor consolation this was for Bertha, yet she was obliged to admit the probability of her mother's conjectures. Various suitable offers of marriage were made to her, for what finds its way to the heart of matrimony-seeking men so readily as the charms of gold? But they all, young and old, titled and untitled, plain and handsome, met with the same reception; not one could elicit the smallest iota of encouragement; and at length it came to be rumoured about that the fair young countess was secretly betrothed in Germany; some said to a prince, and some to a music-master! Her mother began to feel very uneasy at her strange predilection for single blessedness. She pointed out to her daughter how lonely she would be if anything were to happen to her (the mother); what a pity it was to be so fastidious; that when youth was past and she began to descend into the vale of years, and in spite of her wealth found herself neglected and forgotten, she would look back with regret on her present waywardness or caprice, and perhaps make a foolish and unhappy match in her advanced years, as so many ladies who had thrown away good opportunities of marrying when they were young had been known to do. But all this sensible and worldly-wise reasoning was lost on the obdurate Bertha, who seemed to have inherited one trait at least of her priestly uncle's character, viz. an unflinching resolution in carrying out any point on which she had made up her mind.

To the "loneliness" which her mother had prophesied poor Bertha was doomed to be condemned much sooner than either of them could have

anticipated, for the countess was seized with an illness which terminated fatally, and her daughter was left almost alone in this busy world. Her only relations besides her uncle the abbot were her father's sister and her husband, the Baron and Baroness von Axleben, who resided near Elberfeld, in Germany, and her mother's sister, Mrs. Melville, the widow of a general officer, who with her only daughter, also a widow, lived in the Highlands of Scotland. Bertha might have preferred seeking an asylum in the house of her German aunt, but it had been her mother's dying request to her that she would go and spend at least the year of her mourning with Mrs. Melville in Scotland. A kind and pressing invitation was sent to the young countess by that lady, and her cousin, Mrs. Lindsay, came to London to accompany her to Scotland.

Flora Melville had disappointed her mother's matrimonial views for her. Mrs. General Melville—for in Scotland, as in Germany, the ladies often assume the military and naval titles of their husbands; for instance, Mrs. Major this, Mrs. Captain that, Mrs. Admiral the other—Mrs. General Melville had settled to her own satisfaction that her daughter would marry some Highland laird, the head of his clan, and be a chieftain's lady—a rank which she considered much higher than to be the wife of any earl or even duke of English extraction who could not count back at least as far as the Norman conquest. Pride of ancestry was the old lady's hobby, and she could not imagine how her daughter Flora could be such a renegade to the principles in which she had been brought up as to fall in love with a Presbyterian clergyman. True, the young clergyman was handsome, clever, amiable, eloquent, and a popular preacher; but he might have been a second St. Peter or St. Paul, the old lady would never have given her consent had he not luckily been descended from an ancient family, and nearly connected to some of the Scotch heroes who had loyally adhered, through good report and evil report, to the cause of the unfortunate Stuarts. These saving clauses befriended the young persons, who were much attached to each other, and they married with every prospect of a long career of happiness and usefulness before them.

How vain are the fairest hopes of earth-born beings! The destroying angel hovered unseen over the dwelling of Christian peace and sanctified affection; the young clergyman fell into a rapid consumption, and before she was five-and-twenty, Flora Lindsay, like her mother well stricken in years, was left a widow! It was long before she regained any portion of cheerfulness, or even of composure, but Time—the mighty wizard—exercised his power over her, and by degrees she recovered her spirits and her charitable activity in doing good.

Mrs. Lindsay and the young countess soon became great friends; there was a considerable dash of the romantic in both their characters, so that opinions and views of life, which might have seemed very far-fetched and somewhat ridiculous to plain, prosy, heavy, common-sense people, did not appear at all illusive or erroneous to either of them. Mrs. Lindsay's motto was "All for love," and Bertha's heart echoed the words, though she tried to persuade herself that she loved no one. She tried, but she did not succeed, for what was the solitary devoted remembrance that lingered in her soul? She called him, to Flora, *the brother of her childhood*, but, in her cousin's glowing descriptions of her love for the husband she had lost, Bertha beheld the picture of what she could feel

for her dear Rudolph, and several reminiscences of the past came back like accusing witnesses of what in her girlish simplicity she had never suspected.

She remembered their games at chess, and all that used to take place then, unnoticed by any one else; how Rudolph used to forget his pawns, his bishops, his queen itself, while he gazed admiringly on her face; she remembered how he taught her the language of flowers, and how the nosegays he used to gather for her all signified that magic word, which he had never ventured to pronounce openly—*LOVE*. She remembered how he used to sketch her profile on every scrap of paper that lay before him, and with what joy he used to receive the cigar-cases and slippers she delighted so much in working for him. Could Rudolph have forgotten her? She often feared that he had. He had gone to Italy. Amidst all the triumphs of art which abounded there—amidst the charms of scenery and society, and the dark-eyed classical Italian beauties, was it likely that he would waste a thought upon the young German girl who had been his playmate in childhood?

The solitude of her life in the north of Scotland served to foster her dangerous dreams. They had occasionally friends staying at Glencraig, Mrs. Melville's Highland abode, but weeks often passed without their seeing any one, and wandering among the heath-clad hills, and on the margin of a lonely lake, amidst the imposing silence of nature, was not likely to repress the workings of a vivid imagination. Her soul was not one of those

Dull, sullen prisoners in the body's cage,
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,
Useless, unseen, like lamps in sepulchres.

And the companionship and conversation of her unworldly cousin served to develop those sentiments, which, though they had existed, had never before reigned unchecked in her heart.

For two years she remained quietly at Glencraig; then a violent longing to revisit Germany took possession of her mind; she was weary of the monotonous life she had been leading for such a length of time; she could not reconcile herself to live only in the past, like her widowed cousin, Mrs. Lindsay, and she felt an irresistible desire to see again the scenes and the friends of her childhood.

"Say honestly, dear Bertha," said her cousin to her one day that they were discussing the subject during a morning walk—"say out at once that you are dying to hear something, or see something, of your boyish admirer, Mr. Rudolph."

"Honestly, I do say," replied Bertha, "that though I am not *dying* either to see him or to hear of him, I feel a very strong wish to know what has become of him and Agatha, and there is no earthly reason why I should deny myself the pleasure of revisiting my native land. I am now three-and-twenty, and there is no chance of my uncle attempting to establish any jurisdiction over me, as my poor father and mother so much feared he might have done when I was younger, and probably more easily influenced. I will write to my aunt, the Baroness von Axleben, and ask if she can receive me until I have time to form some plans for the future."

When Mrs. Melville found that the young countess was determined on

her trip to the Continent, she begged her to allow Mrs. Lindsay to accompany her, and offered to send as her attendant a trustworthy old servant who had been long in their family. Bertha was delighted to secure the company of her friend Flora, who, on her part, never having been abroad, was delighted to go; and both were glad of the escort of the faithful old Andrew Auderson, who had been a soldier in his youth, and had served in every quarter of the globe. It was on the occasion of this journey that our heroine and her cousin had stopped at the hotel at Düsseldorf, where their arrival had caused such commotion among the military, and other loungers of the Allée. Mrs. Lindsay was not more than five years older than Bertha, but the widow's dress and close cap, which she still wore, made her look two or three-and-thirty, consequently a more fitting chaperone for the young countess.

II.

THE RETURN TO GERMANY, AND THE VISIT SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE.

THE young countess and her Scotch cousin were kindly received by the good Baron and Baroness von Axleben, who made them extremely welcome to their somewhat homely, but very aristocratic abode. To Bertha every stiff garden-walk, every half-furnished apartment of the house, wore the charm of pleasing remembrance and association with the past, for she and her family, accompanied often by her father's subsequent wards, had formerly been in the habit of spending some weeks from time to time at the château.

It is true the garret-room, the floor of which used to be strewn with straw, and covered with rosy apples to be kept for winter use, looked very low and narrow, not the wide, lofty chamber which she thought it was when she and her young companions used to smuggle themselves into it behind the good-natured old housekeeper, and, pretending to assist her in her duty of turning the fruit, fill their pockets and aprons with the nicest apples to feast on at their leisure.

The heavy silk damask curtains and coverlets of the beds in the rooms reserved for visitors of importance—which she used to think so grand—looked to her now faded and old-fashioned: the walks, at right angles in the garden, she now perceived were very formally laid out, and were kept in a slovenly manner; yet it was along these that she used to run, with her fair hair escaping from beneath her straw hat, and streaming in the wind, while she, Agatha, and Rudolph pursued the gaudy butterflies that would every now and then alight upon some gay flower, and dart off again just as they thought they had caught one; how well she remembered that Rudolph used sometimes to snatch her up in his arms, and run on with her, leaving poor Agatha far behind, toiling after them in the chase of the insect fugitives. And she remembered, too, that sometimes, when she struggled to regain her freedom, the boy would not put her down until she had allowed him to kiss her glowing little cheek.

"But I was only seven or eight years of age then," she exclaimed, apologetically, to herself, as she blushed at the reminiscence of his boyish freedom. "Ah, why was he not my brother, and Agatha my sister! I should not be so lonely in this vast world as I am now!" cried the

young countess, as she sauntered along the garden alone in a musing mood. "But no, no, I cannot fancy Rudolph my brother; why am I always thinking of *him*? It is wrong—it is weak, for he has surely forgotten me."

But it was in vain that she took herself to task; she continued to think of him, and her anxiety to know what had become of him grew stronger every day. Nor was there much to dissipate her thoughts at the château. The few noble families who had estates within visiting distance were almost all absent from home at the time of her arrival, making their annual excursions to one of the German watering-places, or to Ostend, which is the great resort for sea-bathing, not only to the Belgians, but to the Germans far and near. There was a great deal of society indeed in their neighbourhood, but Bertha's uncle and aunt were exclusive to the last degree, and did not deign to hold any sort of communication with the rich manufacturers who were settled in Elberfeld and its vicinity. They considered themselves and their particular coterie "the precious porcelain of human clay," and they felt that it was making a great sacrifice even to mingle with these "low persons" in church, if it could be called mingling with the congregation when they entered and departed by a private side-door, close to which was the thickly curtained pew in which they performed their devotions unseen by vulgar eyes.

Their every-day life was what can but be defined by the term extremely "humdrum." The baroness, notwithstanding her pride of birth, devoted a large portion of her morning to domestic duties, in which she was very notable. She was well skilled not only in the mysteries of pickling and preserving, of cooking in general and in particular, but also of baking and brewing. Servants she had in abundance, and an experienced housekeeper, but the worthy baroness thought nothing was well done to which she had not lent a hand, or at least given an eye herself.

Her household occupations, however, were always concluded before the early dinner-hour, and she devoted the rest of the day to knitting. To do her justice, much of this everlasting knitting was for the benefit of the poor, on whom she bestowed great quantities of stockings and mittens, and comforters for the throat. Had she flourished in the year of grace 1855, her exertions would have been invaluable if, exercised in behalf of the British soldiers in the Crimea. She was a very mild, harmless woman, a little given to gossip, but possessing only a limited stock of that commodity, from the want of the means of increasing her store of it, not from want of the will to do so.

The baron was a good easy man, extremely averse to trouble of any kind, and his principal employments were reading the *Zeitung* and smoking his long pipe.

Bertha had tried to extract some information from her uncle and aunt respecting her friends the Von Feldheims, but they could tell nothing whatever about them. This was a great disappointment to her, and she cast about in her own mind for the means of obtaining the so much desired intelligence. She could hit upon no plan; here, in Germany, in a place where they had formerly been well known, there appeared to be as wide a gulf between them and her as when she resided in the distant mountain solitudes of the north of Scotland. At length, one day that she was looking at the portrait of her uncle, the present abbot

of St. Dreux, taken when he was a young man, which hung among the family pictures in a hall or reception-room not in daily use, the idea struck her of applying to him for some tidings of her former friends. Agatha had once written that her brother had been on a visit to the abbot, and that, by his advice, he had gone to Italy. As they were Roman Catholics, the abbot had probably not lost sight of them.

She gazed with awakened interest at the portrait of her uncle. The face was remarkably handsome, and seemed that of a very talented man. The dark, brilliant, penetrating eyes seemed to follow her from the canvas wherever she moved, and there was so much expression in the mouth that it seemed as if about to speak. There was a curious mingling of satire, scorn, and sweetness in the countenance; while the lofty brow bespoke energy and stern resolution. Bertha became more and more impressed by this singular portrait, and her cousin Flora appeared also to be fascinated by it.

"I can conceive," she said one day to Bertha, "that the original of that picture must be a dangerous man. Had he been a worldling, he would have conquered hearts; as a Jesuit priest, no doubt he betrays souls."

"Would you not like to see him?" whispered the young countess. "I am seriously thinking of paying him a visit at St. Dreux."

"Bertha! are you mad?" exclaimed Mrs. Lindsay. "Visit the man of whom your parents had such a dread and so bad an opinion, that they thought it necessary to put the sea between you and him."

"They only thought that desirable because I was then so young, and so unformed in character. He cannot now shake my religious principles, or acquire any power over me."

"Let him who thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall," replied Mrs. Lindsay, quoting one of her late husband's favourite texts of Scripture.

"Very true, but remember also this: 'There is no power but of God,' and I do not believe that He will permit the abbot to do me the slightest harm. But I do not ask you to go with me, Flora; I am quite willing to face my terrible uncle alone."

Mrs. Lindsay was too kind-hearted and unselfish to agree to this proposition: no, she would not desert her cousin even on such a wild and perilous expedition. Perhaps this sacrifice to friendship did not cost her so much as might be imagined, for she had a great deal of curiosity to see what sort of a place a monastery or convent was, and she had no slight wish to get a glimpse of the magnificent-looking and dreaded superior himself.

In the evening Bertha mentioned her proposed visit to the abbot to her uncle and aunt. The poor baroness absolutely started and looked quite aghast; she was speechless from astonishment, but evinced the intensity of her dismay by actually dropping several stitches of her knitting, a misfortune which had not happened to her for years. The baron opened his little grey eyes to an unusual width, and then exclaimed:

"What! what! Visit the abbot? Why you might as well talk of seeking an interview with his Satanic Majesty himself, or the Pope, or the Grand Inquisitor, for they and that abbot of St. Dreux are all birds

of a feather. Have you forgotten that such things as thumbscrews and racks existed, and most probably exist still? Do you think you will ever see the light of day again if you are ever clapped into one of the secret prisons of the Inquisition?"

"But it does not follow that I must be put to the torture, or smuggled into a dark dungeon, merely because I see my father's brother for a few minutes," replied Bertha, who had much difficulty in restraining her inclination to laugh. "However, if you think it so dangerous to trust myself in the lion's den, I will write and ask him to meet me at Malines. But perhaps he never goes beyond the walls of his monastery. Well, I will take the chance of being kidnapped."

The baron shook his head, and lifted up his hands and eyes towards heaven, but he perceived that there was no use in arguing the point with his guest, even if he had been inclined to give himself that trouble, so taking up his pipe and enveloping himself in a cloud of smoke, he puffed away vigorously, in order to regain his accustomed equanimity.

After a visit of about four weeks, the cousins left the house of the good-natured baron and baroness, who took as solemn leave of them as if the departing guests were going to be guillotined or hanged, or, at least, about to encounter some awful trial; and the baron entreated Bertha to give instructions to the master of the hotel where she might lodge at Malines, that if she did not return within a given time from St. Dreux, he was to apply to the chief of the police and have a search made for her and her friend.

As they drove away from the château, and took a parting glance of its little turrets, which looked like large pigeon-houses, and of its irregular gable ends, that showed a deplorable lack of symmetry in its structure, Bertha exclaimed to her cousin:

"Well, our worthy hosts yonder are certainly most excellent people, but they are uncommonly narrow-minded; it is a pity they would not endeavour to see a little of the world, so as to overcome their phalanx of absurd prejudices."

"I conclude you call their horror of the Jesuitical abbot a narrow-minded prejudice. But an aversion to the disciples of Loyola is not confined to the good baron and his wife. It is a very universal sentiment among Protestants of all classes, and we know that the Jesuits have been considered so dangerous even by Roman Catholics themselves, that one of the heads of the Church—Pope Clement XIV.—found it necessary in 1773 to suppress their order."

"I know that their leaders are said to be equally ambitious and unscrupulous, and that the obedience demanded from, and yielded by, their subordinate monks and priests amounts to a positive slavery of the mind, yet I cannot believe that every Jesuit is a demon, and that my uncle in particular is a second Beelzebub. I cannot fancy that he is a robber and a murderer—that he would wish to seize on my inheritance, and, for that purpose, that he would have me tortured and put to death if he could catch me!"

"Ah! I trust your charitable belief will not be deceived, and that your visit to St. Dreux may not be the cause of some serious evil to you."

"Confess, now," said Bertha, laughing, "that you are about as nervous

at the idea of this visit to the unknown abbot, as you would be had you undertaken to walk alone through a churchyard at midnight, when every insect rustling in the rank grass, and every pale gleam of moon or starlight on the marble tombs, would seem to your excited imagination a spectral form, or the dead stirring in their narrow graves."

Mrs. Lindsay shuddered for an instant, and then, after having remained silent a few minutes while an expression of deep melancholy came over her features, she said, gravely :

"And yet I *have* remained alone till a late hour in a churchyard, and not once, but often. When my dearest Ronald was taken from me, I used to visit his grave almost every evening, and when the shades of night began to fall around me, and the motley tombstones assumed fantastic shapes, and the evening breeze sighed among the rustling leaves like the wailing of the spirits of the dead, I sat by *his* grave, and was not afraid—the dead *then* seemed more my friends than the living. But, after I went back to Glencraig, the sight of a churchyard certainly always gave me pain ; and I do not doubt I should feel a great degree of superstitious awe in any one, except that burial-ground where *he* reposes until the last trumpet shall rouse him from the sleep of death."

Bertha felt extremely sorry that she had awakened such melancholy recollections in her cousin's mind, and sincerely apologising for her "blamable inadvertence," the friends sank into silence, each pursuing the train of thought most interesting to herself.

III.

THE ABBOT AND MONASTERY OF ST. DREUX.

THE ladies again passed through Düsseldorf on their way back to Belgium, but, as they only stopped to change horses, their presence scarcely created any sensation in l'Allée. After they had arrived at that very dull town, Malines, and established themselves at one of the hotels there, where they were immediately pounced upon by one female vendor of lace after another, and compelled, for the sake of peace, to buy "bargains" they did not want, Bertha wrote to her uncle the abbot, begging permission for herself and her friend to pay him a short visit at St. Dreux, or to meet him wherever he might please to appoint.

She, as well as Flora, awaited his answer in some trepidation, and they were both considerably relieved and reassured when it arrived, and they perused a kind, cordial note, mentioning a day and hour when he would be most happy to receive them at St. Dreux. There was a courteous message to Mrs. Lindsay, and, altogether, the style was so gentlemanly, and like that of the rest of the well-bred world, that Flora admitted he might not be "all evil," as she had hitherto imagined him.

The day appointed came, and, accompanied by the trusty Andrew on the coach-box, the adventurous fair ones set out on their journey to the camp of the Philistines.

For some miles they passed through a fair and smiling country studded with orchards, fields, and pretty cottages, and at length, amidst this scenery, rich in the bounty of nature, and improved by the cultivating hand of man, they unexpectedly perceived the grey walls of the monas-

tery visible through the openings in some clumps of thick dark trees, above which towered the spire of the abbey church. Soon after the carriage stopped at the outer gate of the cloister's grounds, and, on ringing a bell, the party were admitted by a man in the dress of a labourer, not in any ecclesiastical garb. After they had entered, the gates were carefully shut, and the carriage passed up a long dingy avenue, with tall trees on either side. Everything around seemed deserted and hushed, involved in

A death-like silence and a dread repose.

Not a sunburnt peasant, not a barefooted urchin, was to be seen, and not a sound was to be heard but the melancholy cawing of the rooks in the sombre trees under which the carriage was passing.

An equally sombre expression might have been observed in the countenances of Bertha von Altenberg and Flora Lindsay, while the former, in a low tone of voice, quoted to the latter Dante's far-famed line,

Lasciate agni speranza voi ch' entrate qui.

Even old Andrew gazed around with a sort of subdued look, and his countenance assumed an indescribable expression of solemnity and defiance as they stopped at an inner gate, which seemed to be the entrance to a court-yard surrounded by very high walls. Here they rang again, and, after a time, the heavy gates were swung back, and a man in a long dress of black serge, with a skull-cap on his head, and a cross dangling along with sundry large keys from his black leathern girdle, presented himself. The coachman said a few words to him, and, by his gesticulations, he seemed to be indicating to which part of the building he was to drive. But suddenly he stopped the horses, and the half-frightened ladies within the carriage perceived that a procession of monks was just crossing the court-yard.

They emerged from behind a projection of the monastery, and walking one after the other, with missals in their hands and eyes fixed on the ground, they slowly passed along to a low arched door in a Gothic-looking building on the other side of the court-yard, where they disappeared one by one. When the last had entered, the door was closed, and then the carriage was allowed to proceed. Presently after it drew up before an entrance-porch, which was reached by a flight of broad stone steps. Yet another bell was sounded here, and a fair-haired, smiling boy, in a chorister's dress, made his appearance to receive the ladies, and usher them into the abbot's reception-room. They passed first through a large semicircular entrance-hall paved with slabs of black marble, and the wall which surrounded it having niches filled with the statues of saints, popes, or fathers of the Church—the fair visitors could not determine which, in the cursory view they had of them.

Through a door, leading to the interior of one wing of the building, they followed their youthful guide along a passage covered with matting, and he did not leave them until he had introduced them into an apartment handsomely fitted up, having bow-windows looking out upon a verdant lawn, fringed with light trees and flowering shrubs. The sofas and chairs in this saloon were covered with dark-red velvet, the window-curtains were of the same heavy material, and the sides of the room, neither papered nor painted, were finished with very black oak panels.

The tables were all of elaborately carved oak, so also was a bookcase, which contained several volumes in very dark binding. On one of the tables stood writing materials, and a newspaper of recent date; on another, were a splendidly-bound Roman Catholic prayer-book, Cardinal Bellarmine's work on Indulgences, and a volume of travels in China, by a French Catholic missionary. In one recess were placed two handsome globes; in another, an ebony cross of rather large dimensions, and a low prie-Dieu chair before it. Some fresh flowers in a china vase, and a crystal vessel with gold fish, showed that the owner of the apartment was at least not quite blind to the beautiful productions of nature.

The countess and her friend had not long been left to examine the room and all it contained, when a door, which they had not perceived in the wainscoting, softly opened, and the stately abbot stood before them. He looked for a moment from one to the other, and then advanced towards Bertha, as if he had an intuitive knowledge that she was the Countess von Altenberg. Both ladies curtsied low, and Bertha bent almost on one knee, when he laid his hand on her head, and gave his benediction to the daughter of his deceased brother.

The abbot was still a very handsome man, the fire of his dark eyes was not at all quenched, and his finely-chiselled features denoted the full vigour of health and intellect. As in the portrait Bertha and Flora had seen of him, so in the original there was a very peculiar expression about the mouth, something haughty and ironical at one moment, bland and captivating the next, something that by turns attracted and repelled, it was evident that his was no common character.

He entered easily and gracefully into conversation with his guests; asked Bertha some questions about her residence in Great Britain; spoke to Mrs. Lindsay about her native Scotland, its poets, its historians, its philosophers, touched upon the romantic annals of its unfortunate royal family, and warmly complimented her when he found that she was a devoted partisan of the Stuarts. Mrs. Lindsay's head was half turned by the fascination of his manners, and she began almost to think that, albeit a Roman Catholic and a Jesuit, he was more of a demi-god than a demon. Romance and reason seldom march hand in hand.

After a time, the abbot rang a small silver bell that lay on the table, and the young boy, whom the ladies had seen before, entered, carrying a salver with fruit and some light wine. As he passed the crucifix in the recess he made a sort of genuflexion, and contrived, grasping the heavy salver for a moment in one hand, which trembled from its weight, to make rapidly the sign of the cross with the other. The abbot pressed his visitors to partake of the fine grapes and other fruit, poured out wine for them, and did all the honours of his house like any other gentleman. He inquired of the countess what were her plans, and elicited from her that she proposed spending the winter either in Düsseldorf or Berlin. He did not allow the conversation to flag for one moment, so that Bertha began to despair of finding an instant to make the inquiry which might gain her the information to obtain which had caused her visit to the monastery. At last, something was said about her remembrance of the place where she had passed her childhood; and, seizing the opportunity, she, rather abruptly, and colouring to the deepest scarlet, asked her uncle if he could tell her anything about her old friends Agatha and Rudolph

von Feldheim, of whom she had not been able to gather any tidings for a long time.

The abbot's keen eye was upon her when, half hesitating, she mentioned Rudolph's name. He saw and marked her embarrassment, and the thought flashed through his mind that if the secret feeling which caused her confusion when she spoke of him could be fostered into a passionate attachment, she might be induced to become a convert to the faith of the man she loved. He was too wily to let Bertha suspect that she had betrayed any extraordinary interest in the person about whom she had inquired, and remarking that nothing could be more natural or more amiable than her kind recollection of the companions of her childhood, he told her that Agatha had, by her own wish, gone to board in a convent, that she had become extremely pious, and had, with her brother's entire approbation, latterly taken the veil. Bertha groaned, and an exclamation of horror and regret was on her lips, but there was something in her uncle's eye which awed her, and she remained silent.

He then went on to say, that when Rudolph left Heidelberg he had taken a great fancy to become an artist; he seemed quite devoted to painting, and having consulted his friends—among these himself—he had taken their advice, and repaired to Italy.

"I may mention," he continued, "that he required a little more than advice, and that I was happy to have it in my power to give him the pecuniary assistance of which he then stood in need. For a time he remained deeply engaged in artistic pursuits, but, unfortunately, at length he began to take a part, and a prominent part, in politics. This led him into the society of persons who were not safe companions for him; he became involved in political feuds, which frequently gave occasion to private quarrels, and one of these ended in a duel, in which Rudolph killed his adversary, who was a member of a powerful family, one of whom was a high dignitary of the Church; he then got into trouble, and—and——"

"Died, no doubt," exclaimed Bertha, in an outburst of emotion which she could not control, "in the prisons of the Inquisition, a victim to that iniquitous tribunal!"

The abbot looked at her sternly for one moment; then laying his hand gently on her shoulder, he said, gravely but mildly:

"You are a creature of impulse, I see, my dear niece, and carried away by the ardour of your feelings, which, I perceive, are able easily to get the better of your judgment. It might be advisable for you to acquire a little self-control. We should *reflect* before we accuse systems or individuals, else we may often be guilty of much injustice. Rudolph von Feldheim died in no prison, nor am I aware that he was ever cited before any tribunal, civil or ecclesiastical; but he changed his name to avoid the probable consequences of his own imprudence. He is alive and well, and you may possibly see him if you remain any time in Germany."

The abbot rose, and his visitors understood that he wished the interview to cease. They prepared, therefore, to take their departure; whereupon he again rang the silver bell, and just as he had bowed respectfully to Mrs. Lindsay, and, taking Bertha's hand had carried it to his lips, recommending her to the protection of the Holy Virgin and all the saints, the same boy in white robes made his appearance at the door of the saloon,

waiting to marshal the ladies out, as he had previously ushered them in. In repassing the entrance-hall, floored with black marble, Bertha observed a box, conspicuously placed, to receive donations for the poor. She dropped some gold pieces into it, and then turning to her juvenile guide, offered him one; but the boy declined receiving it, telling her that it was against the rules of the monastery to take money from visitors.

The carriage was ready at the porch door, and old Andrew handed the ladies in with the greatest alacrity. Not a word was spoken by any of the party until the carriage had passed the outer gate and was rolling along the public road; then the Scotchman turned round, and shaking his fist at the monastery, exclaimed in his vernacular tongue, and in a voice so loud from excitement that he was distinctly heard by the countess and her friend:

"Ah, you're the deil's ain place, just a hotbed for iniquity! Thank the Lord I am not a Romanist, or a wretched monk! Poor creatures! poor creatures! To think of strong sturdy men shutting themselves up like that, and doing naithing the blessed day but mumble Latin prayers and crossing themselves. But there's worse work going on than that, I'll be bound."

"Andrew seems to be vexed in spirit," said the countess; "I thought he was too phlegmatic to be moved by anything."

"It is enough to move the most phlegmatic, I think," replied Mrs. Lindsay, "to contemplate such a waste of life. What a spectacle that was which greeted our eyes as we first entered the court-yard! It struck quite a chill to my heart to see these poor men, old, middle-aged, and young, passing in sad and solemn silence from one part of their prison to another. I could not but remember Pope's lines:

Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains
Repentant sighs and voluntary pains."

"Do you think all or any of them would make their escape if they could?"

"I don't doubt many of them would."

"It must be a life of frightful ennui!" exclaimed Bertha. "I only wonder they are not driven often to commit suicide; and it is miraculous how many of them can vegetate on from youth to age; I mean the subordinates, of course."

"It only proves how entirely we are the creatures of habit," replied Flora. "I can believe that a few of them, however, are actuated by conscientious motives. They imagine that by secluding themselves from the world they are performing a duty pleasing to God, and which will ensure a rich reward in eternity. Those who live in this state of spiritual exaltation cannot feel the misery of their situation. Of the others, I dare say some have become quite stupified, but I doubt not that the generality of them would gladly escape if they could. Fear, however, is a powerful master, and they must know what terrible punishments would await those who were to break their vows. The Inquisition has no mercy. By-the-by, that was an unfortunate speech of yours about this same Inquisition, Bertha."

"Very unfortunate indeed. The abbot was right in recommending me to acquire more self-control. I admit that I was both indiscreet and

ill bred ; and see what I have lost by that speech ? He would not tell me half he knows about poor Rudolph after it, nor could I venture to ask any more questions."

"You heard, at any rate, that he was alive and well, and that you may very likely see him some not very distant day. But the poor sister ! She, you find, has gone into a convent."

"Alas ! yes, poor Agatha. I never can believe that it was by her own wish she became a nun. There is nothing now but death for her to look forward to."

"The nuns cannot have quite such a tedious time of it as the monks, though," said Mrs. Lindsay. "My father, who was engaged in the Peninsular war, and knew a good deal about convents—also in Canada—used to tell us that the nuns did a great deal of fancy-work. Now, making feather-flowers, embroidering various articles, and all that sort of elegant handiwork, even though merely to decorate the altars and images of the saints, must be an amusement to the nuns, and make time pass more quickly."

"I dare say that abbot of St. Dreux himself had something to do with her incarceration !" exclaimed the countess, following the train of her own thoughts. "What do you think of the abbot, Flora ?"

"I think he is the handsomest and noblest-looking man I ever saw—his very hands are beautiful."

Bertha sighed as she said :

"Yes, Nature has done a great deal for him, but *Art* has done even more. That man was born to govern. I am sure that he is possessed of wonderful powers, either for good or for evil. There is something very imposing about him ; but he is not a person in whom I could place the least confidence."

"His anger must be dreadful," cried Mrs. Lindsay. "When angry, he must look like an angel of wrath, if you can fancy such a being—severely beautiful, yet sternly appalling."

"I do not suppose that he ever allows himself to betray any passion," said Bertha, "though I doubt not there is a smothered volcano in his breast. I am almost sorry that I have seen him—he will haunt my dreams."

"I pray Heaven that he may not haunt your path like a spirit of evil," said Mrs. Lindsay, solemnly. "When in his presence, and hearing him converse, I felt myself charmed and fascinated by him ; but the impression which he has left is very different. My reason tells me that he is a man to be feared, much more than to be admired or loved. I was particularly struck with the expression of his eye when you spoke with so much interest of Rudolph. I felt the blood, as it were, freeze in my veins. Bertha ! let us go back to England, away from the sphere of this man's influence—my heart forebodes some danger to you."

The young countess turned pale, but she tried to laugh as she replied :

"I knew, dear Flora, that some of your Highland ancestors were seers, but I was not aware that you had inherited the strange gift. Let us try to forget St. Dreux and its abbot-king."

IV.

THE COUSINS HASTEN TO LEAVE MALINES.

BUT to forget the monastery and its imposing superior was more easily said than done. As a first step towards accomplishing this, however, the cousins hastened to leave Malines, a town swarming with priests and religieuses. But Belgium altogether appears to be quite the stronghold of Roman Catholicism; in every town and village, in every street, at every railway station, in almost every railway carriage—in short, at every turn—the traveller encounters some ecclesiastic or functionary of that Church.

Notwithstanding the profusion of priests and churches, Mrs. Lindsay was much shocked to observe how little difference was made between Sunday and other days. Accustomed as she had been to the strict observance of the Sabbath in her native Scotland, she was equally surprised and horrified to see the shops open, and the theatres and other places of public amusement in full operation; indeed, *more* frequented on Sunday than on other evenings. She settled it in her own mind that the blessing of God could not rest upon a people, or upon a Church, that, without the least seeming compunction, set at defiance the fourth commandment, "Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day," &c. &c.

The ladies took up their abode for a short time at Brussels, and, of course, a visit to Waterloo was the important event of their stay there. Old Andrew was in the seventh heaven when he found he was to accompany them thither. He had been at the battle of Waterloo itself, and the events of that glorious day were indelibly impressed upon his recollection. This was a pilgrimage much more to his taste than the previous one to the monastery of St. Dreux. He was as useful as the guide in pointing out the positions of the different regiments and commanders; and as his grey eyes lighted up with enthusiasm, he gave quite a lucid history of the battle, interspersed with many graphic anecdotes. Mrs. Lindsay's vivid imagination speedily caught the electric spark—the *real* view before her disappeared, as if removed by a magician's wand, and her fancy beheld legions upon legions of the contending armies as if in a spectral panorama, while the deafening roar of the cannon seemed to thunder in her ear. Almost unconsciously she threw her thoughts into verse, for she was fond of versification, or rhyming, as some might term it, and her little poem on Waterloo, which Bertha copied into her own album, was as follows :

Was yon the road they took, that mighty host,
Of Europe's chivalry the pride and boast?
Were those the fields they passed, the trees that bent
Over the glittering squadrons as they went
To mortal strife? And yonder Soignies' wood!
And this, *this* Waterloo! That field of blood!
Breathless I stood, and gazed with eager eyes,
As if I thought to see around me rise
The gory dead—the multitude of slain—
The armed hosts that filled that noble plain.
Behold! Imagination throngs the air
With countless forms—their burnished casques are there—

Their waving plumes. I see their bright swords flash—
I hear, I hear their shivering weapons clash—
Again the trumpets sound, the cannons roar ;
Again the earth is trembling as before,
Beneath the fearful onset, and the cloud
Of smoke envelopes all in one prophetic shroud !
Slowly it clears away—lo ! too has fled
My peopled dream, and silent as the dead
Is thy historic field—oh Waterloo !
I envy not the callous worldling who,
Unmoved, can stand upon that storied ground,
And with unkindling glance can gaze around.
There stood Napoleon, sheltered by yon bank,
And yonder charged the Allies, rank on rank,
Full speed upon the gallant troops of France.
'Twas yonder Blucher bade his troops advance,
And, hallowed spot ! here stood the intrepid Duke,
Opposed to that great conqueror who shook
All Europe to its centre, and was called
Till then invincible—almost installed
As master of the universe. Where now,
Oh ! greatest of the mighty dead, art thou ?
What lesson this to human pride and power !
Man fain would wield Jove's thunder, but an hour
Can lay him low ; a few short fleeting years,
And every great achievement but appears
Like some old tale, and as the page is worn
By Time's rude touch, the living cease to mourn,
Or praise, or think with glowing hearts upon
The troubles and the glories that are gone !

Before settling themselves anywhere for the winter, the friends determined to make an excursion up the Rhine. The season was almost too far advanced for the seeing in perfection the beauties of that noble river, but this disadvantage was counterbalanced by their not being liable to meet such shoals of common-place travellers as infest the steamers and hotels during the summer months. They proceeded to Heidelberg, a place which Bertha was anxious to see, on account of the extreme beauty of its situation, and, though she might not have liked to confess it, because it had been so long the abode of her friend Rudolph. Did she fancy that she might meet him there ? She never said so, but she would start often and look up anxiously, if a tall, commanding form, with a slouched hat, from beneath which shone a pair of dark eyes, approached them, and seemed to scrutinise her face or figure. She forgot that she was extremely pretty, and very elegantly dressed, and consequently liable to attract observation, especially among the gay and by no means *diffident* German students. But neither at Heidelberg nor Mayence, at Wiesbaden nor at Frankfort, at Coblenz or Cologne, or at any of the intermediate little towns she visited, did the countess fall in with the friend of her childhood.

"We will spend the first part of the winter at Düsseldorf, Flora," she said, "and when we are tired of that place we can go on to Berlin."

An announcement which Flora interpreted into "We will give Rudolph a chance of meeting us at Düsseldorf ; but if he does not make his appearance there, we will try if he is to be found at Berlin."

"She is following an ignis-fataus, I fear," muttered Mrs. Lindsay to herself; "and even if this boyish admirer of hers *does* turn up, what a dreadful thing it would be for her to marry a Roman Catholic—a wandering artist, who has only distinguished himself as a duellist! If we do fall in with him, I sincerely hope he may not care about her. If he gives her 'the cold shoulder,' it will mortify her very much at first, but be much better for her in the long run."

Such was the tenor of Mrs. Lindsay's thoughts, but she considered it more prudent not to communicate them to her cousin just then. Bertha, however, had penetration enough to perceive that her Presbyterian relative was noway prepossessed in favour of her Roman Catholic friend, but she made every allowance for her, having been brought up among a religious sect "quite as bigoted as the Jesuits themselves," for such was her opinion of the disciples of Calvin.

The cousins, however, continued on very harmonious terms, and both seemed willing to make the best of the passing hour. They succeeded, after some difficulty, in finding a house to suit them in Düsseldorf. Their establishment was speedily arranged, and one or two good introductions, obtained through the Baroness von Axleben and her friends, gave them the entrée into the best society in that very aristocratic town. The young countess was soon surrounded by admirers, and even Mrs. Lindsay, whom Bertha had persuaded to lay aside her widow's weeds and wear half-mourning, had her quota of them. English ladies have generally much adulation lavished upon them by German beaux.

Bertha accepted all invitations to the houses of the nobility: she attended every concert; she visited often the gallery of paintings and the studios of the artists; she promenaded the Allée and the Hof Gardens, and frequently sat early and late on one of the well-notched wooden seats on the shady mound which overlooks the Rhine; she even went to the different Catholic churches, much to her cousin's vexation, but nowhere did she meet with the unacknowledged object of her search. She began to suffer from that sickness of the heart which arises from "hope deferred," and to accuse her uncle the abbot of having purposely concealed her return to Germany from his young friend Rudolph. Therein, however, she wronged the superior of St. Dreux. He *had* communicated to Rudolph the fact of her arrival in Germany; he had told him of her visit to the monastery, of her eager inquiry after himself and his sister, and had not only proposed, but urged, his renewing his former acquaintance with her.

"We must win her over," he said, "from the heresy in which she was brought up to the true Church, and *your* influence will doubtless accomplish this. Try every means, my son, and, if you succeed, you shall not find me ungrateful."

Rudolph was a very zealous Roman Catholic, and thus authorised by one who held a high position in the Church, and was, besides, the lady's uncle, he undertook, though not without reluctance, the somewhat delicate mission.

V.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

ONE afternoon the countess and her friend were strolling towards Ananasberg, in which stood a kind of pavilion where refreshments were sold, near which the band of one of the Prussian regiments stationed at Düsseldorf took up its position two or three times a week, and played military music, waltzes, and opera airs, for the amusement of the visitors, some of whom sauntered in the shady paths at the foot of the little eminence, while others sipped coffee as they sat round small tables placed in the open air on the lawn at the top of the hill. This was a fashionable resort of the beau monde of Düsseldorf, and might be looked upon as a kind of temple and grove dedicated to gossip and flirtation.

Bertha and Flora were just crossing the narrow bridge over the ornamental water in the Hof Gardens, which would have brought them to a winding path leading up to Ananasberg, when a gentleman, suddenly emerging from behind a clump of trees, stepped on the bridge at the distance of a few paces from them. The countess started back and grasped her cousin's arm, while she appeared to be trembling from head to foot. The stranger started also, and, as if labouring under a sudden attack of vertigo, he seized the light railing of the bridge, and held on by it.

Thus they stood at bay, as it were, for a few moments, gazing at each other, whilst Mrs. Lindsay, in utter amazement, looked at them both by turns. Then suddenly they both almost rushed forward, and the exclamation of but two words, "Rudolph!" "Bertha!" explained the mystery to Flora.

Surprise appeared to be the most predominant feeling of both, as the eyes of each rapidly scanned the other. Bertha remembered Rudolph as a gay, fresh-looking youth, with an exceedingly animated face and bright laughing eyes. She saw before her a man apparently ten years older than Rudolph should have looked, with a pale, melancholy, and almost haggard countenance, eyes that seemed dimmed either by intense study or deep sorrow, and a slouching, careless gait that bespoke indifference to outward appearances. He was still, however, very handsome, and his fine high brow betokened intelligence and superiority of mind.

Rudolph, on his part, was surprised to find the lovely little fairy, who used to be as wild and as sportive as the birds who winged their way in the clear air above, metamorphosed into a tall, elegant, dignified young woman, more celestial-looking than any of the Madonnas or saints he was accustomed to revere.

"Time works wonderful changes," he said, as he bowed respectfully to the countess.

"Wonderful changes indeed!" she replied, "when it induces you to accost your old playmate in this ceremonious manner." And she held out her hand cordially to him. He took it, and seemed about to carry it to his lips, according to the German fashion, when, slightly pressing it, he dropped it coldly. Bertha coloured deeply, and endeavoured to cover her embarrassment by introducing him to her cousin, Mrs. Lindsay. After a short consultation whether they should go on to Ananasberg or return

home, it was decided to go home, and as Rudolph walked by their side, the ladies could do no less than ask him in.

He spent the evening with them, and Flora found him much more agreeable than she had expected to do. His manners were mild and gentlemanly, he possessed a great deal of general information, and his conversation, though not so brilliant as that of the abbot of St. Dreux, was pleasant and easy. It was quite evident that he had never studied the art of dazzling in society, and that he did not seek to win his way by administering exhilarating draughts of skilful flattery.

Mrs. Lindsay observed that though he did not pay anything like marked attention to Bertha, his eyes followed every movement of hers, and that they rested on her sometimes for a few moments with an expression of deep sadness. When their guest rose to take leave, the countess gave him a general invitation to the house, and in thanking her for it he added that he would avail himself of her permission to visit them often while he remained in Düsseldorf.

Bertha's long-sought object was now attained : she had met Rudolph, and renewed her acquaintance with him. But how seldom is it in this world of mockery that we are satisfied even when our most cherished wishes have been fulfilled ! There always appears to be something wanting. The countess felt disappointed, she hardly knew why. Rudolph had been courteous and friendly, even kind in his manners, but his mind seemed pre-occupied ; there was no *abandon* of feeling on his part. After the momentary agitation which he had evinced on first meeting her so suddenly had passed away—and that might have arisen from the remembrance of his parents and his sister, all lost to him, not of *her* and their childish intimacy—he had been so perfectly calm, and had behaved so like any mere acquaintance of yesterday, that she could not cheat herself into the belief that *he* had treasured her image in his heart as *she* had treasured his.

"You are happy now, dear Bertha," said her cousin to her the next morning when they met at breakfast. "The lost is found; I congratulate you."

"We are strange creatures in this sublunary world," replied the countess ; "I am happy, and I am *not* happy. Rudolph is very, very much changed from what he was in former years. Of course it was foolish, it was utterly absurd on my part, to dream of seeing him as he was when we parted last, but I could not have anticipated such a change. He was a frank, off hand, lively youth ; now he is a reserved, grave, careworn-looking man. There is not one spark of his former vivacity left. Yet I am glad to see with my own eyes that he is well and at liberty. I had many misgivings that he had in some way or other been victimised by these Jesuits, or by the Inquisition, in spite of my uncle's assertion to the contrary. I wonder how he lives—whether he does anything to maintain himself?"

"That is a question you can hardly ask, I think," said Flora.

"Of course not. I should not venture to take the liberty of catechising him."

Mrs. Lindsay so decidedly disapproved of Bertha's romantic affection for Mr. von Feldheim, that she was not sorry to see that, as she fancied,

his manners had chilled her; she only hoped that his ice might not thaw under her sunny influence.

"If she can but be convinced that he has no penchant for her, her pride will come to the rescue, and restore her to a rational state of mind."

Mrs. Lindsay devoutly wished that this might be the upshot of their trip to Düsseldorf; not that she had observed anything to dislike in Mr. von Feldheim, but that she could not reconcile herself to the idea of her cousin marrying a Roman Catholic, and most probably becoming "a pervert." She was not so liberal in her opinions as Bertha, who could not understand why the partisans or professors of any one religious sect should take upon themselves to assume that *they* only were right in the sight of God.

"Alas!" exclaimed the countess to herself, "what presumption in blind, ignorant mortals to invest the Creator of the universe with their narrow-minded prejudices, and prejudice in His name the fate of their fellow-creatures in a future world!"

VI.

COUNT ROSENTHAL.

RUDOLPH VON FELDHEIM became an habitual visitor at the house of the young countess, but he did not always come alone. He was sometimes accompanied by a portly priest who resided at Düsseldorf, and officiated in one of the churches there. "Father Johannes," as he was commonly called, had introduced himself to Bertha as a friend of her uncle the abbot, and as having been formerly acquainted with her father.

He seemed a cheerful, good-natured sort of a man, and apparently did not trouble himself about her religion, for he never discussed points of belief, or alluded to her and Mrs. Lindsay's being heretics. With Mrs. Lindsay, however, he could hold but little conversation, as he did not speak English, and she was only learning German; but to Bertha he often poured out all the gossip of Düsseldorf, thinking, no doubt, that he was amusing her very much. She had nothing to say against him, except that he was "a bore." But to be a *bore* is a social sin, to which, generally, no mercy is extended.

For some time Bertha did not meet Mr. von Feldheim at any of the evening parties which were given at Düsseldorf, where the gay season had now commenced. She rallied him upon his hermit-like habits, and was not a little gratified when he promised to emerge from his self-imposed seclusion, and escort her and her cousin to a house where there was to be dancing. The countess secretly hoped that Rudolph would dance with her, and that this might help to make him shake off the unaccountable reserve which he always maintained. But, to her disappointment, she found that he did not dance, contenting himself with only looking on. It was mortifying to her, too, that her first partner, though a young man of very high rank, was short and awkward, so that she must have appeared to great disadvantage waltzing with him; but her spirits rose when she danced soon after with the tall and graceful Count Rosenthal, who was a devoted admirer of hers. It never occurred to her that

she was inadvertently misleading the poor count, or that Rudolph might deem her coquettish ; she was only thinking that, if she looked well, he might probably admire her as he used to do in his juvenile years.

Count Rosenthal was a major in a regiment of Prussian Hussars stationed at Düsseldorf, "that very military town ;" he was a member of an aristocratic family, and, what is not always the case among the German nobility, he was a young man of independent means. He did not owe his good looks entirely to the elegant and becoming light blue and silver uniform—in a plain black coat he would have been a handsome man, and he had also high-bred, charming manners. To the graces of his personal appearance was added an amiable disposition, a cultivated mind, and good principles. And, in Mrs. Lindsay's eyes, the greatest of all his qualifications was, that he was a *Protestant*. Often and often she drew comparisons, in her own thoughts, between him and Mr. von Feldheim, always to the disadvantage of the latter. There was something she deemed sinister about Rudolph ; Count Rosenthal, on the contrary, was frank and open. The difference, no doubt, was partly in the characters of the men themselves ; but also, in her prejudices against Papists, Mrs. Lindsay considered that their different religions had something to do in the matter.

She was vexed to observe how little impression the count's attention made upon Bertha, whom she would rather have seen Countess Rosenthal than Madame von Feldheim. It was, therefore, with no small pleasure that she beheld Bertha's unusual animation when dancing with the handsome young count that evening. Little did she imagine Bertha's motive for exerting herself as she did : that she was only bent on attracting Rudolph, not on pleasing her partner, and that she experienced no pleasure in his conversation, and was no way gratified by his complimentary speeches.

Mrs. Lindsay did not dance any more than Mr. von Feldheim. She had put on half mourning to please her cousin, but she could not as yet bring herself to enter *fully* into the amusements of society. Rudolph had but few acquaintances in the room, and Mrs. Lindsay was also almost a stranger ; she was Bertha's friend, and therefore he considered it his duty to devote himself very much to her. Flora was in no way elated by this attention, but she secretly hoped that it might pique Bertha, and occasion a little coldness on her part towards Rudolph. In this, however, she was mistaken, for the young countess was only very much gratified to see the kind attention her friend Mr. von Feldheim paid her cousin—which, of course, she put down to his wish to please *her*—and delighted to find that Flora seemed to get on so well with him.

Altogether, the evening passed pleasantly to Bertha, and also to Flora, who had found Rudolph much more agreeable than she had ever before thought him. As to poor Count Rosenthal, he was in the seventh heaven, having been quite elated by Bertha's having danced with him more frequently than with any one else, and, as he fancied, having given him a great deal of encouragement.

THE DYING FLOWER-GIRL.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

O BRING me flowers! I would once more
Gaze on their long-loved, sunny bloom,
Kiss their sweet leaves ere life be o'er,
And die upon their rich perfume:
Man shapes his gems, God made the flowers,
First dropt to earth from Heaven's own bowers.

O give me flowers! my childhood's day
Passed 'mid their beauties, but my hand
No more shall pluck them, blooming gay
By hedgerow's side, or river's strand,
No more shall bear the fragrant spoil,
Death ending now my happy toil.

O give me flowers! their rich, soft dyes
Of innocence and virtue speak;
Methinks the angels in yon skies
Are, like earth's flow'rets, pure and meek;
Bright things, they sure might bloom above,
Symbols of peace and holy love.

O give me flowers! as I depart
My lips would drink their honeyed breath,
Their odours, while they glad my heart,
Will chase the faintness e'en of death:
Place them before my closing eye,
I'll bless them, think of God, and die.

I hold them now, bright, precious things,
Dear lowly glories of the field;
As musing memory backward wings,
These flowers a farewell rapture yield;
They speak to me of blissful years,
Unmark'd by pain, undimmed by tears.

The love I've read of, burning strong
In woman's breast, through youth's warm hours;
The love that bards have given to song,
I've lavished on those idol-flowers;
The passion, like a deepening stream,
Strengthens with life's fast-closing dream.

And when this heart shall cease to beat,
Let flowers beside me breathe perfume;
O let me take them, fresh and sweet,
Type of life's morning, to the tomb;
And on the turf, in after hours,
Spring up! spring up! dear worshipp'd flowers.

THE EMPEROR JULIAN.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

MR. JOHN STUART MILL, in one of those able Discussions and Dissertations (so called) which have not altogether commanded the attention their intrinsic merit deserves, has some pointed remarks on that school of historians, and historical reviewers, who, when they pass judgment on actions or personages that have figured in history, apply to them in the crudest form the canons of some modern party or creed. If the historian, or historical critic, essayist, reviewer, of this type, be a Tory, and Greece his subject, everything Athenian must be cried down, and Philip and Dionysius must be washed white as snow, lest Pericles and Demosthenes should not be sufficiently black. If he be a Liberal, then Cæsar and Cromwell, and all usurpers similar to them, are "damned to everlasting fame." If he be of a particular section of the Church of England, Gregory VII. must be an ambitious impostor, because Leo X. was a self-indulgent voluptuary; John Knox nothing but a coarse-minded fanatic, because the historian does not like John Wesley. Or "is he a disbeliever of revelation? a short-sighted, narrow-minded Julian becomes his pattern of a prince, and the heroes and martyrs of Christianity objects of scornful pity."*

We have all of us known such misrepresentative men,—in person, or in print. Many a young, inquiring mind, just beginning to detect flaws in its conventional creed, and disposed to say in its haste that all men are liars,—the hitherto suspected few alone excepted,—illustrates by experience and example this crisis in the phases of faith. Clive Newcome, even, is made to pass through some such transition or revulsion of opinion and sympathy, during his sojourn in modern Rome, where at every turn there is a temple, in every court a brawling fountain—and where besides the people of the streets and houses, and the army of priests black and brown, there's a great silent population of marble—battered gods tumbled out of Olympus and broken in the fall, and set up under niches and over fountains—with senators namelessly, noselessly, noiselessly seated under archways, or lurking in courts and gardens. "I say, Pen, I wish Warington would write the history of the Last of the Pagans. Did you never have a sympathy for them, as the monks came rushing into their temples, kicking down their poor altars, smashing the fair calm faces of their gods, and sending their vestals a-flying? They are always preaching here about the persecution of the Christians. Are not the churches full of martyrs with choppers in their meek heads; virgins on gridirons; riddled St. Sebastians, and the like? But have they never persecuted in their turn? Oh, me! you and I know better, who were bred up near to the pens of Smithfield, where Protestants and Catholics have taken their turn to be roasted."†

* See the review of Michelet's *France*, in vol. ii. of *Dissertations and Discussions*, by J. S. Mill.

† The *Newcomes*, ch. xxxv.

With feelings attuned to this key, and set to this pitch, do many regard the career of Julian the Apostate—the would-be rehabilitator of effete Paganism, the alleged and well-abused persecutor of the Christian faith. Young Robert Southey, flushed with the first fever of free-thinking, writes from Balliol College, Oxford, at the age of nineteen, in vindication of philosophy, as he understood, cultivated, and practised it. "Honour cannot bestow it," he writes, "persecution cannot take it away. It illumined the prison of Socrates, but fled the triumph of Octavius; it shrank from the savage murderer, Constantine; it dignified the tent of Julian."* "In conduct," affirms Zanoni, in Sir Edward Lytton's mystical romance, "Julian had the virtues of a Christian, and Constantine the vices of a Pagan. The sentiments of Julian reconverted thousands to Paganism; those of Constantine helped, under Heaven's will, to bow to Christianity the nations of the earth."† (This is said in illustration of the speaker's thesis, that the conduct of the individual can affect but a small circle beyond himself—the permanent good or evil that he works to others lying rather in the sentiments he can diffuse:—his acts are limited and momentary; his sentiments may pervade the universe, and inspire generations till the day of doom.)

Easy it were to multiply pages of eulogy, of every kind and degree, on Julian from *all* sorts from men. Such as Gabriel Naudé, who pays homage to "cet empereur, autant décrié pour son apostasie que renommé pour plusieurs vertus et perfections qui lui ont été particulières."‡ Or Montaigne, who signalises him as, "in truth, a very great and rare man; a man in whose soul philosophy was imprinted in the best characters, by which he professed to govern all his actions." Indeed, there is no kind of virtue, Montaigne declares, of which Julian has not left behind him very notable examples,—chastity, justice, sobriety, military vigilance, dauntless courage and endurance. In his death, Montaigne sees something parallel to that of Epaminondas,—for he was wounded with an arrow, and tried to pull it out, but only to cut and disable his hand; in which condition he incessantly demanded to be carried again into the heat of the battle, to encourage his soldiers. In matter of religion, Montaigne owns him to have been "wrong throughout;" and alluding to his surname of the Apostate, "for having relinquished ours," remarks, "but methinks, 'tis more likely that he had never thoroughly embraced it, but had dissembled, out of obedience to the laws, until he came to the empire." He was in his own so superstitious, adds Montaigne,§ who could get up no sort of sympathy with this side of Julian's character, that he was laughed at for it by those of the same opinion, of his own time, who jeeringly said that had he got the victory over the Parthians, he had destroyed the breed of oxen in the world, to supply his sacrifices. But foibles apart, Montaigne evidently eyes Julian with as much favour, or more, than Gibbon himself, who paints so engaging a portrait of that Emperor's studious youth, his affable manners, and his success in establishing in the school of Athens a general prepossession towards his virtues and talents, which was soon diffused over the Roman world.||

* Life and Letters of R. Southey, vol. i. p. 181.

† Zanoni, book ii. ch. v.

§ *Essais*, c. xix.

‡ *Apologie*, ch. viii.

|| Gibbon, *Roman Empire*, ch. xix., *passim*.

True, that Gibbon admits the retired scholastic education of Julian to have left him in profound ignorance of the practical arts of war and government; inasmuch that when he awkwardly rehearsed some military exercise which it was necessary for him to learn, he could not but exclaim with a sigh, "O Plato, Plato, what a task for a philosopher!" Yet even this speculative philosophy, urges Gibbon, which men of business are too apt to despise, had filled the mind of Julian with the noblest precepts, and the most shining examples; had animated him with the love of virtue, the desire of fame, and the contempt of death.

"The habits of temperance, recommended in the schools, are still more essential in the severe discipline of a camp. The simple wants of nature regulated the measure of his food and sleep. Rejecting with disdain the delicacies provided for his table, he satisfied his appetite with the coarse and common fare which was allotted to the meanest soldiers. During the rigour of a Gallic winter, he never suffered a fire in his bed-chamber; and after a short and interrupted slumber, he frequently rose in the middle of the night from a carpet spread on the floor, to despatch any urgent business, to visit his rounds, or to steal a few moments for the prosecution of his favourite studies. . . . He derived from these an inflexible regard for justice, tempered by a disposition to clemency; the knowledge of the general principles of equity and evidence, and the faculty of patiently investigating the most intricate and tedious questions which could be proposed for his discussion. . . . A tender regard for the peace and happiness of his subjects, was the ruling principle which directed, or seemed to direct the administration of Julian. He devoted the leisure of his winter quarters [A.D. 359] to the offices of civil government; and affected to assume, with more pleasure, the character of a magistrate, than that of a general. . . . His salutary influences restored the cities of Gaul, which had been so long exposed to the evils of civil discord, barbarian war, and domestic tyranny; and the spirit of industry revived with the hope of enjoyment.

"While the Romans languished under the ignominious tyranny of eunuchs and bishops, the praises of Julian were repeated with transport in every part of the empire, except in the palace of Constantius. The barbarians of Germany had felt, and still dreaded, the arms of the young Caesar; his soldiers were the companions of his victory; the grateful provincials enjoyed the blessings of his reign; but the favourites, who had opposed his elevation, were offended by his virtues; and they justly considered the friend of the people as the enemy of the court. As long as the fame of Julian was doubtful, the buffoons of the palace, who were skilled in the language of satire, tried the efficacy of those arts which they had so often practised with success. They easily discovered that his simplicity was not exempt from affectation: the ridiculous epithets of a hairy savage, of an ape invested with the purple, were applied to the dress and person of the philosophic warrior; and his modest despatches were stigmatised as the vain and elaborate fictions of a loquacious Greek, a speculative soldier, who had studied the art of war amidst the groves of the academy. The voice of malicious folly was at length silenced by the shouts of victory; the conqueror of the Franks and Allemanni could no longer be painted as an object of contempt. . . . The throne of Julian, which the death of Constantius fixed on an independent basis, was the

seat of reason, of virtue, and perhaps of vanity. He despised the honours, renounced the pleasures, and discharged with incessant diligence the duties, of his exalted station. . . . His knowledge of his own temper prompted him to encourage, and even to solicit, the reproof of his friends and ministers. . . . Julian sustained adversity with firmness, and prosperity with moderation. . . . Even faction, and religious faction, was constrained to acknowledge the superiority of his genius, in peace as well as in war; and to confess with a sigh that the apostate Julian was a lover of his country, and that he deserved the empire of the world.”*

Ductor fortissimus armis;
Conditor et legum celeberrimus; ore manique
Consultor patriæ; sed non consultor habendæ
Religionis; amans tercentum millia Divum.
Perfidus ille Deo, sed non et perfidus orbi.†

Chateaubriand, tutelary genius though he was accounted of the Genius of Christianity, had what his biographer calls a *faible secret* for the Emperor Julian. “Had he but remained,” Chateaubriand was sure, “in his endeared Lutetia [Paris], afar from the Court and from that raillery of the eunuchs which was excited by his awkwardness and embarrassment of manner, Julian would have continued a Christian. It was Constantinople and the purple that made an apostate of him.”‡ And on another occasion, when the Comte de Marcellus happened to be relating to his diplomatic chief, during their official residence in London, a visit he had paid to Julian’s villa, and the Emperor’s letter in description of it,§ Chateaubriand remarked, “I have been very much taken up with Julian the Apostate—whom such a surname deeply wrongs, in so far as it distinctively implies that such a thing as apostacy is rare.”|| The view taken by M. Emile Lamé—distinguished as a leading contributor to the *Revue Nationale*—is, that Julian the Apostate can no longer be regarded either as the fierce persecutor represented to us by legends, or as the sceptic whom nationalist historians love to depict. “It is now ascertained that this pretended champion of Paganism never attempted to re-establish it—that this fanciful reactionist was in reality a practical reformer—that this pious admirer of Greek philosophy knew little about Greek philosophy, and understood still less—that this dreadful enemy of the Christians was one of the most genuine Christians of his own or of any age, a brother of the Fathers of the Church, separated from them by mere verbal differences, but intimately related to them in theology, ethics, mystical aspirations, and profound belief in a redeeming God and a world beyond the grave.”¶ Paradoxical enough, monsieur. But the subject of the Apostate is fertile in paradoxes, and apt to infect those who handle it with a taint of these infirmities. Paradox is the original sin of those who would fain be original writers about Julian and his creed.

* Gibbon, ch. xxii., *passim*.

† Prudentius *Apotheos*. 450 *sqq.*—In these lines, the consciousness of a generous sentiment, it has been remarked by Gibbon (whose taste for Christian poets was a negative quality), “seems to have raised the Christian poet above his usual mediocrity.”

‡ Chateaubriand *et son Temps*, par M. de Marcellus.

§ Nonnos, *Introd.* lvi.

|| Marcellus, p. 444.

¶ Julien l’Apostat. Par Emile Lamé. 1861.

Some readers may think Lord Kenyon's view as near the mark as the majority of these wire-drawn theories. On the trial of a bookseller, for publishing Paine's "Age of Reason," his lordship, in his charge to the jury, enumerated many celebrated men who had been sincere Christians; and, after having enforced the example of Locke and Newton, said, or is said to have said (*mais c'est différent* :) "Nor, gentlemen, is this belief confined to men of comparative seclusion, since men the greatest and most distinguished both as philosophers and as monarchs have enforced this belief, and shown its influence by their conduct. Above all, gentlemen, need I name to you the Emperor Julian, who was so celebrated for the practice of every Christian virtue that he was called Julian the Apostle."*

When a Christian, as Coleridge incidentally remarks (in defending his friend and ally, Robert Southey, from the charge of flagrant political apostasy,)—when a Christian has been tempted or tortured into a renunciation of his baptismal faith, by Turks or Moors, the Christians anathematise him as an Apostate and Renegado; but the Mahometans praise and protect him as a convert. "When Julian, with the Imperial Power, assumed the Pontificate, the Fathers of the Catholic Church named him Julian the Apostate; but the Heathen Priests and Philosophers hailed him the divine *Anaclele* (the Re-called,) the re-ascending Apollo, and the Defender of the Faith."† Professor Kingsley's philosophical romance of Alexandria and Neo-Platonism, exemplifies in Hypatia one who regards Julian in this glorifying light. "Ah!" she sighs at times, "that Julian had lived a generation later! That I could have brought all my hard-earned treasures to the feet of the Poet of the Sun, and cried, 'Take me!—Hero, warrior, statesman, sage, priest of the God of Light! Take thy slave! Command her—seal her—to martyrdom, if thou wilt!' A petty price that would have been wherewith to buy the honour of being the meanest of thy apostles, the fellow-labourer of Jamblichus, Maximus, Libanius, and the choir of sages who upheld the throne of the last true Cæsar!"‡ In a subsequent chapter we have a dialogue between the ironical Prefect and earnest-hearted Hypatia, in which the former, while disavowing any disposition to "impugn that great man's [Julian's] wisdom," yet begs leave to remark, that to judge by the existing state of the empire, one has a right to say that he failed. Hypatia loftily replies to the sneerer, that "the Sun-God whom Julian loved took him to himself, too early, by a hero's death." And the moment he was removed, Orestes rejoins, the wave of Christian barbarism rolled back again into its old channel. Hypatia can only sigh, Ah! had he but lived twenty years longer! Which draws from Orestes the sarcastic suggestion, that the Sun-God, perhaps, was not so solicitous "as we are" for the success of his high-priest's projects. At this, Hypatia reddens, with a mistrust that Orestes may, all the time, have been laughing in his sleeve at her and her hopes of Paganism Restored. "Do not blaspheme," is therefore her solemnly uttered rebuke. Heaven forbid! the frivolous, mocking, epicurean Prefect gravely resumes: he only offers one possible explanation of a plain fact. The other is, that as Julian was not going quite

* This was one of Coleridge's stock stories. See *Letters, Conversations, &c.* of S. T. Coleridge, 1835.

† *Essays on his own Times*, by S. T. Coleridge, III. 956.

‡ *Hypatia*, ch. xiv.

the right way to work to restore the worship of the Olympians, the Sun-God found it expedient to withdraw him from his post, and now sends in his place Hypatia the philosopher, who will be wise enough to avoid Julian's error, and not copy the Galilæans too closely, by imitating a severity of morals at which they are the only true and natural adepts. "So Julian's error was that of being too virtuous!" the virgin philosopher replies: "If it be so, let me copy him, and fail like him. The fault will then not be mine, but fate's." Not in being too virtuous himself, Orestes explains, but in trying to make others so,—forgetting one half of Juvenal's great dictum about "*Panem et Circenses*," as the absolute and overruling necessities of rulers. "He tried to give the people the bread without the games. . . He should rather have been content to keep his purity to himself, and have gone to Antioch not merely as a philosophic high-priest, with a beard of questionable cleanliness, to offer sacrifices to a god in whom—forgive me—nobody in Antioch had believed for many a year."* And so the Prefect goes on, arguing indirectly, but effectively, despite his curling lip and stealthy sneer, against the practicability, even in his own day, of such a restoration of the rotten, and such a revivification of the dead and gone, as it was the imposing and self-imposed mission of Julian to bring about.

It has been remarked of the late King of Prussia, Frederick William the Fourth, that he was always endeavouring to refer the present to the past, or to bring political problems within the range of some generalisation which might pass for a principle;—and further, that the bitterest among the thousand satires which were provoked by that monarch's character and conduct, consisted in an ostensible biography of Julian the Apostate, by the celebrated Strauss. The reactionist Emperor, we are reminded, was moral in his private conduct, literary in his tastes, and willing to benefit the world, on condition that mankind would go one or two centuries back. His fanciful attachment to the Paganism which had long been growing obsolete, rendered him incapable of understanding the generation which it was his business to govern.

"The antiquated superstition which might have been tolerated or despised as a private eccentricity, was intolerable in a Roman Emperor; and, according to the biographer's judgment, the charge of apostasy from the highest form of contemporary truth would be equally applicable to a modern ruler who attempted to govern on mediæval principles. In some points it was urged that even Julian might, as Parr said of the Irish rebel to Mackintosh, have been considerably worse. The Emperor never broke his promise of granting a Constitution, he treated no neighbouring sovereign with unbecoming weakness, and he was personally brave. It is gratifying to find in a German writer traits of genuine humour or of felicitous malignity. The allusive description of Frederick William was of course exaggerated and unjust; but, with the unerring instinct of animosity, it represented on an increased scale the real foibles of his character. If he had been a successor of Constantine, he might perhaps have thought that the Olympian Gods had been unduly vilified, and although he had a warm sympathy with the cause of human improvement, he invariably disapproved of the means of promoting it which were practicable because they were popular."†

* Hypatia, ch. xx.

† *Saturday Review*, No. 271.

Who, inquires M. de Sacy, in his discursive treatise on Heresy in the nineteenth century, who was that Julian, on whom the Christian Church conferred the honour of sur naming him the Apostate? A literary emperor. *Un homme de lettres empereur.* Julian, he contends, was a pagan in imagination only. The real god Julian worshipped was Homer. He sacrificed to the arts and to poetry, to glory and to the conquests of the Roman armies, under the titles severally of Jupiter, and Venus, and Apollo, and Mars. The statuary of Phidias was so beautiful! The temples with which Grecian art had covered the face of the earth, were so simple, so noble, so graceful! "Paganisme d'homme de lettres!"* Treating of mysticism, and enforcing the text that "toute âme dévote est mystique à ses heures," M. Jules Simon observes that Julian's spirit was devoid of the true mystical feeling, of what is tender and devotional in it; and that he had a belief in spiritual ecstasy, without any experimental acquaintance with it, such as Proclus and other unquestionable *dévots* of that school rejoiced in. "Il n'y avait pas de tendresse dans l'âme de l'empereur Julian. Il croyait à l'extase et ne la sentait pas; Proclus y croyait et l'éprouvait."† The historian of Port-Royal comments on "ce mélange bizarre de fanatisme païen et de fatuité philosophique associés aux qualités d'un héros et d'un esprit supérieur."‡ M. Philaret Chasles, at sundry times and in divers manners discusses the emperor and expounds the drift of his philosophy. As where, in treating of the stale trick of *raffoler de chevalerie* in the age of Francis I., when chivalry was no more, he remarks that in all ages the spectacle has been repeated of some fallen and almost forgotten institution exciting a belated and factitious enthusiasm, and "exalting" the minds of men for the passing hour. As Francis I. and his sister were all for reviving and reproducing chivalry; or as the renaissance of the fifteenth century found so much Platonic affection in the Medicis; "ainsi, l'empereur Julian espérait faire revivre l'ancienne mythologie."§ In his treatise on Paganism in the fourth century, M. Chasles dilates on the *teinte semi-chrétienne du paganisme* which marks the life and works of this eccentric emperor. "Cet empereur bizarre, demi-chrétien, demi-platonicien, poète avant tout, est dévot à Jupiter et au soleil, comme un chrétien catholique est dévot à la vierge Marie et à saint Jean-Baptiste."|| Restrictions on the religious fancy of ancient Greece were ever on the increase, and most forcibly, as Mr. Grote observes, does the mystic and didactic stamp which marked the last century of paganism in the days of Julian and Libanius, contrast with the concrete and vivacious forms, full of vigorous impulse and alive to all the capricious gusts of the human temperament, which people the Homeric Olympus.¶

If Christianity mounted the throne in the person of Constantine, Neoplatonism dethroned it, and usurped its place in the person of Julian the Apostate. But now mark the difference, as the Biographical Historian

* De Sacy, *Essais Morales*, t. ii., "Hérésie du XIX^e Siècle."

† Le Devoir, par Jules Simon; deuxième partie, ch. iv.

‡ Sainte-Beuve, *essai sur Gibbon*, 1853.

§ *Etudes sur le XVI^e Siècle*, p. 83.

|| *Etudes sur les premiers temps du Christianisme*, § xvii., *La Paganisme au IV^e Siècle*.

¶ Grote, *History of Greece*, vol. i. ch. xvi.

of Philosophy bids us: "In losing Constantine, Christianity lost nothing of its real power; for its power lay in the might of convictions, and not in the support of potentates; its power was a spiritual power, ever active, ever fruitful. In losing Julian, Neo-Platonism lost its power, political and religious."*

To the same effect, in another style, is the picture by M. Chasles of this moribund struggle in this transition age: "*Voici la religion mourante qui vient demander aux souvenirs de Romulus et de Numa l'aumône d'un peu de vie que lui manque. Après ce dernier effort le paganisme expire, et Rome avec lui; l'institution romaine disparaît.*"†

For, as Mr. Kingsley has picturesquely proved, Julian's last attempt to restore paganism by imperial influence only showed that the old faith had lost all hold upon the hearts of the masses; and at his death the great tide-wave of new opinion rolled on unchecked, and the rulers of earth were fain to swim with the stream.‡

Julian had done what in him lay to stem and turn back that great tide-wave. His hatred of Christianity was "extreme," says one of the most moderate of Roman Catholic critics; who goes on to remark that though the means which Julian adopted for the promotion of learning were highly commendable, yet his views were so illiberal that he refused the aid of science to the professors of the new religion, in order, as far as lay in his power, to oppress them with the reproach of ignorance. He forbade their public masters to teach; and as they believe not, said he, in the gods, whose names are repeated in the very authors whom they most love to interpret, let them repair rather to the assemblies of the Galileans, and there comment on the works of Matthew and Luke.§ It was little to restore Paganism, if he could not also ruin Christianity. Now Julian was well aware, from experience, that, on the one hand, oppression does but beget hypocrisy; and on the other, that martyrdom was, for Christianity, not a principle of death, but a source of life. His aim therefore was, in constructing his scheme of polemics, to avoid making either hypocrites or Christians—both of whom he accounted a nuisance on the face of the earth. "Neither fire nor the sword," was his saying, "changes a man." He had recourse, accordingly, to a system of professed toleration which was only, as M. Nourisson|| defines it, *un système de perfides combinaisons*. He directed against Christians a calculated series of *accablantes mesures*. He derided them under the appellation of Galileans,—as though the query were still in full force, Can any good thing come out of Galilee? He favoured Jews and Arians at the expense of the orthodox. Then again he intrigued against them, caught them with guile, caressed them, entangled them in statecraft webs cunningly devised in both warp and woof. He prohibited their cultivation of what North Britain styles Humanity, academically speaking. Blood might not flow within sight and ken of the philosophic emperor. But he could and would proscribe without ruth; and in parts of the empire removed

* *Lowe's, Biograph. Hist. of Philosophy, Ninth Epoch, ch. ii.*

† *Le Paganisme au IV^e Siècle, p. 167.*

‡ See Introduction to "*Hypatia*," p. ix.

§ *Berington, Literary History of the Middle Ages, book i.*

|| *Progrès de la Pensée Humaine, ch. xx.*

from his immediate presence, paganism was up and doing in the reactions of vengeance against the new, and recently established faith.

The character of the persecution under Julian might be worse defined than by that stout old Huguenot captain, Madame de Maintenon's celebrated grandsire,—Captain Sword and Captain Pen in one :

Il ne tacha de sang sa robe ni sa main ;
 Il avait la main pure et n'allumait les flammes :
 Ses couteaux et ses feux n'attaquaient que les âmes.
 Il n'entamait les corps, mais privait les esprits]
 De pâture de vie ; il semait le mépris
 Aux plus volages cœurs, étouffant par la crainte
 La sainte déité dedans les cœurs éteinte.*

What extreme of persecution he might have sanctioned, or enforced, had he lived to the years of a Tiberius, or even of a Nero, there is no telling. As it was—and fact is pleasanter by far than speculation, in such a case ; for it is neither profitable nor comfortable to speculate in any such stock of contingent remainders ;—as it was, Julian was no persecutor of the Diocletian type, although by vulgar error he is too commonly classed with that sanguinary series.

Modern assailants have done him this wrong. More justice was accorded him in the darkest of the dark ages, if we may judge by a German tragedy-piece of the eleventh century, entitled, "The Conversion of Gallicanus," in which Julian, though playing the part of an active persecutor, does not appear as a ferocious and stupid one, such as, M. Villemain observes,† the legend writers of the sixth century would have imagined him,—and M. Villemain might perhaps have added, those of certain later centuries, far on in their teens.

Did not Julian—the Hypatia of fiction asks Orestes—did not Julian (her avowed model) forbid the persecution of the Galilæans, considering them sufficiently punished by their own atheism and self-tormenting superstition ? "Another small error of that great man," is the Prefect's reply. "He should have recollected that for three hundred years, nothing, not even the gladiators themselves, had been found to put the mob in such good humour as to see a few Christians, especially young and handsome women, burned alive, or thrown to the lions." And later in the conference,‡ this plain practical statesman, as he claims to be considered, assures Hypatia that, as Julian, after all, found it necessary to compel—so, if he had lived seven years more, would he have found it necessary to persecute.

M. Jules Simon makes out that Julian *did* persecute, in the utmost breadth and blackness of that term ; for to burn one's subjects for difference in religious opinion is surely persecution in as broad and black a sense as need be. And Julian is M. Jules Simon's stock example of the proposition that even philosophy can be intolerant. "Elle l'a été sous Julien, qui condamnait les chrétiens au feu parce qu'ils refusaient d'adorer les dieux de l'empire."§ In his more recent disquisition, however, on Liberty of Conscience, the same impressive and thoughtful writer enters more at length, and with more precision, on the subject of Julian's anti-

* Agrippa d'Aubigné, *Les Tragiques*.

† *Tableau de la Littérature du Moyen Age*.

‡ Hypatia, ch. xx.

§ *La Religion Naturelle*, 4^{me} partie, "Le Culte."

Christian coercion ; and shows the gradual advances he made in the scale of persecution, without however reaching the grand finale of conflagration aforesaid. If this emperor had, in his character of philosopher, M. Simon observes, proclaimed freedom of religious creed and worship, as it was his duty to do, he would perhaps have not been understood by his contemporaries. A few words he did pronounce in behalf of liberty of conscience, as Constantine had done before him ; but we descry in him, from the very outset, a man bent on avenging himself for prolonged oppression—one whom passion hurries on to acts of reprisal, in despite of his judgment. At first he was content with expressing disdainful pity for such a sorry set as those Galilæans, and with cashiering them from offices of state. He wrote against them, and they took the liberty of writing, quite freely, against him. The controversy soon became a bitter one. The sophist remembered that he was emperor, and took to answering their pamphlets by imperial decrees. Two of these *ordonnances* will always be a blot upon his memory, because, says M. Simon, they “inaugurated” the system of perfidious persecution, as distinguished from that of bloody persecution under Diocletian. The first is that which despoils the churches, on the pretext that the Gospel recommends poverty, and that to impoverish Christians is to do them service, and smooth their pathway to the realms of bliss. The second decrees the closing of their academies, and restricts them to the curriculum of Luke and Matthew,—“for these,” said Julian, “are their theologians, as Homer and Hesiod are ours.” On which double stroke of coercive policy, M. Simon remarks, “C’est déjà la politique de Philippe de Bel.” And he follows up his strictures on these *odieuses manœuvres* of a *grand prince*, who, in his quality of philosopher, was bound beyond all others to respect the rights of liberty of conscience, by pointing the moral of Julian’s failure—showing that his *tentative* was but an ephemeral episode in the great epic of the Church’s history ; for when he died, at the age of thirty-two, in a battle against the Persians, the proscribed cult resumed its place, as under the Constantine régime, with all the honours ; and judges and victims changed place once more,* almost with the celerity of Lear’s Handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?

It was under the most thoroughly depraved of all the emperors, Commodus and Heliogabalus, that Christianity was least interfered with. They, as Mr. Buckle observes, were too reckless of the future, too selfish, too absorbed in their own infamous pleasures, to mind whether truth or error prevailed ; and being thus indifferent to the welfare of their subjects, they cared nothing about the progress of a creed, which they, as Pagan emperors, were bound to regard as a fatal and impious delusion. “They, therefore, allowed Christianity to run its course, unchecked by those penal laws which more honest, but more mistaken, rulers would assuredly have enacted.” Mr. Buckle points, in illustration of this, to Marcus Aurelius in the first place, and, in the second, to Julian, “the last and one of the most strenuous of the opponents of Christianity, who occupied the throne of the Cæsars ;”—“a prince of eminent probity, whose opinions are often attacked, but against whose moral conduct even calumny itself has hardly breathed a suspicion.”†

* La Liberté de Conscience, par Jules Simon, p. 79.

† Buckle, Hist. of Civilisation, vol. i. p. 169.

Not but that the "eminent probity" here attributed to Julian has been, and again will be, demurred to. Mr. de Quincey, for one, bluffly declares Julian to have been "an unprincipled and malicious liar," "in its original sense the first deliberate *miscreant*." So far as the Apostate was concerned, not for a moment would De Quincey have suspended the descending scourge of Gregory Nazianzen. Cut him to the bone, the Opium-eater would (he affirms) have exclaimed at the time: lay the knout into every "raw" that can be found! "For we are of opinion that Julian's duplicity is not yet adequately understood." Nevertheless, what was right as regarded the claims of the criminal, was not right, this critic allows, as regarded the duties of his opponent. "Even in this mischievous renegade, trampling with his orang-outang hoofs the holiest of truths, a Christian bishop ought still to have respected his sovereign, through the brief period that he *was* such, and to have commiserated his benighted brother, however wilfully astray, and however hatefully seeking to quench that light for other men, which, for his own forgiving heart, we could undertake to show that he never *did* succeed in quenching."* One fears that had so trenchant a literary swordsman as Mr. de Quincey been of the same generation with Gregory, Christian Bishop, and Julian, Pagan Emperor and Apostate, he might rather, in his impassioned zeal, have backed and perhaps topped the "furious lampoon" of the former, than set an example of reverential loyalty towards that benighted brother; the hoofed orang-outang in the purple.

Perhaps the best that can be said for Gregory (and the less said the better), is what Mr. Maurice says for him,—that he was κατ' ἐξοχήν, a theologian. No doubt he had a philosophical education at Athens; but the use he made of his philosophy was to refute the Arians, and those who, like his fellow-pupil Julian, deserted Christianity for philosophy. "Of this emperor, as the representative of the Neoplatonists, we have always considered that Gregory spoke with an asperity and unfirmness which are unworthy of his general character."†

Athena and its philosophy were a great fact in the education of Julian—leaving their mark on him for life. Basil and Gregory, his college chums, might cleave with full purpose of heart to the Galilean; but Greece was all in all to the Apostate. Inasmuch that Dean Milman remarks, that the Emperor Julian, during his short and eventful reign, might seem to have forgotten that there was such a city as Rome. (Paris, Athens, Constantinople, Antioch, Jerusalem, perhaps Alexandria, might seem to be the only Imperial cities worthy of his regard.) It was a Greek religion which he aspired to restore; his philosophy was Greek; his writings Greek; he taught, ruled, worshipped, perished in the East.‡

We read in Gibbon how inviolably Julian preserved for Athens that tender regard, which seldom fails to arise in a liberal mind, from the recollection of the place where it has discovered and exercised its growing powers;—besides that he had discovered from his earliest youth, a propensity, or rather passion, for the language, the manners, the learning, and the religion of the Greeks.§ "The venerable age of Greece," elsewhere writes the historian of her capten-rival's Decline and Fall, "excited the

* De Quincey, *The Pagan Oracles*.

† *Medieval Philosophy*, by F. D. Maurice, ch. ii.

‡ Milman, *Latin Christianity*, vol. i. ch. ii.

§ Gibbon, *Roman Empire*, ch. xix.

most tender compassion in the mind of Julian, which kindled into rapture when he recollected the gods, the heroes, and the men superior to heroes and to gods, who had bequeathed to the latest posterity the monuments of their genius, or the example of their virtues."* Hence the *empressement* with which he relieved the distress, and restored the beauty, of the cities of Epirus and Peloponnesus: Athens acknowledged him for her benefactor; Argos, for her deliverer. Hence, too, his ambition to rank with the classics of that immortal language,—and so far at least to succeed as to be bracketed with Marcus Aurelius by a nineteenth-century critic, of his own beloved Lutetia, as, the literary pair of them, "empereurs de Rome, deux grands hommes," who "écrivent en grec avec élégance et dignité."† The same critic recognises in Julian an author endowed with a lofty spirit, with real nobility of mind and the most brilliant talent, and who combines in his style, which reflects a light as from the east, *un reflet oriental*, the manner at once of Lucian and of Xenophon.

The yet extant portion of Julian's voluminous writings, remains as a monument (in Gibbon's‡ phrase) of the application, as well as (or, if not) of the genius of the emperor:—the *Misopogon*, the *Cæsars*, several of his orations, and his elaborate work against the Christian religion, having been composed in the long nights of the two winters, the former of which he passed at Constantinople, and the latter at Antioch.

The "*Misopogon*" was written by him in retaliation on the people of Antioch, who indulged wholesale in gibe and jeer on the emperor's philosophical austerity, his seedy attire, and especially his uncombed beard. For, like the "wretch" in the Castle of Indolence,

And sure his linen was not very clean.

while, as respects his personnel, the parallel is complete; both type and antitype being

Unkempt and rough, of squalid face and mien.§

Or perhaps another shadow of the Imperial presence might be found in that other morbid-hued denizen of the same locale,

Whose black rough beard was matted rank and vile;
Direful to see! a heart-appalling sight!||

But the people of Antioch were less gruelled by the satire of the *Misopogon*, than by the rapacity of the governor whom Julian placed over them, when he left their city on his expedition against the Persians.

With some sixty-five thousand men he set off on that expedition—crossing the Euphrates, and in Mesopotamia carrying all before him—crossing the Tigris, and taking Ctesiphon—but there an end. The light cavalry of Sapor, King of Persia, were too many and too much for even the solid weight and serried ranks of the Roman legions. In a skirmish on the 25th of June, A.D. 363, Julian met his death-wound, from a javelin that found lodgment in his liver, and left him but a day to linger

* Gibbon, *Roman Empire*, ch. xxii.

† *Etudes sur l'Antiquité*, par Fr. Chasles, § ix.

‡ *Roman Empire*, ch. xxii.

§ Thomson, *Castle of Indolence*, c. i. st. 67.

|| *Ibid.*, c. ii. st. 77.

here on earth. Calmly he prepared for the inevitable hour, so near at hand, so consciously near. Calmly, as Socrates over the poison-cup, he addressed, and counselled, and consoled his friends. At nightfall on the 26th, his wound began to bleed afresh, thirst came upon him, and his breath failed. About midnight—the very witching time of night, when graves do yawn—he died, whom men damn as the Apostate,* but whose doom is dependent upon other than a human court.

POLAND AND RUSSIA.

BY CYRUS REDDING.

WHEN Nicholas, sovereign of all the Russias, outraging Europe and humanity, set at nought the honour of princes by his bold violation of the Treaty of Vienna in regard to Poland, and when, further, he justified the actions of his brother Constantine before 1831, in relation to that unfortunate country, he treated with contempt the allies who were bound to call him to account for such an unjustifiable insult to themselves and to humanity. It was not difficult to foresee that the seeds of future troubles were thus sown among bordering nations. On every side a false view was taken of the honour of Russia. In regard to Poland, she was guilty of a gross violation of all principle. The failure of Napoleon I. at Moscow, caused, in reality, by the severity of the cold, had been ascribed to the prowess and patriotism of the Russians, and the serfs whom they led to the field. In England the prowess of these Northerners was pronounced to be beyond example. The Russian became once more in the ascendant. There was no warlike qualification that his Tartar and Cossack troops did not possess. There was nothing like leather, as the cobbler has it in the spelling-book—Russian leather. On the superabundance of Russian virtues the high allies at that time reposed their future hopes. The concentration of all the warlike virtues in their “beloved” ally led them to think that the slightest doubt of his honour would be most unjustifiable, and they reposed confidently on the faith to which their experience of the honour of princes in general under solemn engagements had naturally led them to give credit. How grossly were they deceived, how insultingly treated!

How notorious, too, were the current misrepresentations at that time in relation to foregoing events. The soldiery of Napoleon perished

* Among the protesters against the application of this epithet to Julian is Lord Shaftesbury—of the *Characteristics*, not of Exeter Hall,—who has a fellow-feeling that makes him kind to this “generous and mild Emperor; whom,” continues the noble essayist, “we may indeed call Heathen, but not so justly Apostate: since being, at different times of his youth, transferred to different schools or universities, and bred under tutors of each religion, as well Heathen as Christian; he happened, when of full age, to make his choice (though very unfortunately) in the former kind, and adhered to the ancient religion of his country and forefathers.”—*Shaftesbury's Characteristics*, edit. 1732; vol. iii. p. 89.

before no mortal adversary. The warm life-blood of whole battalions was chilled by the Northern element. On the march men and horses were transformed into frozen statuary. They became speechless, motionless, lifeless. Desolate images of unvanquished valour, they stiffened before the icy blast. It was not under weapons wielded by mortal arms that the French host perished; it was by the visitation of God. The swords and valour of the semi-Calmucks, whom the French had continually vanquished, had no hand in that elemental victory.

To recal that time, still within memory, and to compare it with those historical records which have since laid bare the misrepresentations and falsehoods of party spirit at that period, would exhibit a curious picture of the disregard of the verity which should characterise events under contemporary influences. No one now pretends that the entrance of Napoleon into Moscow, after his march from the Vistula, was the result of a Russian plan to entrap him, or that the halt on the field of Borodino, and the sanguinary conflict there, were no more than grand military conceptions of the Russians to tempt the French to their annihilation. Such, however, were the current notions of no small number of persons in days when passion overruled truth, and many individuals, some of them having weight, and influence, and great prejudice, lent themselves to propagate that which they wished should have credit. To this and even to more extravagant tones many did not hesitate to attune their instruments of triumph in glorifying that stupendous ruin. Far different were our ideas, upon inquiry soon afterwards, on beholding numerous evidences of the result of that terrible event. Some victims had not been struck down by mortal violence. They still survived unmaimed by steel or powder. No blow of the sabre had separated a portion of the living man from himself. The cold, more fatal, had caused the limbs of numbers, equal in extent to a powerful army, to drop lifeless from their shrunken trunks. Brave men denuded of features, and showing a peculiar ghastliness of visage, claimed the stranger's pity. Objects more painful could not be presented to the vision. Some grinned, as it were, despite their own will, like the skulls in the charnel, for all traces of their lips had disappeared. Others had been spared a hand or foot, without toes or fingers, and some, perchance, had preserved portions of those limbs, the rest dropped off. To us they exhibited objects more painful to the sight than the shattered fragments of humanity which the curse of war and its accidents had previously displayed among the lifeless on the battle-field.

The misfortunes of the French in Russia made the shallow-minded of those days contemplate that empire with a species of awe, and they trumpeted forth Russian heroism; it was a sort of bugaboo for its hour. Russia all at once became our great and invincible ally; the "virtuousist, discreetest, best" we possessed. It is true that not many years before, under the Emperor Paul, we had lauded that Russian ruler to the skies, and in turn anathematised the poor madman, our ministerial writers being more than commonly indecent in their abuse of the crazy Czar, as if they had taken adverse measures proportionally from their previous laudation of him. When he was "finished" à la Russe, his assassins became trusty statesmen, or soldiers in the next reign—choice allies even to moral England. Alexander, who had mounted the throne, it may almost be said, over the murdered body of his parent, did not hesitate to employ the

assassins in a public capacity, an old practice in Russia. After some ob-
 jurgation for his semi-alliance with Napoleon, which was not of long
 endurance, Alexander became in turn a subject of public admiration in
 England. A wily prince, he often assumed a magnanimity which deceived
 observers. In England he became a sort of demigod. The metropolis
 grew almost insane in its laudation of him. He concluded the treaty re-
 garding Poland, some of the stipulations of which treaty he violated with
 wonderful disregard of obligations. The somewhat premature death of
 Alexander, the "Angelic," as certain of our wise fireside politicians would
 have him deemed, placed the imperious and arrogant Nicholas on the
 Muscovite throne. It will be in the remembrance of most persons that
 Nicholas died the victim of unprincipled hauteur and self-confidence. The
 wound inflicted upon his pride in the Crimea he was unable to survive.
 Humanity thanked Heaven for the deliverance. This prince was the
 avowed oppressor of Poland and violator of the Vienna Treaty of 1815.
 He died unlamented. It is true that Constantine, who personally re-
 sembled a brute more than a man, was placed in Poland as the repre-
 sentative of the Czar by Alexander, but there is no proof that the latter
 was fully aware of the oppressions and crimes of Constantine before his
 decease, of all which Nicholas was cognisant and approving.

The doings of Constantine in Poland were not to be considered his
 work alone, if the emperor sanctified them by his sufferance. It was this
 monster in human form who, thirty years ago, goaded Warsaw into an
 insurrection in behalf of the rights of four millions of people, sacredly
 guaranteed to them by treaty—a treaty it is to be feared never intended
 to be carried out. Constantine, placed as it was pretended only at the
 head of the military in Poland, assumed absolute power, both civil and
 military. He treated as slaves a people proclaimed free in civil rights by
 all Europe, and Nicholas sanctioned his conduct by silence. The freaks of
 this insane prince, or rather madman, are upon record. The delega-
 tion of the Archduke Constantine to the rule of Poland, whose disposition
 the Poles as well as Russians well knew, and whose right to the succession
 of the crown of Russia was barred on the ground of his outrageous temper
 —that delegation was a proof of the utter contempt, from 1815 to 1830,
 of the treaty into which Russia had entered with the allied powers. It made
 the archduke an absolute dictator, to override all the constitutional law
 the allies and Alexander had a little before guaranteed to Poland, and
 with an effrontery which nothing but the character of the extent of their
 own power, with which they had contrived to imbue the allies, could have
 effected, the Russians marched a foreign army into the territory they had a
 little before pledged themselves to rule constitutionally, according to the
 stipulations to which they gave an unqualified assent, one of which was that
 Polish troops should only be employed in Poland as garrisons. Under the
 feigned character of a viceroy, Constantine, as already said, took the
 whole power into his own hands, and, with Russian troops, established a
 despotism so grievous that his name was justly enumerated as a tiger,
 rather than a man. He seized and punished persons of every class at his
 discretion, often upon his own capricious dislikes. There was no law but
 his will. The provisions of the treaty regarding Poland became a dead
 letter. His crimes and oppressions, too, were well known at St. Peters-
 burgh, as well as the infractions arising from the knowledge of the vio-

tion of the constitution and laws solemnly guaranteed to Poland by Russia; but this made no change. Military force backed each whim on crime of the archduke. He became a persecutor of every Pole who loved his country and deplored her misfortunes, and the failure of her hopes. Alexander had promised more than he performed. Many had indulged hopes of a better time to come, but such individuals, by means of spies, who reported the names of those who thus expressed themselves, were marked out for persecution. Without trial, or reference to the laws, the most respectable persons, by birth or fortune, at the whim of the archduke, were made to wheel barrows about the streets, or sent off to Siberia. The public papers were commanded not to report these and similar atrocities. A miscreant, named Novosiltzoff, ranking as a commissary-general, was the instrument of many of the crimes of his employers. Poles were put in irons and sent into Russian prisons at the archduke's will; and proceeding from bad to worse, under the kindred eyes of the Emperor Nicholas, the insurrection of 1831 broke out, before which period all law had been long overridden. The most horrible tyranny had been exercised, until Polish forbearance became a crime. Nicholas, so far from rectifying the prevalent evil, approved of all that was done. The country was driven into an insurrection, the actors in which had the consolation of reflecting that resistance to the most odious tyranny, and to actions the most nefarious in the civilised world, had become a sacred, a holy trust, and that if they fell in their efforts to free themselves, they would expire in the path of duty.

The details of the atrocities committed by Constantine, and approved by the Emperor Nicholas, are too voluminous to detail here. Floggings, knoutings, imprisonments, confiscations, banishments, were daily occurrences, while some of the acts of that personage showed the kind of rage, mingled with a certain eccentricity, which proved that his fitting residence was a *dépôt* for the insane. His anger had previously vented itself, not upon civilians alone, after he had trampled under his feet the treaty made with the allied powers in 1815. He had been equally the impolitic barbarian at St. Petersburg, in his conduct towards the military, to whom alone he could appeal for security. His insane acts at headquarters were not unknown to the emperor. In a country where to become a soldier is to stamp slave upon his brow, and man is no longer free even to think, where there is but one recommendatory qualification attaching to his humanity, and either vice or virtue are set aside, or sanctioned according to the order of a superior, the qualification for the fulfilment of either being abject obedience, it would seem most irrational to tempt the passions of the soldiery. It is true that military obedience in Russia is perfected by the total subjugation of the soul, and the displacement of every worthy quality, and with its concomitant ignorance would rather be deemed an addition to the stock of human infirmities in any other country; but we forget that the Tartar is as yet only on the verge of civilisation. In no other land but Russia could such a character as Constantine have escaped disgrace, in place of being elevated to power. Take an incident of the kind on record before the last Polish insurrection, which exhibits his outrageous nature. Except under a despot of the most flagitious character, and in a land of serfs, whose sound policy was set at naught by a sense of brute power, could such an event occur:

"One day an officer of the lancer guard was going through his exercise before the grand-duke. He had performed all the evolutions usual in the most satisfactory way, until, when at full gallop, he was suddenly ordered to turn; his horse became restive, and refused to obey bridle or spur. The command was repeated in a thundering voice, and the officer renewed his efforts to make the horse obey, but without effect. The fiery animal continued to prance about in defiance of his rider, who was an excellent horseman. The rage of the grand-duke had vented itself in furious imprecations, and all present trembled for the consequences. 'Halt!' was the word, and a pyramid of twelve muskets was ordered to be erected. The officer had, in the meanwhile, subdued the restiveness of his horse. He was ordered to leap over the pyramid; the noble horse bore his rider safely over it. Without a moment's delay the officer was commanded to repeat the fearful leap, and, to the wonder of all present, the horse bore his rider safely over it a second time. The grand-duke was exasperated at his barbarous purpose being defeated, and commanded another repetition. A general present at once interceded for the pardon of the officer, remarking that the horse was exhausted, and that the repetition would doom both horse and rider to a horrible death. The only reply was an order to place the general under arrest for 'presuming to rebel.' A third time the officer cleared the bristling points of the bayonets. The duke became furious, and made the officer attempt a fourth leap. The noble creature again cleared the bayonets, and fell with his rider exhausted; both his fore legs were broken. The rider rose unhurt. The face of the officer was deadly pale; he stared round wildly, and his knees shook under him. Amid a dead silence he approached and laid his sword at the feet of the grand-duke, thanking him for the honour of his past employ in the service of the emperor. 'I take back your sword? Are you not aware of what may be the consequence of this undutiful conduct towards myself?' was the observation of the satrap."

The ill-used and insulted officer was ordered to the guard-house, from which moment no tidings were ever heard of him more. It is probable he was either secretly despatched or sent into Siberian slavery. The wonder is that the officer did not bury his sword in the heart of the monster to whose tender mercies a people was to be confided, whose privileges were guaranteed by a European treaty, detailing those privileges to the letter. Nor let it be supposed that the Emperor Nicholas was ignorant of his brother's outrages on humanity, since the foregoing incident took place in St. Petersburg, and he being no stranger to the archduke's character thus became a participator in his crimes by the appointment. A well-known author remarks, on similar freaks of tyranny, that in reading history one "knows not which to wonder at most, the unlimited and barbarous disposition of the tyrant, or the patience and forbearance of the people by whom he is tolerated." The above unfortunate officer should have remembered Tell and Geisler, and served humanity by the recollection, his extermination would then have borne serviceable fruit in exchange for his fate.

Repeated outrages of the above character produced no effect upon the Emperor Nicholas. On the contrary, he seemed happy to have an excuse for upholding Constantine and insulting the European powers that signed the treaty regulating the government of Poland. He was prepared and

ready to employ his myrmidons in reducing that country to utter slavery. It cannot be forgotten by those who were cognisant of the insolent conduct of the emperor towards his late European allies, that those allies had been impressed with a mistaken notion of his power, as before remarked, and most unreasonably, because Napoleon had been only foiled by the elements in his attack upon Russia. The Emperor of the French could have marched from Moscow to the Crimea, and back again to the Vistula, for all the power the Russians could have mustered to prevent him. When the lion is in the toils the meaner animals may bait him. Still, such was not the notion of the ignorant, and in high and low places at the period to which allusion is now making, both in England and elsewhere, Russian prowess became a bugbear even among half-calculating statesmen. That which is feared is sure to attract an assumptive admiration. To recal Russia to a sense of honour would have been to summon her to a duty foreign to her sovereign's character, and therefore she would have been deaf to it, and have put on the attitude of a great bully who has the thews and sinews for combat, but is really inferior in skill to the least of his antagonists, who all the while fear him from his unwieldy bulk.

When, after fifteen years of the patient endurance of outrages great beyond belief, evidently many of them the freaks of insanity, which were consecrated in Russia by the doctrine of divine right—and perhaps, too, in some territories on this side bordering on Russia—when, after that long term of outrage and endurance, Poland broke out into insurrection against her barbarous oppressors, it was plain enough how the Russian name had overawed some of the rulers of the more powerful nations of Europe.

At the present time, Prince Gortschakoff pays an ill compliment to the perspicacity of the three great powers, in making the absurd excuse that the Polish insurrection of 1830-31 cancelled Polish rights. It has, however, the good effect of exhibiting the miserable speciousness of his logic, when he appeals to the most terrible abuses, before the first revolution, to justify their continuance until they forced a second under greater disadvantages and greater hazards still to the oppressed. The primary cause of the evil which Europe is bound to see remedied was Russia herself, her dishonourable breach of treaty, and the unparalleled violence and cruelty of her rule from 1815 to 1830. These cannot be palliated by diplomatic shufflers.

Our own public men in 1830-31 seemed to tread upon velvet, and to converse in whispers, whenever the subject of the notorious breaches of treaty by Russia was noticed in or out of parliament. The idea of the great northern barbarian seemed to affect them as the boggy of the nurse affects childhood. "Had not the Russians beaten the great soldier who had laid Europe at his feet?" Thus that semi-civilised state must needs have its military reputation cockered up. The leaders of such armies must not be offended, do what they might, that had beaten and destroyed the gigantic enemy who had invaded their unenviable territory. But that gigantic enemy, and those gallant soldiers, were not really vanquished by the modern Scythian. They were, it is true, prostrated on the snows of the inclement north, not by the power of man but of the elements, by one who said to the invader, "thy career is finished; thou

shalt go no farther, thy destiny is fulfilled." The pulsation of brave hearts intermitted, the life-stream ceased to flow in veins the channels of which had collapsed from cold. On the desolate waste of frozen snow, hardy veterans who had shaven in a hundred victories were outstretched. The joy blast swept over them as they fell to rise no more. Some, it is true, continued to totter onwards, half famished, with rigid or mutilated limbs, that scarcely obeyed the will, barely escaping from death to become unresisting captives. Over such it was that the Russians were to have credit for being conquerors, demanding and obtaining it under false pretences. Russia thus fished the credit of what she did not and could not achieve. She added nothing to her real, though much to her presumed strength, and thus gained an attitude to which neither her power, institutions, nor moral character entitled her. On other nations her triumphant boastings had its effect; she was still a bugbear with the feeble-minded and the masses that never reason. She had the benefit of what she did not and could not achieve. How cautious, for example, was our conduct towards the violator of treaties at that time, under the notion of offending a power so gigantic.* "It might rouse the high feeling of our great ally to be over-nice with him about Poland. He might violate solemn treaties with impunity. Had Russia been a third or fourth-rate power, indeed, the affair would have been different; but if we offered the Muscovite a remonstrance, if we did it in the gentlest way, what might not so omnipotent a conqueror do in return? Had not Russia the lion's share of Poland before; another slice abandoned to her by sufferance, and by affecting not to see her gross violation of the Treaty of 1815 would be politic." In most modern states, policy being the golden rule, justice and truth are the exceptions.

Even our more Liberal statesmen caught the infection, and while they felt at heart that honest indignation which those born in a free country must feel at such bold defiance of honour and honourable engagements, they alluded to the offender in nicely balanced phrases, stifling the sentiments of a just indignation. The breach of treaty, and insolent carriage of the Muscovite, were never described by them in language fitting the occasion. We know their real sentiments at such insults to humanity, and such a disregard of honour in carrying out the most solemn engagements, and how timid they were. It was not so with the people of this country at that time. They knew how Poland had struggled against the triple felony of the kings that had made her their spoil when they marched to partition her. They knew that she had fought no less than sixty battles in behalf of her freedom, but they could not see besides, what every man who had the least insight into the affairs of nations must have seen, that the necessity of a barrier against the Tartars and Cossacks, those Goths of the nineteenth century, was necessary, and that the independence of Poland was the shield to the independence of civilised Europe, and should be maintained at any cost in self-defence.

As it was with men in office at the time to which allusion has just been made, so it is with the public now. Still we believe our official men have lost much of that apprehension of the power of Russia they once entertained. There is no doubt but the advantage of Poland as an inde-

* See parliamentary debates of the time.

pendent kingdom, well supported against a Russian frontier approaching the heart of Europe, as at present while in possession of that ill-treated territory, would be a great safeguard. A time will arrive when Russia, in a more advanced state in civilisation, with her countless wandering Asiatic tribes collected into towns, and disciplined, will not hesitate to adopt aggressive movements against the more civilized countries of Europe—will try to realise another Gothic inundation. She longs to add to her vast territory under inclement skies a portion of more genial earth. She wants to exchange her days of an hour or two of sunlight for a long portion of the year, and her frozen-up ports for six or seven months in the same space of time for a better territory, if only in part. She would fain obtain a Canaan beyond the Desert, and march over the bodies of the ancient inhabitants to obtain it. Poland was designed by nature to be the frontier of the civilized nations of Europe, for Russia is full half Asiatic. Poland should be supported in her independence on that ground alone, if she were not entitled to it by every obligation that attaches to man in his more advanced condition, by Christian feeling, and social right. Even Lord Castlereagh spoke of the advantage of Poland being “an intermediate power between Russia, Austria, and Prussia.”

We have alluded to the cautious mode in which the flagrant conduct of Russia in regard to Poland was treated by crowns during her last insurrection, caused by the breach of a treaty, the parties to which on the opposite side were too pusillanimous to demand its reparation. At that time the English public was indignant. Meetings were held in favour of Poland in this country, and all ranks of persons felt disgust at the base conduct of the Russian despot. Our men in office alone had hung back in 1830-31, and were much more faint in any expression regarding the Russian infraction of the Treaty of 1815 than by their duty they should have been. Russia, in their view, as we have said, was a great bugaboo with them. The public did not then, as now, follow the example of men in office. The case is reversed; men in office now see the danger.

To have detailed here the cruelties and outrages of the Russians under Constantine, would occupy more space and time than we can afford; they exist in imperishable records in characters of blood. At present, the opposite conduct of the government to that in 1831-32 may be worthily noticed. Our ministers are sensible of the true nature of things, and are doing all they can by negotiation in behalf of Poland. The people, on the other hand, are now much less susceptible of the injustice of Russia than they were before, because they are more absorbed in self-interest, and less regardful of what is not at their own doors; thus they have little care about the matter. We do hope our lust of gain is not diminishing “all” noble public sentiment. We hope the sordid spirit which is at present so apt to chill any nobler influence is not uppermost. Such a rule, if more protracted, is not less fatal in the end by deadening lofty and holy aspirations. It is the last influence to be admitted in the affairs of nations, however powerful. It is the opium-tree poisoning the fountain-head of high and honourable sentiment in governing, whenever as a means of national elevation it is permitted to influence beyond a wholesome extent. It is the rope that elevates and strangles the criminal at the same time.

Many have forgotten the state of the public mind, as well as that of our rulers, during the last Polish insurrection. It will be found in the

records of the time. The public indignation then cannot be forgotten any more than the resilience of the ministry of that day. While there was a generous public feeling watching our head-quarters, we found in a few a temporising, and softening, and explaining away as far as possible of the most atrocious acts of Russian despotism. In that tragedy, we regret to say, the Prussian king, not the people, played a characteristic part, and, pretending non-intervention, interposed in the most dishonourable manner. Prussia became the tool of Russia while pretending neutrality, and the present ruler of Prussia acts the same part. It was remarkable that a monarch whose qualities were almost all of a negative character should have disgraced himself by his cruel conduct towards the unfortunate Poles. Had he openly lent his aid to the Russian emperor, it would have rendered him personally less contemptible. Worthy of being a sovereign in a civilised land, he would not have set his soldiers to butcher unarmed Poles. It must, on the other hand, be remembered, in his excuse, that nothing could come of nothing. He is gone to his account, and no one laments him. A work printed in Paris in 1832, entitled "*Russisches Schreckens und Verfolgungs-System dargestellt aus Officiellen Quellen*" van Michael Hube, *Polnischem Staats Referendare*," should be perused to attain a knowledge of the Reign of Terror, kept up by the Emperor Nicholas and his agents in Poland prior to the outbreak. Hell can have no blacker system in action than Nicholas and his brother enacted and carried out. If we mistake not the present Russian minister, Gortschakoff, then adjutant-general of the notorious Prince Paskewitch, was present aiding and abetting the flogging of Poles, men of education and rank, who, contrary to the terms of the solemn treaty made with the allied powers, had refused to enter the Russian ranks as private soldiers, when specially exempted. Yet Gortschakoff was reckoned one of the most polished of the tools of Russian despotism. His name, too, was affixed to the document which commanded the tearing of some thousand Polish children of respectable parents from their country and families, and transporting them into Russian slavery. This act Sir Robert Peel, at the time already alluded to, endeavoured to soften. It was clear Sir Robert could not credit the monstrous cruelties and crimes of the Russian autocrat, who would seem from the depravity of his actions as if he had been forced into contact with civilised nations before he had a due conception of their usages. The contempt which the autocrat showed to the contracting parties in the Treaty of 1815 should have taught them what little regard Russia had for public faith, and how little she merited to be received within the pale of that principle which she thus set at nought. In all communications with her, the black stain then seen on her brow* should in future have acted as a warning to beware of her destitution of honour in her treaties and negotiations; in fact, to distrust her upon all occasions. Why should we mince the matter?

It may be said by some Russian advocates that Nicholas was a stranger to the acts of his insane brother in Poland. This cannot be true. The system of espionage in Russia was and is perfect. The probability is that Constantine was suffered to amuse himself in his own barbarous

"Hic niger est; hunc tu, Romane caveto!"

manner in Poland to keep him out of mischief in Petersburg, from being the real heir to the throne after Alexander; and as a *coup d'état* had often settled the question of Russian succession, Constantine might have raised friends who would, notwithstanding Nicholas was at his post, plead the justice of his claim, and thus, setting aside the past arrangement, trouble the autocrat, conscious of his own want of right to the letter. From his early propensity for animal torture, like Domitian with his flies, the habit of cruelty to his fellow-men was natural with Constantine. Thus unhappy Poland was to pay for his evil propensities and divert him from Russia. What was done, therefore, by the grand-duke seems not so very unaccountable, when his previous bad character is taken into consideration. In order to mask as much as possible the violation of the Treaty of Vienna, a Pole, named Zaionczek, was made nominally the autocrat's lieutenant, and the Grand-Duke Constantine, ostensibly only the commander-in-chief of the army, but the real ruler of that unhappy land by usurpation. Insolent, overbearing, proud, passionate without bounds, and cruel by nature, he scorned to regard the feelings of any human being but his own. His "order" was above every other. Injustice was a part of his nature, and he possessed with the cunning of the fox the cruelty of the hyæna. Did even a noble lady approach him to petition in behalf of a husband or a brother who had become victims of his displeasure, he would kick her down stairs himself. The most opulent of the citizens in Warsaw, who chanced to do what he did not approve, he would order to wheel a barrow about in the public streets for a given time. He seized persons, at his own caprice, in the dead of night, and sent them out of their own country to Russia unaccused, and contrary to a direct clause in the constitution. If a printer offended him, he would send soldiers to break up his presses and destroy his types. Finding the Emperor Nicholas did not show any disapprobation of his conduct, he proceeded to greater lengths. He levied taxes without consulting the Diet, in direct contravention of the constitution, and on one of the Diet remonstrating on such an infringement of the constitution, he had him arrested, and kept in a country-house for ten years under a guard of Cossacks! His chief tool was the miscreant Nowozilzoff, whom he placed in the post of Prince Czartoryski, a wretch destitute of humanity, and notorious for rapacity. A boy nine years of age, the son of a Polish nobleman, in mere childishness had chalked on a board "May 3 for ever!" on the anniversary of Kosciusko's constitution. The fact was reported; his school-fellows would not betray him, and they were all ordered to be flogged with the utmost severity. The brave lad who had written the words was too noble-minded—a son of Count Plater—to see them punished, and avowed the authorship of the words. He was condemned by Constantine to be a soldier for life, and to be incapable of advancement, and when his poor mother came to plead for him, the polished Constantine kicked at her, spurning her like a dog. He even tried by emissaries to carry off people from London, but here he was foiled. The heads of ladies that offended him he had shaved, and some had their heads tarred and feathered in addition. Perpetual imprisonments with weekly floggings were common—but enough of the atrocities of this barbarian. They are become a damning proof in the imperishable pages of history, of the conduct of Nicholas and Constantine, whose vile

spies—five classes of them, one consisting of nobles—infested every part of Poland as well as Russia and the continental capitals.

Now, in the articles of the Polish constitution guaranteed by Alexander, and sworn to be observed by Nicholas, the Catholic religion was guaranteed, but in what manner was seen by the treatment of the poor nuns of Minsk by Nicholas, than which nothing could be cited more degrading to humanity, more base or cowardly. The liberty of the press was guaranteed as well as the liberty of the person, except in due process of law. Persons arrested could not be detained more than three days without being examined before a competent tribunal. Bail was to be taken in certain cases; while all employments, civil and military, in Poland were to be exercised by Poles alone. Two representative chambers were to be established. The sovereign of Russia was to be the executive power; all authority to emanate from him; and he was to be crowned in the Polish capital, swearing before God and his gospel to maintain the charter! A regency case, council of state, branches of administration, national representatives, a judicial order, were all provided for and guaranteed by the signature of Alexander at Warsaw, the 15th (27th) November, 1815, and of course by his successors.*

The violation and utter abrogation of the charter so given and guaranteed by treaty with the allied powers need not be repeated. The curse of Constantine's tyranny, espionage, and crimes, under the toleration of Nicholas, was no longer to be borne, and the insurrection of the Poles, in every respect justifiable, took place in 1831-32. The acts of the Russian prince might have moderated even the insanity of Burke in his ravings about the French revolution. The worst doings, too, of the latter were pretty well balanced here. The allied powers who had guaranteed the charter had seen it violated for fifteen years with the utmost complacency; they had seen Poland enslaved without interference, Russia slyly enjoying the influence her name inspired, even to a mockery of her late allies. Some affected not to credit facts that were undeniable, and others, miserably pusillanimous, thought that the vanquishers of Napoleon, utterly false as the notion was, might have a little indulgence; many that it would be dangerous to meddle with Russia, and thus slunk out of their duty with dishonour. Nicholas, in his proud elevation and self-conceit, imagined he could reduce Turkey to the level of Poland, and make it a Muscovite province. How he succeeded in the Morea, notwithstanding our military blundering at head-quarters, need not be recapitulated; it suffices that the dream of the invincibility of the haughty Russian fitted into obscurity. Poland is once more in insurrection; the present Czar is outdoing in cruelty and violence his barbarian predecessors. What is the duty of the powers of Europe? Will they neglect the restoration of a great barrier between Russian barbarism and Western civilisation or not? If the Treaty of 1815 be a dead letter, is there to be no fresh and better security against Russian aggression? The blow must be struck now or never. We must remember that no state is secure where the faith of treaties is despised, want of opportunity the sole restraint from outrage, and the vicinity between humanised and savage nature much too contracted

* An abstract of the provisions of the Treaty would be too long for insertion here; it is enough that they were very clear and explicit.

for the welfare of Europe. It does not become the three great powers to trifle. Russia will amuse them by delays until Poland be rendered by her sanguinary and brutal proceedings of little use for that object, which it has become not only the interest, but the duty, of all the powers to establish. The blow must be struck while yet Poland retains vitality, or it will be too late. Either strike while success is certain, or be silent; "Arise, awake, or be for ever fallen!" When Russia commences her next outrage upon civilisation, and it is too late to act, she will again deride the three nations that feared to go beyond threats, and will profit by the want of decision that gives her the advantage against them. A negotiation which is a covert threat will only increase that evil in its abandonment, which, had it never been begun, would at least have deprived the opponents of human kind of something more than an empty ground for boasting.

The speech of the Emperor of the French last month, upon the opening of the Chambers, has attracted much attention. It was manly, sensible, and dignified; nor do we doubt its sincerity. It was in accordance, too, with the popular feeling throughout Europe. It must have been wormwood to the Prussian king, the lieutenant of the Muscovite sovereign. But to repeat—what hope has a well-intentioned European Congress of the fidelity of Russia to any engagements she may enter into after our experience of the past? The details of one treaty, solemnly sworn to be kept, were violated without scruple. This affords little hope for the observation of any future obligation of the same kind, where political treaties are considered like Jove's perjuries, at "which Jove laughs." What security would a treaty with Russia have in 1868 any more than in 1815? Prince Gortschakoff, taking the wrong antecedents committed by Russia (between 1815 and 1830, which produced that justifiable insurrection from the crimes of Constantine), puts forth that very insurrection as the excuse for setting aside the stipulations of the Treaty of Vienna, which Russia never kept at all! Diplomacy has rarely exhibited a grosser piece of impudence. If Constantine assumed both absolute civil and military power in Poland, and set aside the stipulations of the allied powers, Russia replies he was only commander-in-chief of the army! The *finesse* was not at first seen. If the archduke violated the duties deputed to him, and it was not understood he should do so, why was he not recalled? The answer is, that Nicholas shared in his brother's cruelties and crimes by permitting them, as well as by violating the treaty securing the Polish constitution. Prince Gortschakoff should feel shame at his reference in excuse to the breaches of the Treaty of 1815, between that year and 1830, which Russia alone violated. It may be well for him and his master to reflect at present, that if the ultimate reason of Tartar rulers be what has been termed "the last reason of kings," in modern times it has been met with tolerable success by the "last reason of the people" in nations more civilised than his own. Let Russia bear this in mind, and put some restraint upon her defiance of treaties and solemn obligations. Will the world be duped by her a second time?

MILITARY REMINISCENCES OF THE DUKE OF FEZENSAC.*

THE Duke of Fezensac entered the French service in 1804, being then twenty years of age; he must, therefore, have attained at the present moment, when he is inditing his "Military Reminiscences," the patriarchal age of eighty. He began his career as a simple soldier, and that not precisely as a youngster. His actual name—if the same at that epoch—was not inspiring; it bore, with the idea of "a fez in his knapsack," greater promise of hard service in Eastern lands, than of that traditionally prevalent to the Frenchman's mind of a marshal's bâton. There are few in this country who would not be curious to know something of the experiences of a general who has served in the ranks, and Monsieur le Duc is pleasantly communicative upon the subject. It must be admitted that the impression left upon us is, that, in his particular instance, the thing was in part a farce, and what is more extraordinary for the French army, a young man in his position was often guilty of acts of insubordination; but the army was not, at the time of its assembling to invade Great Britain, and its sudden march from the cold shades of the cliffs of Albion to force the gates of the Danube and chastise our historical allies the Austrians, who had dared to effect a lucky diversion in our favour, precisely what it was in aftertimes.

The future duke joined the 59th Regiment of infantry, the colonel of which, M. Lacuée, was a family friend, when that regiment formed part of the army stationed at Ambleteuse (Davoust), Boulogne (Soult), and Etaples (Ney), preparatory to the descent upon our coast, which, thanks to the incapability of Villeneuve, was ultimately adjourned *sine die*. The 59th was encamped at Montreuil with the third division, or that of the left, under Ney. M. Lacuée was a personal friend of the Emperor's, and had been his aide-de-camp, but his advanced republican principles brought him into disgrace, and Napoleon appointed him to the 59th Regiment, with a few characteristic words. "I give you," he said, "one of the worst regiments in the army; you must make it one of the best." It was not saying much in favour of the 59th, although it showed confidence in the quondam aide-de-camp. M. de Fezensac tells us, however, that he was by no means the man for the task, and that the regiment was, when he joined, still in a state of utter disorganisation. Colonel Lacuée gave our young volunteer, however, some good advice on joining. "He must learn," he said, "to know those whom he might one day be called upon to command, and the only way to do so was," to live with the soldiers. Living with them, one learns how to appreciate their virtues; under other conditions, one only knows their vices." "Most sensible words," adds the duke, "the wisdom of which I have since had so many opportunities to verify."

The huts were not palaces. There were sixteen men in each. The ground was dug out to the depth of a yard, which rendered them damp.

* Souvenirs Militaires de 1804 à 1814. Par M. le Duc de Fezensac, Général de Division.

The bottom was covered with straw—a “camp bed,” as the French call it—and each man laid his own blanket on the straw, used his knapsack for a pillow, and had a linen sack and another blanket above. It was, as our author expresses it, sleeping together and yet apart. To while away the tedious hours of darkness, one or other would volunteer a tale. To ascertain if any were listening, he would now and then interrupt his story by saying *crac*; and it was a rule that those who were awake should answer *crac*.* If no one replied, the story-teller went to sleep. The infantry was at this epoch dressed in blue, with white breeches and black gaiters, three-cornered hats, and pigtails without powder. The costume would, in the present day, be deemed sufficiently strange. The uniform of the most dashing sergeant-major of the day would, the duke says, have disgraced the last private in the army of the present day. “Such,” he adds, “were my lodgings, my toilette, my repasts, my society.” But we have not said anything about the repasts yet, although such are serious subjects with the parties concerned. The mid-day repast consisted of a good “*soupe grasse*,” with vegetables, and a little bit of beef; that of the evening, of potatoes, served up with onions, rancid butter, and vinegar. The bread was black and sour, but white bread was put into the soup; brandy was served out to correct the water, but the rules upon this subject were, as may be easily imagined, often infringed.

When our volunteer was taken by the captain of his company to be accoutred, he requested the commissary to send in his things as soon as possible. The captain smiled, and said: “You are not, perhaps, aware that a soldier’s things are not conveyed to him; it is he who must fetch them.” This was not the only rap on the knuckles that he got the first day. He remarked, that in such a garb he should feel as if he was playing a part in a comedy. “I can readily imagine it,” replied the captain, coolly; “but I fear the comedy will appear rather a long one to you, and you know that tickets once taken the money is never returned.”

Once installed in his hut, his handsome watch, his good linen, and a purse pretty well lined, became the objects of general admiration. The report spread at once through the company that he had a Louis a day to spend. That is the way in which soldiers express their idea of unlimited resources. Next day he found the musket rather heavy, but he set to work with a will to learn his exercise. But as to cleaning the hut, sweeping the approaches, or giving a hand in removing the crockery, that he would not do. These were menial offices repugnant to his pride. The colonel pretended not to notice this, and he on his part, by bribing the men with a few sous, got his duties done for him. Nor could he be brought

* The Gascon Baron de Crac is the traditional Munchausen, and a great favourite with the French soldiery. One of their pet songs says:

“Je tiens cette maxime utile,
De ce fameux Monsieur de Crac,
En campagne comme à la ville,
Font tons l’amour et le tabac,
Quand ce grand homme allait en guerre
Il portait dans son petit sac,
Le doux portrait de sa bergère
Avec la pipe de tabac.”

to wear a pigtail. He obtained permission to wait till his hair grew long enough, and then bribed the sergeant to cut it every week. He joined, however, with good will in some hard work, such as cutting wood and carrying stones. He takes much credit to himself for this. But what is more remarkable, he only mounted guard once as a soldier; this was at the Commissariat, and he left his post! Half a century afterwards he mounted guard, he says, as a National Guard at the barracks of the Rue de la Pépinière, after 1848, and on that occasion he did not desert his post. He inaugurated his admission into his hut by a festivity, in which meat, salad, potatoes, beer, and bad wine figured to the delight of fourteen comrades, the expenses of the treat amounting to twenty-one francs. He also often stood treat to breakfast, consisting of a roll and a glass of brandy, so that he was soon a favourite in his hut.

On the 18th of October he was made corporal; but as the same indulgence was not shown to him when he had to command others as when he was a private, he did not gain much by the change, but, on the contrary, often got severely reprimanded. The colonel, however, encouraged him. "It is a period of ordeal," he said, "for you to undergo; you must keep the advantages of your personal position to yourself, forget and make others forget that you may one day have to command them; in fact, you must go through your part as soldier and as corporal. You knew how to play a comedy in the Marais and at Méréville; why don't you play it here?" To which he replied, "That the piece was one of exceeding length, that the costumes were frightful, the actors had no talent, and, above all, there were no actresses!"

He was still more insubordinate on the occasion of his being appointed, on the 22nd of January, to a gunboat. The colonel insisted, and said, "You must learn not to have always your own way." It was in vain that he declared that his education was complete in that respect; he had to go. But what was the result? He had not been five days on board, grumbling at mouldy cheese and hard peas fried in oil, than the news came that he was appointed sergeant, and had to return to the camp. With his new step he likewise changed his company, passing his new one forthwith in review—a proceeding which flattered his vanity exceedingly. He, however, made himself beloved by the men, for he sometimes undertook to act as counsel for the accused, when some poor fellow was brought before a court-martial, and this with so much success, that whenever one of his company got into trouble he invariably sought his assistance. Another step soon promoted him to the rank of sergeant-major, and he acted as such for five months.

The advantage of gathering together large bodies of soldiers in camp is admitted by all military men. The honour of the successes that were obtained in the subsequent campaigns, M. de Fezensac tells us, was attributed to experience obtained in the camp of Boulogne. It is surprising, then, to read how little, in reality, the commanding officers troubled themselves with instructing the soldiery, and what little advantage they took of such valuable opportunities. Marshal Ney reviewed the troops once in 1804, and once in 1805. General Malher had three field-days, but there was no brigading of his division; in fact, the general seldom came to the camp. Each colonel instructed his regiment as it pleased him, the re-

cruits were drilled now and then, but many of the non-commissioned officers did not even know the platoon exercise. The old adjutant addressed himself one day to an old sergeant to take a batch of recruits in hand. "I can't do it, sir," was the reply. "I don't know the exercise; if I knew it, no one would be required to teach me. If I don't know it, I can't teach it myself." The soldiers had, in reality, little to do; they slept part of the day, sang songs, or told stories. A plot of ground was given to each to cultivate; they murmured at the work. Soldiers are like children, and must be treated as such. As to other camp evils which have lately attracted so much attention in connexion with other sanitary improvements, the duke assures us there was nothing of the kind. The fact was, he says, that such things were never thought of. There were no religious services except in cities. The Emperor, who has been lately extolled as a great upholder of Christianity, from some not very profound conversations at St. Helena, in which he argued the divinity of Our Saviour upon the grounds that his peaceful conquests had been more durable than his own sanguinary triumphs, according to the Duke of Fezensac, thought that piety was suited for women and not for men.

The chief advantages derived from this prolonged encampment were, according to the same authority, that the men learnt to know one another, and became accustomed to one another's society. They also became accustomed to do without a number of conveniences such as could not be expected on a campaign. Generals, staff, and regimental officers also became acquainted with one another. Bonds of fraternity thus united regiments which otherwise might have been separated by feelings of pride and emulation. "It was," says the duke, "this union, this confidence in one another, this appreciation of merit and of talent, of the qualities and even of the defects of every one, that contributed to our success, and all these sprang from long residence in camp." As to his soldier life, the general further adds, "By always living with the soldiers, I learnt many things that I should otherwise have been ignorant of, and the knowledge of which has been useful to me when I was called upon to command."

At length a vacancy for a sub-lieutenancy presented itself. By a law of the republic, which had not at that epoch been repealed by the Emperor, the sub-lieutenants designated three of their number for promotion, the lieutenants selecting one of the three. It was the same with the other ranks, the lieutenants in case of a vacancy selected three of their number, out of whom the captains elected one. The authority of the colonel prevailed, however, over all these republican manœuvres, and with the well known desire to do what was pleasing to him, M. de Fezensac was promoted, and thus ended his ordeal of ten months' duration. Even with the French an impassable interval separates the officer from the soldier. No matter how intimate and friendly parties may have been in the ranks, the moment a soldier is taken from them to wear an epaulette no further relations can exist between them. Sometimes a kind word from the one, and respectful thanks from the other, are all that remain of their former intimacy.

M. de Fezensac did not make a very promising début as a sub-lieutenant. One of those frequent sham embarkations with which the camp at Boulogne was entertained took place the very next day of his promo-

tion. Such an event was looked upon as a day of festivity. This, combined with the excitement of promotion, induced the future general of division to indulge too freely, and when bade to retire by a captain of police (for the Emperor had introduced the system of police, and even of spies, into the camp), he rudely refused. For this act of insubordination he was placed under arrest for a fortnight, had to pay three francs a day to the sentinel at his door, and, what was worse, incurred the serious displeasure of his colonel, who felt that his kindness in ensuring such rapid promotion was ill requited by acts of drunken insubordination the very first day of his appointment.

The camp of Boulogne broke up in August, 1805, according to common report from Villeneuve's incapacity, but, to judge by the "Napoleon Correspondence," still more so from the attitude assumed by Austria. It was utterly impossible that the Emperor could think of carrying out his projects of invading England with the whole eastern side of France threatened by the enemy. There was nothing, then, but to march off to the Rhine, and to enter upon a campaign of reprisals. The third division started on the 1st of September. M. de Fezensac's usual bad luck attended upon him. He had been promised permission to pay a hurried visit to his relations before entering upon the new campaign, but unfortunately on the second day's march, being in the rear guard, he was conversing with a cantinière, who, complaining that she was tired and suffering, he could not help proffering his arm to her, as if, he says, she had been a "dame de Paris." Unfortunately General Malher caught sight of the couple, and hastened to congratulate the colonel on the gallantry of his officers, who gave their arms to cantinières. The colonel stormed, and it was only some time afterwards that his anger had sufficiently subsided to grant even a few days' leave.

M. de Fezensac returned in time to join in the triumphant passage of the Rhine. No nation is so apt in exciting military ardour as the French. The men carried green branches in their hands, and saluted the fatherland on the other side of the water with shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" This was on the 26th of September; on the 30th head-quarters were at Stuttgart. Marching thence on Ulm, necessity drove the soldiery to disorderly conduct. The first day of bivouac became also the first day of plunder. The colonel fell upon a group of grenadiers roasting a pig. There was some embarrassment at first, but one of the most impudent invited the commanding officer to join in the repast. The colonel was dying of hunger, and accepted. It was authorising plunder. The enemy was first encountered at the bridge of Guntzburg, near Ulm, and M. de Fezensac tells some amusing tales of many who then made their first pass of arms. The adjutant kept so strictly to his post, that he says, had it been a question of capturing "un bon château," he would not have been so formal. M. de Fezensac himself let his men go over the bridge first one by one. His captain, who had led the way, exclaimed, "Ah! you are come at last; well, it was time!" The bridge was carried and the town of Guntzburg evacuated, but the general remarks that there was a time when a bayonet charge or an assault of cavalry on the flanks would have driven them all back into the Danube. Colonel Lacuée fell in this first encounter. Marshal Ney followed up this advantage by the capture

of the heights of Elchingen. It was on this occasion that Ney retorted upon Murat, who had a few days previously, wearied with his discussions, said that he never made plans save in the face of an enemy, by calling out to him in the presence of the Emperor, "Prince, come and make your plans with me in the presence of the enemy." And so saying, he rushed to the assault. Poor General Mack was reduced to capitulate in Ulm with thirty thousand men. On the 1st of September the army of invasion was at the camp of Boulogne, by the 20th of October Ulm was captured, and sixty thousand Austrians had been made prisoners, including eighteen generals, two hundred guns, five thousand horses, and eighty regimental colours. It was a wonderful diversion for Great Britain, for which it could not be too thankful. Much has been said in our own times of the impossibility of giving succour to the Poles in winter. Napoleon scarcely took seasons into consideration. This short and brilliant campaign was carried out amid rain and snow, and all kinds of privations. One day, M. de Fezensac relates, a soldier was overheard grumbling. "What are you grumbling about?" said the captain. "You are tired, so am I. You have nothing to eat, no more have I. Your legs are in the snow, look at me." "With such examples before them," adds the general, "there is nothing that could not be done with the soldiers, nothing that one had not a right to expect from them." But this state of things induced a frightful condition of insubordination, indiscipline, and plunder. "All these details," significantly observes the general, "are unknown by those who read the history of our campaigns." One argument more, if one were wanted, against the folly and criminality of wars except in self-defence.

The sixth corps, to which the 59th was attached, did not participate in the brilliant movements that followed upon the reduction of Ulm, the occupation of Vienna, and the defeat of the allies at Austerlitz. It was sent, under Ney, to bring the Tyrol into submission. It was upon this occasion, at the capture of the hill-fortress of Scharnitz, that the companies of Voltigeurs were first created. The smallest, lightest, and most active men of the regiment were selected to climb the almost inaccessible rocks and precipices. The Tyrol reduced, the sixth corps marched to join the Grand Army, but, by the time it arrived at Judenburg, about thirty-five leagues from Vienna, the peace of Presburg had been declared. The 59th went into winter quarters at Salzburg, whence it afterwards removed to the Abbey of Salmansweiler, the regiment living at the expense of the conquered. This is the way to avoid incurring a vast national debt. It was not the plan pursued by the army of occupation in France—yet it is questionable if it has not its good side, in addition to its financial advantages, by disgusting the country occupied with military operations. The officers used to make expeditions from the old abbey to Constance and Schaffhausen at the expense of the people, and would even give banquets, to which they made every house contribute. "If," says M. de Fezensac, "every one related all that came under his own knowledge of feats of this description, there would be enough to fill volumes." If any dispute arose with the local authorities, the soldier was always in the right and the inhabitant in the wrong. The morality of the soldiers was, it may be easily imagined, under such circumstances, as little controlled as were their

plundering propensities. Hence arose quarrels in almost every house. But, adds the general, "some husbands, wiser or happier, if you like it, did not see, or did not choose to see, anything!" Sometimes officers and men quarrelled with one another for the possession of an eligible party, but nothing is more absurd, the general remarks, than the history of duels. "Such originated at times from the most frivolous causes; at other times really serious grounds of quarrel had no sequences." The general in command was as great an oddity as any private under his command. At the capture of Scharnitz he bade a drummer carry a cabbage fastened to a pole, after the fashion of our frozen-out gardeners, and he then shouted out to the assailants, "As long as you see the cabbage, you will know that Peter Marcognet is there; if it disappears, the colonel must take the command."

It was not till the month of September of the following year that the army moved from its cantonments against Prussia. At Nuremberg, M. de Fezensac obtained, through the influence of his family, an appointment as aide-de-camp to Marshal Ney. His position in the army was thus completely changed; as a regimental officer, he remarks, he was a mere pawn; as an aide-de-camp, he became initiated in the skill that dictated the movements in the military game of chess. The newly-appointed aide-de-camp was unfortunately without horses, harness, or money. His ingenuity did not desert him on so trying an occasion, and he managed to get a mount: "Heaven," he says, "only knows how." If the marshal gave him an order, he would at first ask where he was to go? He soon found that the only answer he could get was, "No observations; I do not like such." The marshal went on first, and never spoke to the aides-de-camps except from pure necessity. Even the aide-de-camp on service for the day could not address him without being summoned to his presence. The aides-de-camps were, however, happy with one another; they lived well, and were less controlled in their enjoyments. There was no want of power to procure necessities, and "I have often had occasion to admire," the general intimates, "how, on arriving in the evening at a miserable hut, our cook found means, in about a couple of hours, to give us a good Parisian dinner." On one occasion, the young aides-de-camps were received in a convent at Kloster-Meyendorf, but, alas! for them, it had been just previously ravaged by about a hundred French soldiers. Orders had to be executed, no matter by what means, whether the aide had a horse or not, a map or not, and whether he knew the country or not. Sometimes a post-chaise was allowed, with an allowance for expenses, which the aide put into his pocket. This was in the campaign inaugurated at Jena, carried out at Magdeburg, and terminated at Berlin.

We have often heard from veterans of the Empire that Napoleon, when entering upon the Russian campaign, was leading his troops to the conquest of England. And we have as often smiled at the strange geographical ignorance implied in such an idea. But M. de Fezensac throws some light upon the origin of such a belief in the Grand Army, and that on the occasion of the campaign of Poland, 1806-1807. "The pride of Napoleon and his confidence in his power were," he tells us, "raised to the utmost by the conquest of Prussia. Nothing seemed impossible to him, and in his vast projects he knew no limits to his will. Master of

the line of the Oder, he was going to cross that river and advance against the Russian army, which was moving on the Vistula. The most formidable of his enemies, England, was the only one that he could not grapple with hand to hand. But he looked upon the powers of Europe as vassals of England. In attacking them, he believed that it was England that he was fighting."

The system before described of sending off aides-de-camp, whether their horses were in a fit condition for the journey or not, whether they knew the road, or had maps, on the reverse, operated evilly in M. de Fezensac's case twice in this campaign, and, as he intimates, fatally in other instances. Being at Eylau with the Emperor on the morning of the battle delivered at that place, he was despatched to bring up Ney, who was marching in the direction of Krentzburg. His horse was unequal to the task, and he had to expend twenty-five Louis in procuring another. He had then to take a circuitous route, not knowing the direct one, or whether or not it was occupied by the enemy. The consequence was, that Ney did not join till the conclusion of the engagement—a circumstance which has been misrepresented by Thiers. The celebrated picture of Baron Gros, M. de Fezensac says, but feebly represents the scene presented next day by this battle fought in the snow. Even Ney was himself affected by it, and said, "What a massacre, and without results!" So great were the privations of the army at this epoch, that there were *sixty thousand* men absent marauding about the country. "The illusions or the charlatanism of he who was destined one day to issue orders to protect the peasants who might bring provisions to the market of Moscow were already admitted."

There was no alternative but to retreat. The army that had fought so indomitably at Pultusk and at Eylau, followed in the footsteps of the French, aided by the Cossacks, well mounted, and inured to the climate. But the affair of Guttstadt brought retreat and pursuit alike to a close, and the two armies went into their winter cantonments. The prestige of the Emperor was, however, according to M. de Fezensac, considerably weakened, if not destroyed, by Pultusk and Eylau. On the morning of the 5th of March, M. de Fezensac was sent by Ney on a mission to Marshal Soult, accompanied by a guide and a hussar. He fell the very same day into the hands of a detachment of Cossacks, who occupied a wood near Freymarck, and he who had been in the morning "officier d'ordonnance" to Marshal Ney, was the same evening a guest of Marshal Benningsen. The descendant of the Montesquious was, however, treated with kindness, hospitality, and distinction by the enemy, whether he was at Bartenstein or at Wilna. He gambled with the Russian aides-de-camps, and even tore up the cards when a loser. "It is a pity," remarked one of them; "we had only that pack." French prisoners, M. de Fezensac declares, were received at Wilna as brothers. That gentleman himself moved in the very best society of the place. Two months and a half passed away in this manner, "very pleasantly, very agreeably—too much so, indeed, for a prisoner." It was otherwise at Kostroma, whither M. de Fezensac was sent, according to his own account by his own fault, having wilfully insulted an old Russian general, and where his experiences as a common soldier at the camp of Boulogne proved to be

of infinite service to him. The peace of Tilsit brought about his liberation, and to his great delight he rejoined the French army at Warsaw, nor was his gratification diminished by finding himself decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honour. Ney had left the sixth division in charge of Glogau, with orders that M. de Fezensac should join him at Paris. He accordingly purchased a chaise—which, as usual, broke down five or six times on the road—and travelling day and night he arrived in the bosom of his family in September, 1807.

It was not till November of the ensuing year that M. de Fezensac resumed active service. He had married in the mean time, and the Duke of Feltre, his father-in-law and minister of war, sent him to Spain in the campaign headed by Napoleon himself, but not as aide-de-camp to his old commanding officer, Ney, although the latter had always interested himself in his welfare. The three months which were thus passed, and which concluded with "the defeat of the English" at Corunna, do not contain much more that is personal or characteristic. The march of the troops through France was a continuous succession of festivities, banquets, compliments, and speeches celebrating the past triumphs of the "Grand Army," and predicting new "glories." "Alas," remarks M. de Fezensac, "these hopes were cruelly deceived." Napoleon declared "that he had sent lambs to the Spaniards, which they had devoured; he would now send them wolves, who would devour them in their turn." The Iberian peninsula was, however, guarded by the British lion, which kept the wolves at bay, and ultimately drove them back ignominiously into their own fastnesses. "The marauders in the army were very numerous at that epoch," M. de Fezensac says, "and they committed a thousand excesses." If they were sixty thousand strong in the Polish campaign, what must they have been when more numerous than ever? "A rivalry of cruelty," he goes on to add, "existed between us, the details of which make me shudder." It was under these circumstances, however, that M. de Fezensac had to carry despatches across country from Ney at Alagon to Napoleon at Aranda, which he luckily accomplished without accident. When he got in the rear of the French army, the country had been so completely despoiled, he tells us, that there were neither horses nor provisions, and he had to make the best of his way on foot.

M. de Fezensac was recalled from Spain to take part in the campaign of 1809. He was placed on the staff of the Prince of Neuchâtel, although he continued to be inscribed, as in Spain, as captain aide-de-camp of the Duke of Feltre. He received on this occasion a contusion on the knee at Aspern, which obliged him to lay up at Vienna, and prevented his being present at the battle of Essling. In 1811 he was sent on a mission to Marshal Duke of Taranta, in Catalonia. In a report sent in as the result of this mission, M. de Fezensac—throughout an upright, humane, and even pious man—describes the Catalonians as a proud, independent people, detesting the French, and yet whom it was expected to subjugate by vexations and devastations of every kind, by bad treatment, cruelties, and contempt, carried even to the objects of their worship.

This mission of 1811 was followed by the ever-memorable campaign of Russia in 1812. Although then chef d'escadron, M. de Fezensac still acted on the staff of the Prince of Neuchâtel, and he served throughout

this triumphant advance and terrible retreat. Unfortunate Poland, although submissive and hospitable, was once more ravaged by two opposing armies. For the first time, Napoleon took no part personally in the engagement. At the battle of Moscow he remained at a quarter of a league from the field of battle. No wonder the slaughter was prodigious. It is estimated by M. de Fezensac at 28,000 French and 50,000 Russians—the latter probably an exaggeration. The great engagements in the New World have, however—*miserabile dictu!*—come to surpass the massacres of the direst wars in the Old World. As a result of this battle, M. de Fezensac left the staff service and obtained the colonelcy of the 4th Regiment, forming part of the third corps, under his old commander, Marshal Ney, General Henin acting as brigadier. Moscow was delivered over to the flames before the 4th had entered the city; two corps remained about a quarter of a league from the town, whilst Napoleon occupied the Kremlin. M. de Fezensac describes himself, as might be expected, as deeply afflicted by the scenes of destruction, death, marauding, and devastation, presented by this fearful episode of war. He was even considerate to the poor Russians, and afterwards, when quartered in the city, did everything in his power to protect them. But such protection could not go far; the French soldiers were clothed in furs, and yet they could get neither shoes nor stockings; they had their knapsacks laden with diamonds and precious stones, and were at the same time dying with hunger.

The misfortunes and disorders of all kinds that ensued baffle description. A French officer found a Russian officer hid in a cellar. He took him under his protection; but, being called away, left him in charge of another, with the words, "*Je vous recommande, monsieur.*" The latter, misunderstanding the sense of the recommendation, had his charge shot. The men under the King of Naples were reduced to feed upon their own horses. M. de Fezensac denounces the orders that at such a crisis emanated from head-quarters as "extraordinary." They were certainly dictated by anything but common sense. The men began to perish of exhaustion in every regiment. The driving in of the outposts at Winkowo first aroused Napoleon to a sense of his insecurity, and hastened his departure. A retreat was resolved upon by way of Kaluga, and the signal was given by blowing up the Kremlin. "Thus," says our author, "was the annihilation of this unfortunate city completed; fired by its own children, it was ravaged, devastated, and destroyed by its conquerors." The first day's stage of the 4th Regiment was to have been the convent of Seninof, but on arriving there it was in flames, and the soldiers had to contemplate the provisions which would have saved their lives burning before their very eyes. M. de Fezensac estimates the French army on leaving Moscow to have been one hundred thousand strong. His own regiment reckoned eleven hundred. The movement of this vast mass over the Russian steppes, dragging after it vehicles of every kind and description laden with useless plunder, and encumbered with all kinds of impossible things, reminded the observer of the endless caravans of the great Asiatic conquerors of old—the Timurs and the Jenghiz Khans. Arrived at Bowrosk, it was found that Kutusof was preparing a flank movement by Medyn, besides taking up a position strengthened by

efficient works. It was, after much discussion, decided to give up the line of retreat by the Kaluga-road and take the old one, already devastated, by Smolensko. M. de Fezensac mentions, to the credit of Napoleon, that one of the motives which induced him to arrive at this determination was the necessity there would have been of leaving the wounded behind. Such motives seem to have little weight in the operations carried on in the New World. It can readily be imagined what sufferings the army had to undergo in thus carrying out their retreat through a country previously devastated by both French and Russians, harassed by the Cossacks, who attacked even the Emperor's escort, and the road obstructed by the multifarious conveyances abandoned at every step. If a house was met with, it was uninhabited. A retreat, under such circumstances, soon became a perfect rout. The procession was opened by a column of Russian prisoners, and the soldiers in charge of them massacred those who could no longer march. It closed with the rear guard, which, by the Emperor's orders, opened to the right and left to fire whatever buildings remained on the wayside. At Borodino, the dead of the two armies were found lying where they had been left. At Viasma, the third corps succeeded to the first, which had been weakened by the repeated assaults of the enemy as rear guard. Hitherto they had only had fatigue and privations to combat against; they had now, in addition, to ward off the incessant attacks of an active enemy. On the 7th of November winter overtook the runaways—frost and snow at the same time. A vain attempt was made to check the pursuers at Dorogbuje, but the French were obliged to evacuate the place. Demoralisation succeeded to all these sufferings, and some of the soldiers began to throw away their arms. They could not, however, separate themselves, for however short a distance, from the retreating columns, without falling into the hands of the enemy. The men were thus reduced to robbing one another of their provisions, and even of their clothes. A soldier who no longer belonged to any regiment was considered as unworthy of pity. Some died of fatigue, others of hunger; some perished from cold, others lay down and were burnt in the villages fired by their countrymen. The wounded had to be left behind, and were massacred by the Cossacks.

Smolensko was one of the chief depôts of the Grand Army, and all had looked upon it as a point of repose. But the disorganisation of the army was so complete that pillage ensued, and the resources of many months were destroyed in twenty-four hours. It fared worst with the rear guard, for by the time it came up everything had disappeared. M. de Fezensac, whose regiment had often to sustain the charge of the enemy without supports, was by this time reduced to five hundred men—less than one half that had left Moscow.

At Krasnoi the enemy got in between the main body and the third corps. The rear guard, thus intercepted and outnumbered, was routed in little more than a quarter of an hour. M. de Fezensac's regiment was now reduced to two hundred men. Ney led the survivors over pathless fields to where the Dnieper was sufficiently frozen to be passed over, but the wounded, horses, guns, baggage, and vehicles, had all to be abandoned to the enemy. They had to repel several equally formidable attacks on the part of the enemy ere they reached Orcha, by which time the regi-

ment was reduced to eighty, and the third corps, six thousand strong, was reduced to a small body of survivors, eight or nine hundred in number! At Orcha, this remnant of a corps d'armée was incorporated with the main body. The terrible passage of the Berezina still remained. Fifteen thousand men perished on that fatal day, drowned in attempting to pass the bridge, or over the ice, or slain by the enemy. Most of the artillery baggage, all that had escaped previous disasters, fell into the enemy's hands. It was not, indeed, as is well known, till the army had crossed the Niemen that it was delivered from the incessant attacks of the Russians. The Emperor, who, in the absence of cavalry, had instituted a small mounted body-guard of officers, which he called the Escadron Sacré, took the opportunity of communication being opened with Wilna by the occupation of Molodetschno to start in a sledge, leaving the King of Naples in command of the remnants of the Grand Army. This is altogether an old story, but M. de Fezensac relates many details that fell under his own cognisance that are quite new, and highly worthy of perusal. So fearful were the effects of this most disastrous retreat upon all who shared in it, that the general says they could not recover from it even when restored to their homes. Horrible reminiscences filled their minds, the pictures of the victims of that terrible campaign never ceased to haunt them, and their hearts were filled to overflowing with gloomy horrors, which it required time and all the tender attentions of friendship to entirely dissipate.

M. de Fezensac served afterwards in what is called the campaign of Saxony in 1813, on which occasion he was detached as general of brigade on especial service in Hanover and Hamburg, and where he forced the English to evacuate Cuxhaven. A captain of Voltigeurs, anxious to distinguish himself on this latter occasion, rushed to the parapets to hoist the inevitable kerchief that is always ready to do duty as a flag just as the English were embarking, when a well-directed shot cut him into pieces. The defeat of Marshal Macdonald at Katzbach, and of Marshal Oudinot at Grossbeeren, were the beginning of events unfavourable to the Grand Army, to which Leipzig acted as a grand finale. M. de Fezensac became, as a result of the capitulation of Dresden, prisoner of war in Presburg, and it was there that he became acquainted with the humiliating fact of the occupation of Paris by the allies. On his return, "without having contributed to the Restoration, without having even desired it, he made up his mind," he says, "to serve it as sincerely and as loyally as he had done the Empire." The command of a brigade in Paris had been reserved for him, and he removed the tri-color cockade from his hat as no longer his emblem, but he says he has ever preserved it as a precious reminiscence.

STRATHMORE;

OR, WROUGHT BY HIS OWN HAND.

A LIFE ROMANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GRANVILLE DE VIGNE," &c.

PART THE SIXTH.

I.

THE SILVER SHIELD AND THE CHARMED LANCE.

"Is he to monopolise her for ever? He's kept the field a cursed long time," said a Secretary of Legation, dropping his lorgnon one night at the Opera in Paris.

"The deuce he has!" said his Grace of Lindenmere. "La belle is marvellously faithful; and they say he's as mad after her now as when he first——"

"*Taisez vous!* A scandal six months' old is worse than dining off a *réchauffé*," broke in the Vicomte de Belespriet. "A naughty story is like a pretty mistress; charming at the onset, but a great bore when it's lost its novelty. All Paris chattered itself hoarse over their *liaison* last December; what we want to know *now* is—when will it come to an end?"

"I dare say you do," chuckled the old Earl of Beaume. "But the succession there will be as dangerous as to the Polish Viceroyalty; a smile from her would cost a shot from him."

"Ah!—sort of man to do that style of thing," yawned the Duke. "Don't understand it myself, never should. But he's positively her slave—actually."

"Plenty of you envy him his slavery; white arms are pleasant handcuffs," laughed Lord Beaume. "But that woman's ruined him, and, what's worse, his career. He gave up the special mission to —— because it must have taken him where her ladyship could not go! A man's never great in public life till he's ceased to care for women!"

"Which is possibly the cause, sir, why the country, looking to you for great things, has always looked in vain?" said Lindenmere.

The Earl laughed, taking out his *tabatière*; he was good nature itself, and his Grace was a privileged wit, *c'est à dire*, one of that class who have made rudeness "the thing," and supply the *esprit* they lack, by the impudence they love! The fashion has its conveniences—it is difficult to be brilliant, but it is so easy to be brusque!

Those whom they discussed were Lady Vavasour and Strathmore.

Their *liaison* had been the theme of many buzzing scandals the autumn before, when, on leaving White Ladies, she had returned to Paris accompanied by him; but the buzz had soon exhausted itself, and their connexion had become a fact generally understood, and but very little disguised. His place and right had been long unchallenged, however bitterly envied; and whatever rumour had said of her capricious inconstancy, as yet she

had showed no disloyalty to her lover, whatever she showed to her lord. Either she really loved at last, or her entire dominion over the man who had scoffed at the sway of women satiated her delight in power, for no coquetries ever roused the jealousy, fierce as an Eastern's, which accompanied his passion, or flattered the hopes of those who sought to supplant him. If any magician had had the power twelve months before to show him *himself* as he had now become, Strathmore would have recognised the revelation as little as we in youth should recognise our own features could we see them marked with the corruption they will wear in death. Men who have been long invulnerable to passion ever become its abject bond-slaves when they at length bend down to it. Ambition was lulled to forgetfulness in the sweet languor of his love; had he been offered the kingship of the earth he would have renounced it, if to assume its empire he must have left her side! This man, who had long believed that he could rule his will, and mould his life, as though he were, god-like, exempt from every inevitable weakness or accident of mankind, had sunk into a woman's arms, and let the golden meshes of her loveliness enervate him, till every other feeling which might have combated or rivalled her power was drowned and swept away. Passion, often likened by poets unto flame, does thus resemble it—that, once permitted dominion, it can no longer be kept in servitude, but mastering all before it, devours even that from which it springs. The strength which he had boasted could break “bonds of iron even as green withes” had ebbed away into a voluptuary's weakness: and under the even brilliant modern life he had led through these eight months in Paris, there had rioted in him the same guilty love which revelled in possession of the Hittite's wife, the same keen jealousy which slew Mariamne for a doubt in the days of old Judea!

Lady Vavasour sat to-night in her loge at the Opera, Strathmore in attendance on her, as he had been throughout the winter wherever she went, the Comte de Lörn and Prince Michael of Tchemeidoff her only visitors, for the *entrée* to her box, closely as it was besieged, was ever a privilege as exclusive as the Garter. Scandals, badinage, dainty flattery, choice wit lying in a single word, rumours which answered the “*Quid Novi?*” asked as perpetually in Paris as in the Violet City, circulated in her box; and she sat there in her dazzling youth, shrouded in black perfumed lace, like a Spanish gaditana, with the diamonds flashing here and there, and gleaming starlike among her lustrous hair. Her coquetry of manner she could no more abandon than could a fawn its play, than a sapphire its sparkle; but, as I say, she never had fairly aroused that deadly jealousy which lay in wait within him, as a tiger lies ready to spring; though Strathmore, whose love was a sheer idolatry, as enthralled by the senses now as in the first moment when his kiss had touched her lips, begrudged every glance which fell on another.

“Strathmore has the monopoly now, how long will he keep it?” said the Duc de Vosges, as he left her box, while S.A.R. the Prince d'Etoiles entered it. “There are women who have *no* lovers perhaps (at least for our mothers' credit we all say so), as there are women who use no rouge; but when once they begin to take to either, they add both fresh every day!”

“Peste!” said Arthus de Bellus, pettishly, “he has had it a great deal
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top long. He must have bewitched her in his old English chateau! If a whole winter is not an eternal constancy, what is?"

"And this is May!" pursued the Duc, reflectively; "but those Englishmen are resolute fellows; they hold their ground doggedly in battles in love; there is no shaking them in either——"

"Vrai! There is only shooting them in both! If one picked a quarrel with my Lord Cecil, *par hazard*, and had him out——"

"He would shoot *you*, mon cher, and stand all the better with madame for it," said the Duc, dryly. "Strathmore is the crack shot of Europe; he can hit the ruby in a woman's ring at seventy paces—saw him do it at Vienna!"

"Look, Cecil! There is your friend!" said Marion Vavasour, lifting her lorgnon to her eyes and glancing at the opposite side of the house.

"What an indefinite description!" laughed Strathmore, lifting his slowly. "We all have a million of friends as long as we are happily ignorant of what they say of us!"

"*Tais toi* with your epigrams! All social comfort lies in self-deception, we know that," she laughed, with that glance beneath her silken lashes which had first fallen on him under the midsummer stars of Prague, and which still did with him what it would. "There is your friend, your brother, your idol—the Beau Sabreur, as you all call him—I hope he will not be shot like his namesake, Murat; he is far too handsome! Look! it is he yonder, talking with Lord Beaume!"

"Bertie! so it is. What has he come to Paris for, I wonder?"

Strathmore's eyes lightened with pleasure, and his rare smile passed over his face as he recognised Erroll; his attachment to him was too thorough to have been cut away by those words, even bitter though they were, which had been exchanged between them in the cedar drawing-room at White Ladies.

She, glancing upward at him, saw the smile, and this woman, rapacious, exacting, merciless, with the panther nature under her delicate loveliness, permitted no thought to wander away from her, allowed no single feeling to share dominion with her! And she prepared his chastisement.

"What is he in Paris for? To see me, I dare say! *N'est ce pas assez?* Go and tell him to come here; he will not venture without," she said, carelessly, while she leaned a little forward, and bowed to Erroll with an *envoi* from her fan, for which many men in the house that night would have paid down ten years of their lives.

How well she knew her lover, and knew her power over him! The smile died off Strathmore's face, the dark, dangerous anger of his race glanced into his eyes.

"Pardon me if I decline the errand. I am not your *laquais de place*, Lady Vavasour!" he said, coldly, as he leaned over her chair. The answer was too low for those who were in the box to hear it.

She glanced at him amusedly, and shrugged her shoulders slightly:

"Many would think themselves flattered by being even *that*! Since you are refractory, there are others more obedient. M. de Lörn, will you be so good as to tell Major Erroll he may come and speak to us here? There he is with Lord Beaume."

Lörn left the box on his errand, and Lady Vavasour turned to D'Etoiles, who then entered. She was the reigning beauty of Paris still; none dared to dispute with her the palm of pre-eminence. Sovereign of fashion, she

bent sovereigns to her feet, created a mode with a word, and saw kings suitors to her for a smile. She must have surely loved Strathmore strangely well, with more than the fleeting, capricious passions rumour accredited to her, that she allowed him so jealous and undivided a sway over her; or—perchance it was that “the dove” still loved “to peck the estridge,” to tame this imperious will to more than woman’s weakness, and see this man, who boasted himself of bronze, grow pale if her glance but wandered from himself!

“For shame!” she murmured to him, as he bent for an emerald which had fallen from her bouquet-holder. “How rude you were. Do you not know my motto is Napoleon’s, *Qui m’aime me suit*!”

“Yes,” answered Strathmore, unsatisfied and unappeased; “but I do not see why you should care to be followed by so very many!”

She struck him a fragrant blow with her bouquet of *stephanotis*.

“If a vast crowd follow ever on vain, is it not the greater honour to be singled from so many? *Ingrat!*!”

The idolatrous passion that was in him for Marion Vavasour, which bound him to her will, and made him hold his slavery sweeter than all duty, pride, or glory, gleamed in his eyes as he stooped towards her in the swell of a chorus of the “Puritani,” which drowned his words to any ear save hers:

“Ay! but love grudges the idlest word that is cast to others, the slightest glance that is bestowed elsewhere. There is no miser at once so avaricious and unreasonable!”

“Unreasoning indeed! You are much more fit for the days of Abelard and Heloise than you are for these. No one loves so *now*—save ourselves!”

For the sweetness of the last word, as it lingered softly from her lips, murmured in the swell of the music, he forgave her the arch mockery of the first; and the sirocco of jealousy which, once risen, never wholly subsides, lulled, and passed harmless away for the present.

Meanwhile, in Lord Beaume’s *loge*, Erroll received his message; received it with so much reluctance, almost repugnance in his tone and on his face, that the Comte de Lörn, who had only known him a Sir Calidore for courtesy and a very Richelieu for women, stared at him and shrugged his shoulders.

“Peste! the greatest beauty of the day sends for you, and you are no more grateful to her than this! And one must stand very well with her, too, to be invited to her box.”

“I have no desire whatever to ‘stand well’ with Lady Vavasour,” said Erroll, impatiently, forgetting how strangely his answer must sound, for memories of this woman as he had last seen her at White Ladies stirred up bitterly within him; about her, and her alone, passionate words had passed between him and the man he loved; through her, and her alone, that blow had been struck to their friendship, from which friendship never rallies, howsoever dexterously the wound be healed.

“So much the better for you, for nobody has a chance of rivalling your friend, it seems. Allons! you will hardly send her such a message back as that?” said the Frenchman, as he thought, “Ah-ha! the fox and the grapes! *Ils sont trop verts dit-il et bon pour les gougats!*”

Erroll wavered a moment, uncertain how best to evade her summons:

he felt an invincible reluctance, in truth; did it not seem too exaggerated and cowardly a word, almost a dread to enter this woman's presence? He recognised her sorceress power, and feared it; he knew her influence over Strathmore, and resented it; he believed it wisdom to shun, foolhardihood to brave her; he abhorred her nature, and he acknowledged her loveliness. Down at White Ladies, even whilst he had hated her for the dominion she exercised over Strathmore, and loathed her for the wanton passions she veiled beneath her delicate and poetic language, her soft and refined grace, he had felt the dazzling charm of that divine beauty sweep over and stagger him, as though her eyes had some necromantic spell. Now, with all the stories that were rife of the utter bondage in which she held Strathmore, hatred is scarce too fierce a word for what Erroll felt for Marion Vavasour. Had there been a plausible pretext for leaving the house to avoid her he would have taken it; already on his lips was an excuse to Lörn for his attendance to her *loge*, when, as she leaned forward to longner the prima donna, her glance met his, and he saw her, with the diamonds glancing in her bosom and her hair, and her lustrous eyes outshining the jewels. He hated her, condemned her, feared her, approached her with aversion; but that enchantment which Marion Vavasour exercised at will over temperaments the most diverse, hearts the most steeled to her, stole upon him as the syren's sea-song stole upon the mariners of Greece, though they turned their prow from the fatal music, as the fumes of wine steal perforce upon a man, though he refuse to put wine even to his lips!

It seemed impossible to evade her summons; he turned and followed the Comte de Lörn, as in this life we ever follow the slender thread of Accident which leads us to our fate.

"What has brought you to Paris? Anything especial?" asked Strathmore, when Lady Vavasour, having given him a smile and a few words of negligent graceful courtesy, continued her conversation with D'Etoiles.

The hot words that had been passed between them had been allowed to drop into oblivion by both—freely forgiven by the one who had had right on his side; not so freely by the one who had been in error, for it was one of the worst traits among many darker that belonged to men of his race and blood, that a Strathmore *never pardoned*.

"My uncle's illness," answered Erroll. "He was knocked over at Auteuil by paralysis; they telegraphed for me some days ago, but this is the first time I have left him. It will prove a fatal, they tell me, though perhaps a lingering, affair."

"My dear fellow, I must be 'extremely glad and vastly sorry' in one breath—the first for your inheritance, the last for your uncle!" smiled Strathmore. "Poor Sir Arthur—I wonder I never heard of it; will he last long?"

"He may die any day; he may linger on for many months; so the doctors say at least, but they always hedge admirably in their prognostications, so that, whether their patient be cured or killed, *they* are always in the right! I fear there can be no chance for him."

"Fear, Bertie!—on your honour, now?" said Strathmore.

All the old baronet's estates were willed by him to Erroll (his title he naturally succeeded to); a property not extensive, but of high value to a cavalry man in debt and in difficulties.

"On my honour! What will come to me will set me free in very many ways; but to rejoice in a man's death because you reap by it, would be semi-murder."

"My dear fellow," cried Strathmore, "we all break the Decalogue in our *thoughts* every hour with impunity, and in our acts, too, if we're not detected:

Le scandale du monde est ce qui fait l'offense,
Et ce n'est pas pécher que pécher en silence!

Tartuffe's the essence of modern ethics!"

"Ethics! Murder! Death! Quelle horreur! What *are* you talking about?" interrupted Lady Vavasour, catching fragmentary sentences, and turning her head, with her eyebrows arched in surprised inquiry, as the Royal Duke bowed his congé and left her to go to the box of a scarcely more notorious, though a less legitimate lionne, who had not a coronet to leaven her frailties. "What horrible words to bring into my presence! Are you going to quit the world and organise a new La Trappe, Major Erroll?"

"Not exactly! Though truly there are living beauties that might drive us to as fatal a despair, as the dead loveliness of the Duchesse de Montbazou awoke in the Trappist founder!" answered Erroll, almost involuntarily. The eyes that dwelt on him, the subtle spell that stole about him, seemed to wrench homage from him to this woman in the very teeth of his aversion and his condemnation of her, as if to justify the taunt and the suspicion that Strathmore had thrown in his teeth at White Ladies, and to make him by his own words prove himself a liar!

Strathmore's eyes flashed swiftly on him, and a sneering smile came upon his face. The thought that prompted it did Erroll as rank an injustice as evil judgment ever wrought in a world where its wrong verdicts are as many as the sands of the sea, and its restitutions so tardy, that they are rarely offered, save—to the dead.

Marion Vavasour smiled—her moqueur, radiant, resistless smile.

"Well, it is a proof of woman's omnipotence that love for her was even the cause and the corner-stone of the most rigid monastic establishment, that ever abjured her! Have you been long in Paris?"

"Only a few days. I am staying in attendance on an invalid relative at Auteuil."

"Auteuil! Ah, we go there in a week or so to my *maisonette*. We shall be charmed to see you, Major Erroll, whenever you can make your escape from your melancholy duty!"

He bowed, and thanked her. For the few words of invitation many peers of France and England would have laid down half the trappings of their rank! He acknowledged them, but chillily; he could not pardon her for her work; he could not forgive her the estrangement between him and the man he held closer than a brother; he could not see Strathmore under the dominance and by the side of the woman who ensnared and enslaved him without bitterness of heart. He read her aright, this sorceress, who could summon at will every phase of womanhood; and his instinct and his reason alike allied to give out against her an uncompromising verdict. With but cold courtesy he made his adieux, and left her box as soon as it was possible to do so, having satisfied the bare obli-

gations of politeness her message had entailed on him. And yet, despite all this, as Erroll drove away from the Opera towards the *Maison Dorée* that night, the remembrance which involuntarily uprose to him of a pure and childlike loveliness, dedicated solely to him, which he had often watched when hushed in the repose of a sleep whose very dreams were haunted by no other image, and murmured of no other name than his own, was rivalled and thrust aside by what he strove to put away from him—the memory of the glance which had just met his, like the blinding rays of a dazzling light. Strong and close about him was the treasure of a warm and holy love; but if even such a love be a silver shield in hours of temptation to the man who wears it (though rarely, I deem, is it as charmed an one as poets picture and as women dream), it could not ward off the charmed lance of Marion Vavasour's fascination. Her memory followed him through the gas-lit streets to the *Maison Dorée*; her memory haunted him still when he left the laughing companions of his opera-supper, and drove through the grey dawn of the early June morning back to Auteuil. Are we masters of our own fate? or are we not rather playthings in the hands of circumstances and chances, floated by them against our will, as thistle-down upon the winds that waft it? It is an open question! Half the world mar their own lives, and the other half are marred by life.

"Now, Cecil, what cause was there for you to look as stern as Othello, and to assert that you were not my *duquais de place*? to-night, when I merely paid an ordinary courtesy to your friend because he is your friend? You are as jealous as a Spaniard, and as ungrateful—as a man always is for that matter; so there is no need for a simile!" said Lady Vavasour that night, after her own opera-supper, when Etoiles, the Duc de Voeges, and others who had formed her guests at that most charming of all *soupers à minuet*, had left.

The light shone down upon her where she leaned back on a dormeuse, her perfumed hair drooping off her snowy shoulders, and the diamonds glancing above its fair Greek-like brow. They were alone; the Marquis was as polite a host to Strathmore as the Marquis du Châtelet to Voltaire; and Strathmore bent his head and kissed the fragrant lips that mocked him with such sweet laughter.

"Ma belle! there is cold love where there is no jealousy! Love waits for no reason in its acts; it only knows that it hates those who rob it of the simplest word, and is jealous of the very brute that wins a touch or smile!"

She laughed, as his hand pushed away from her a little priceless toy-dog, gift of the Prince d'Etoiles, which had nestled in her lace.

"I tell you you are fit for the old days of Venice, when a too daring look was revenged with the dagger! Nobody loves so now; we are too languid, and too wise; and two years ago you would have sworn never to love so yourself, Cecil."

"Even so. But two years ago I had not met you."

"No. How strangely we met, too, those summer evenings in Bohemia! I told you it was Destiny."

He smiled.

"My loveliest! I do not think there is much 'destiny' in this life beyond that which men's hands fashion for themselves, and women's

beauty works for them. But if fate would always use me as it did then, I would never ask other guidance."

She laughed, that soft low laugh, which in its most mellow sweetness had always a ring of triumph and of mockery difficult to define, yet ever menacing in its music.

"It was destiny! Let me keep to my creed. Bah! Life is governed by chance, and each of us, at best, is but a leaf that drifts on a hazardous wind, now in the sunlight, and now in the shadow; and the winds blow the leaves hither and together, for evil, for good, whichever it be."

And Lady Vavasour laughed again at her own careless philosophies; a true epicurean, life had its most golden charm for her, and turned to her its sunniest side; her foot was on the neck of the world, and the world lay obedient, and enraptured by its enslaver; Emperors obeyed a sign of her fan, how should Fate ever dare to turn rebel against her?

Then that sadness, which gave to her gazelle eyes their most dangerous sweetness, came over them; she assumed by turns, and at will, every shape and caprice, now heartless and *mequante* as the world she reigned over, now tender and full of thought, as the women of whom poets dream in their youth.

"Ah, Cecil! I have taught you a better love than the Age and the Power you once coveted? And yet—who knows?—perhaps Ambition was the safer and the wiser, though not the more faithful, mistress."

His eyes dwelt, with all the passion which she had awakened in him, on the living picture before him, on which the light of the chandeliers shone, enhancing all its wondrous brilliance of tint, and its rare grace of form. His idolatry outweighed the world, shrivelled ambition as a scroll of paper shrivels in the flames, and filled his past, his present, and his future, only with Himself!

"I do not know—I do not care!" he said, passionately, whilst his lips were hot against her cheek. "For the love you have taught me, I would barter life and sell eternity! Ambition—it is dead in me! You are my world. I have forgot all others."

God pardon him! It was fatally true. And she looked up softly in his eyes, his slavery was sweet homage to her power, his insanity precious incense to her vanity; and as she knew that she was all the world to him, so she whispered him he was to her. She had vowed him so many times, with her enchantress tongue, her fragrant lips, her eloquence of eye and word—so she vowed him now.

"Ah, Cecil!" she murmured, with that caressing sweetness which was as resistless as the song of the serpent-charmer, "we do not love the less, but the more, because the world sometimes robs us of each other, and would sever us if it could by its laws!"

II.

HELLA DEMONIA CEN. ANGERICO RISO.

THE Bosquet de Diane was situated midway between Auteuil and Passy, in one of the most charming retreats of those pleasant places; nestled among sycamore and lime-woods, catching from its terraces a distant view of the spires of Paris, and a nearer of the windings of the Seine, with a paradise of roses blossoming in its gardens, and the luxury of

a *sérait* lavished on its interior. Hither, in the sultry heats of early summer, when the thermometer was 38 deg. Réaumur, came Marion Lady Vavasour, after a lengthened Paris season, with a choice *cohue* of courtiers and guests, to head a circle scarce less brilliant than that adjacent at St. Cloud; to pass her mornings, forming new sumptuary laws and despotic edicts of fashion; to frame fêtes à la Watteau in her rose-gardens, or in her private theatre; to spend her time as became the Marchioness of Vavasour and Vaux, and the Queen of Society.

As it chanced, joining the grounds of her *maisonette*, lay the grounds of a cozy bachelor-villa, that had been long inhabited by an old English *bon viveur*, who, with very good taste, preferred Auteuil, and all to which Auteuil lies near, to his own baronial hall down in the dullness of Shropshire, where there was not a decent dinner-party to be had nearer than twenty miles as the crow flew.

The *bon viveur* was Sir Arthur Erroll, and the villa was, naturally, the Paris residence of his nephew, who had been summoned when a fit of paralysis threatened a sure, though a gradual, death for the baronet. The windows of the villa looked on to the glades of lindens and the aisles of roses, which formed the choicest portion of the grounds of the Bosquet de Diane; and, sitting in Sir Arthur's sick chamber, Erroll had full view of the Decamerone-like groups which strolled there in the luminous evenings, and had ever before him, as Lady Vavasour moved in the moonlight or the sunset radiance through the arcades of her orangeries, or down the length of her terraces, a living picture which united the rich glory of Giorgone with the aerial grace of Greuze. Perchance this constant, yet distant view of her, was more dangerous than closer neighbourhood; through it, perforce, she haunted his solitude, and usurped his thoughts. Of necessity detained at Auteuil, he could not shut away what rose before his sight almost as regularly as the evening stars themselves. He avoided visiting at the *maisonette* as much as he could possibly do; invited there, to have constantly refused would have been to place himself in the absurd light of *ensor morum* to Strathmore, and fostered rather than disabused the jealous error into which Strathmore had fallen, regarding the motive of his interference, the autumn before, at White Ladies. Still he went thither very rarely; but he could not walk through the Bois, or drive down the Versailles road, without encountering her carriage or her riding parties; and, when he sat beside the open case-ments of his uncle's chamber, he could not refuse his admiration to the brilliant and graceful form surrounded with her court, which came ever within his sight, when she swept slowly along the marble terraces, or beneath the avenues of her rose-gardens in the starlit summer night. He ceased to wonder at Strathmore's infatuated passion—he ceased to marvel that, for this woman's loveliness, he flung away fame, time, ambition—everything that had before been precious to him—like dross; and, almost unconsciously and irresistibly, Erroll ceased also to care to drive over to dine at the Café de Paris, and sup in the Bréda Quartier, as he had done hitherto, but stayed, in preference, to sit beside the window of an old man's sick-room, with some opened novel, on which his eyes never glanced!

Perhaps Lady Vavasour perceived how markedly her own invitations were refused, yet how surely a lorgnon watched her from the balcony of

Sir Arthur's villa that was visible through the limes; or perhaps she divined and resented the verdict her lover's friend gave against her? "Major Erroll is very rude. I have asked him to dinner three times, and he has three times 'deeply regretted,' &c. &c.—*Anglicè*, refused! I have shown him courtesy for your sake, Cecil; now show him resentment for mine. I will *not* have you sworn friends with the man; he does not like me!" said her ladyship, laughingly, one morning to a lover with whom her word was law, and who thought, as two scenes at White Ladies arose to his memory, "Perhaps he but likes you too well!" The few phrases sufficed to sow afresh the doubt in Strathmore's mind, and increased the coolness that had come betwixt him and Erroll, whom Marion Vavasour treated with an absolute indifference, though occasionally she watched him with something of that curiosity which a flattered, spoiled, and beautiful woman might well feel for the only one who had ever dared to show her his disapprobation, and been proof against her charm; and occasionally her eyes lighted and dwelt on the rare beauty of his face with a look which meant—it were hard to say what—perhaps a challenge.

"Major Erroll, pray why do you persistently shun us?" she asked him, suddenly, forsaking the negligence with which she had hitherto habitually treated him, as was natural from a proud and courted beauty to a man who had ventured to be ungrateful for her condescensions, and to show tacit rebuke of her conduct, without the prestige of a high rank to excuse him the insolence. It was one of those days when he had been compelled to come to the Bosquet de Diane, invited too publicly as he encountered them in the Bois, when riding there with one of Louis Philippe's equerries, to be able to refuse without drawing comment. They were for the moment almost alone, as they strolled through the gardens after dinner under the arcades of roses, while the starlight shone down on her, burnishing her hair to its marvellous lustre, and glancing off the Byzantine jewels above her brow, while the shadow of the night, half veiling her beauty, gave it a dream-like softness. She knew so well when it was at its rarest and its most resistless!

"Shun you?" he repeated. "Lady Vavasour can surely never do herself so little justice as to deem such a rudeness to her possible?" Courtesy demanded the reply, and he gave it only coldly.

"I deem it possible because it is the fact," she laughed, carelessly. "Come, I never am refused or kept waiting, why do you do it?"

"It is much honour to me that you should even remark a discourtesy if I have been guilty of it," he answered, coldly still. He condemned and abhorred the nature which he read aright in her, and yet—his voice softened despite himself as he looked down upon her.

"You answer by an equivocal? For shame! I never permit evasions. Say frankly, Major Erroll, the truth—that you dislike me!"

As she spoke she turned her eyes full on him, their liquid darkness laughing with a light as of amusement that any mortal could be found so mad as to defy her power, so blind as to resist such loveliness; a light that flashed on him with its dazzling regard, challenging him to treasure hatred if he could, to preserve defiance if he dared, to Marion Lady Vavasour!

"Come," she repeated, a haughty nonchalance in her attitude as she

turned her head towards him, while she swept through the fragrant aisles of her gardens, but with a mocking, amused smile about her lips—"come! the truth now, you dislike me?"

"Say, rather, Lady Vavasour, that I dread your power, and that—since you ask for frankness—I perhaps condemn its too pitiless exercise, its most pitiful results!"

They were rash and daring words to the pampered beauty, who heard the truth as rarely as a sovereign in her palace! They were spoken on the impulse of a frank nature and a loyal friendship, as Erroll's clear azure eyes turned on her steadily, with the first reproof that any living being had ever dared to offer to Marion Vavasour. From that moment his fate was sealed with her!

The glance she first gave him was one of grand amusement, of haughty indignation; then, this woman, in whom was combined every fairest phase of woman's witcheries, and who could assume at her will any lying loveliness she would, looked at him with a faint blush wavering her cheek, and her lashes slightly drooping over her eyes, that lost their malicious laughter, and grew almost sad.

"Then you are unjust, and err in hasty judgment, a common error of your sex," she said, gently, almost mournfully. "But! you might as well condemn the sun that shone on the *Ægean*, because the blind and the unwise bowed down to it as God! You are prejudiced. *Ninny!* when you know me better you will not do me so much wrong."

And for the moment, as he listened, he forgot that she who spoke was the arch-coquette of Europe, was the avowed mistress of Strathmore; he forgot that those words on her lips were a graceful lie without meaning, only uttered as the actress utters the words of the rôle she assumes for the hour. They stood alone in the starlight, about them the heavy perfume of the roses that roofed the trellised aisle and strewn the path: and as she leant slightly towards him in the shadow, while her eyes seemed to glisten, and her rich lips to part with a sigh, words broke from him unawares, wrenched out against his will by this woman's senses' charm.

"Let us know you as we may, you do with us what you will! Lady Vavasour, for God's sake take heed—have mercy—you hold a fearful power in your hands!"

His tone bore more meaning than his speech, which was rapid and broken, and his prayer, in its very warning, only bore fresh incense to her triumphs. Her eyes dwelt softly on him, and the warm hue still lingered temptingly, flatteringly, on the cheek that had no charm so perfect as its blush. And then she laughed gaily as she turned away, the Byzantine gems gleaming in the star-rays. "Power? Bah! over an hour's rest, a moment's pique, an evening's hearing! *C'est grand chose!*"

With this careless, coquettish mockery she left him, and was joined by Strathmore and the Duc de Voeges; and Erroll, turning suddenly away, strode down the rose-walk in the moonlight at a swift, uneven pace, not to return to the *Bosquet de Diane* that night. Twelve months before, he had sworn, in that certain remorse which comes to all men when they return to one who has been faithful to them in absence, with a reading of fidelity which they have never followed, that no other love should ever

supplant or efface his Wife, sworn it in all sincerity, believing that he should guard his oath sacred and unbroken. She was very dear to him still, dear as our purer thoughts, our better moments, our most holy memories are dear to us; he loved her fondly, truly, deeply; yet, the holier love was but a frail shield against the unholy; which swept on him with a siren's strength, hated yet insidious. *Mes frères!* did ever yet the soft silvery wings of your better angel so wholly enshroud you, that they made you blind to the laughing eyes of the bacchantes that beset your path, and banned from your sight the wreathing arms and wooing lips that lured you into error? Never; I fear me, out of the happy fables of women's credence, and of poet's song.

POWER! It was the idol of *Marian Varasour's* religion, in one form; as in another, ere she had supplanted it, it had been her lover's. She warped and used it pitilessly; and though she had disowned it, never exercised it more capriciously and mercilessly than over *Strathmore*, now that she had set her foot on his bent neck, and bound him into slavery. No toy was so dear to this tyrant as the imperious and unyielding nature she had bowed like a reed in her hands! No pastime so precious to her as to show, by a hundred fresh ingenuities, how pliant as straw to her bidding was the steel of his will and his pride!

"From whom is that letter, *Strathmore*?" she asked one evening in the rose-gardens, her favourite haunt, where she sat with him, the *Duc de Vosges*, and an English Viscountess.

The letter just brought him was from a British minister arrived in Paris for a European congress, and he passed it to her; his will had sunk so absolutely into hers, that he neither seemed conscious of her dominion or his own degradation!

She arched her delicate brows as she read.

"This evening? You cannot wait on him this evening: We play '*Hernani*.'"

"I fear it is impossible for me to avoid going; you see what is said," he answered her. "The Earl would take no excuse in a matter of so much import——"

"He *must* take it, if I choose you to send him one. You cannot go, *Strathmore*; I need you specially."

"But indeed, since he does me the honour to desire this interview, I could not refuse it without marked slight, not alone to himself, but almost to the Government at home."

Lady Varasour made a *bonne mine*. She knew a lovely woman is never levelier than when she will not hear reason.

"The Government? What is that to me? You are to play *Hernani*, and that is of far more consequence!"

"But I assure you——" began *Strathmore*, while *Lady Mostyn* listened amusedly, and he caught a smile on the face of the French Duke that he bitterly resented: his rivals *Strathmore* kept utterly at a distance. *She* had him in thralldom, but they had not.

"Well? what? I cannot have my theatricals disarranged to please your Earl, especially as he is a person I most particularly dislike. What would be the consequence, pray, of your neglecting his summons?"

"I have said, it would be little less than an insult to *Altonby* in his ministerial capacity, and——"

"Insult him, then!" cried her ladyship, with charming nonchalance. "And après?"

Strathmore stooped towards her, and lowered his voice for her ear alone.

"Après? Very natural offence from him personally, and great injury to my own future career, from neglecting the opportunity he affords me."

"*Galimatias!* I cannot have my tragedy spoiled for the Ministry's farce," she answered aloud, with a slight shrug of her shoulders. "You must send an excuse to the Earl, or"—and she dropped her voice—"if you insult me with divided allegiance, Cecil, I shall receive none. You used to boast Age and Power were all you coveted. You may go back to your old loves if you disobey me."

Perhaps it was that she felt jealous of her old rival, Ambition; perhaps it was merely to see her own power in its wanton completeness; but her eyes dwelt on him with the glance that, from her to him, commanded all things.

"Well!" she asked impatiently, "do you obey Lord Allonby or me? Which? I never share a sceptre."

A flush passed over Strathmore's face almost of anger; the look he caught on the face of Vosges reminded him for once of how completely he—a courtier, a diplomatist, a man of the world, who had sneered with his most bitter wit at love and all its follies—had become the slave of one passion, weak as water in the hands of one woman!

"Well? Which?" asked Marion Vavasour, with her charming petulance, and by the light in her eyes he knew that his capricious imperious tyrant would perchance resent disobedience in this trifle on which her will was set, more than a far heavier disloyalty. And so great was his idolatry, that even with lookers-on at his degradation, he—who held his will as bronze, and had boasted his self-dominion as omnipotent—let her rule him even in this wanton caprice.

He bowed his assent to her:

"What Lady Vavasour wishes is a command."

It was a strange oversight which, for a mere frivolous tyranny, made Lady Vavasour detain him that night at the Bosquet de Diane.

An hour afterwards, when the sun had sunk, and the ladies had re-entered the *maisonette* to dress for dinner, Strathmore, at her request, remained behind them, and took his way to the stables to look at her favourite mare, which had been lamed in exercising that morning, and which she would not leave solely to the care of stud-grooms and farriers.

It was dusk, and the second dressing-bell had rung, when, as he returned from the stables through the thick shrubberies which filled that part of the grounds, he stumbled against a female form, which crouched upon the ground in a position so suspicious of some thieving design, that he laid his hold upon her clothes, and bade her get up with no very gentle epithet. The woman shook his grasp off by a rapid movement, rose with a spring like a young doe, and stood confronting him, without any sign of guilt or fear, though her gipsy look, and dusty dress, confirmed him in his opinion that her errand lay towards any costly trifles,

or loose jewels, which the open windows and vacated rooms of the *maisonette* might let her make away with undetected.

She did not seem to hear the words he spoke to her ; but her eyes dwelt on him curiously and earnestly, while a smile, half melancholy, half bitter, played about her lips ; and as he scanned her face in the fading light, he recognised in its dark Murillo beauty the Bohemian woman who had taken his gold, and prophesied his future, under the Czeschen limes. The prophecy, and the prophetess, would alike have been long forgotten, but for the one who had heard and seen them with him.

"What !" said the Zingara in the Czeschen patois, her mournful and monotonous tones falling dreamily on his ear—"what ! the love is born already ?—the yellow hair has drawn you in its net so soon ? Take care ! take care ! Your kiss is not the first, nor will it be the last, on her lips——"

"Peace to your jargon !" broke in Strathmore, imperatively, catching enough of the words to incense him. "What are you doing here, an idle vagrant prowling about to steal ?"

She threw herself back with a proud fierce gesture, the blood staining her bronze cheek, and a sinister light flashing in her eyes, that were darkly brilliant as those midnight stars from which, in olden days, her ancient race had prophesied to kings the fate of empires ; by which now, in a strange travesty of their old fame and faith, they babbled to peasant-girls of love-predictions. "Steal !" she muttered in the Czeschen dialect. "Steal—from *her* house ! I would not drink a stoup of water that was *hers*, to save myself from dying."

The words were so fiercely spoken, that Strathmore, catching them imperfectly, thought he must have mistaken a language which, though known to him, was unfamiliar, and laid his grasp upon her afresh.

"You must give some very good account of yourself, or I shall turn you over to the gendarmes. You are in private grounds at nightfall, and are here on no honest errand."

She turned her eyes on him half haughtily, half mournfully, with the same gaze with which she had studied his face under the Bohemian limes, and unconsciously his hand relaxed its hold and left her free. The regard, while it shamed the suspicion which accused her of low theft, struck him with the same chill as when her vague words had traced out his future in Bohemia. An artist would have given that look to the changeless and fathomless eyes of the Eumenides.

"I have no need to thieve," said the Bohemian, quietly and proudly, "and my errand I will not tell you—now. In a little time, when you hate where you still love, you may share it—not yet. The sin is fair in your sight, and the kiss is sweet on your lips to-night ; when the sin bears its curse, and the kiss has turned to gall, come to me : Redempta will show you your vengeance."

She turned swiftly, and had passed away in the gloom through the trees before he could arrest her, taking advantage of the pause of involuntary hesitation which he made, as he debated with himself whether this woman was a maniac, or whether again he might not have misunderstood the Czeschen dialect, rendered doubly unfamiliar as it was by the gipsy patois she employed.

His eyes vainly sought her in the twilight. She was out of sight; and, disinclined to enter on the chase himself, he passed into the house, and apprising some of the servants that a beggar-woman was loitering suspiciously about the grounds, bade them have diligent search made for her. His order was obeyed; but the Bohemian was nowhere discovered. She had made her way through the twilight like a night-bird, and had left as little trace of her path.

III.

THE BROODING OF THE STORM.

"HERNANI" was never better acted at the Français than it was in the Marchioness's private theatre that sultry midsummer night. So many people were staying at the Bosquet de Diane that no other audience was needed, and save one of the Royal Dukes from St. Cloud, Erroll was the only *externe* guest. A little more with but half a dozen lines in it had been sent over to Sir Arthur's villa, signed "Marion Vavasour and Vaux." That very morning Erroll had vowed to leave Autueil as soon as his uncle's death or recovery released him, and while forced to remain there to go no more to the *maisonette*; but *l'homme propose, et femme dispose!* The few lines of gracious courtesy and airy gallantry on his enemy's taste invited him that evening, and broke asunder all his freshly-forged resolves!

From her bijou theatre, of which Lady Vavasour was singularly fond, actors and audience met again in the supper-room, decorated à la Louis Quinze, where she loved to revive the *petits soupers* that came in with the Regency and went out with the Revolution. These suppers were a peculiar charm of the Bosquet de Diane, and to-night one of the most brilliant of them followed on "Hernani," at which the sparkle of the wit might fairly have vied with the wits of Claudine de Tencin, Piron, or Riscart; at which the Duc de Voeges, regarding his hostess, began to ponder that the advice of Arthus de Bellus might after all be the best, and that it would be well to shoot a lover whom there seemed no chance of supplanting; and at which Erroll's wits were so sparkling and his spirits so high, that some of the men there wondered to themselves if he were bent on eclipsing Strathmore.

The supper lasted long, every one loth to leave a table at which he was so well amused, and with the introduction of those perfumed cigarettes which Lady Vavasour permitted to be smoked in her presence, and which scented the air with a delicate Oriental odour, fresh *jeux de mots* seemed introduced, and it was very late when the Bourbon Prince took his departure. Son Altesse Royal was always cordially gracious and *en bon commerce* with Strathmore, whom he detained now at the door of his carriage, saying some last words relative to the Sartory Stakes, for which their horses were respectively entered; and when he rolled away, Strathmore stood outside the house a few moments, while Lord Vavasour left the entrance-hall after accompanying the Duc to his carriage. The air was pleasant, for the night was very sultry and oppressive, as with the near approach of a tempest; it reminded him of the same, now near twelve months past, when the first words of love had passed his lips to Marion Vavasour, and he had thrust into his breast the crimson leaves that had

been pressed against her lips; it was she only of whom he thought now as he paced up and down, while the dawn broke above the woods to the east. His passion had this characteristic of a worthier love—that its success had not weakened, but tenfold strengthened it, and her memory alone filled his thoughts now in the hot, hushed stillness. She was his! and he would have driven out of his path the boldest that had dared to seek her love, he would have avenged with death the fairest rivalry that had dared to usurp his place!

Some twenty minutes might have gone by when, as he turned to re-enter the *maisonette* by one of the French windows which stood open to the piazza, the figure of a man came between him and the moonlight, he did not see whether from the villa or the grounds, though a moment after he recognised Erroll. They met as the one left, and the other turned to enter the house, met for the first time alone since the day at White Ladies, when words about a woman, rash on the one side, bitter on the other, had laid the edge of the axe at the root of their friendship. In a clearer light, or when his own thoughts had been less preoccupied, Strathmore must have noticed the change that had come over Erroll in the short half-hour that had gone by from the time of the Duc's departure, when he had been laughing and talking at the supper-table with all his usual gaiety, and even more than his usual wit. Then, his mots had sparkled through the conversation, dropped out in his soft, lazy voice, and his laugh had rung as often and as clearly as a young girl's—now, his face was haggard and lined, and as he pulled the Glengarry over his eyes his hand shook slightly, like the hand of a man who has been drinking deeply, which was scarcely the case with him, since he had never left the society of titled women.

Strathmore, however, did not observe this; it was very dark just then, as the clouds swept over the moon, and the lights from Lady Vavasour's villa, which were streaming fall in his own eyes, dazzled them, while Erroll stood with his back to their blaze.

"I thought you had left us, Bertie. Have a cigar?" he began, holding out his own case. "What a hot night, isn't it? There's a storm brewing. We shall have it down in half an hour."

"It looks dark," said Erroll, briefly, as he struck a fusee.

"Mild word! How sweet those limes smell; rather oppressive, though. I will walk across the grounds with you to Sir Arthur's; how is he to-day?"

"Not much better."

"Well, really that tyrannous old gentleman has lived quite long enough," laughed Strathmore, as he moved down the terrace steps. "I want you to have that Huratwood property, the timber is magnificent. What do you think of Milly Mestyn?—lovely figure, hasn't she? Only, unluckily, some wicked fellows do say it is sadly fictitious, and disappears when her maid disrobes her."

"We're often tricked in that way," laughed Erroll. But the laugh was forced, and he pulled his cap down over his eyes as they walked on under the limes and across the lawn of Marion Vavasour's rose-gardens, Strathmore talking to a spaniel of hers, that had run after and leapt upon him—a beautiful creature with a collar of silver bells. Erroll glanced at the spaniel as they strolled on in silence farther, and a bitter, haggard

smile came on his face. "She caresses you to-night—she will caress me to-morrow—and a German Prince or a French Duc the next day!"

Strathmore laughed slightly; his laugh had a peculiar intonation; it was not often that it warmed, but rather chilled.

"Poor Bonbon! How severe you are on her. What has she done to deserve such philippics?"

"Nothing! She merely made me think that she strangely resembles—her mistress!"

"Her mistress!" repeated Strathmore. He hated to hear the name of Marion Vavasour spoken by any. "Your remark is open to an odd construction, Erroll; what do you mean by it?"

Erroll swung round and paused where they now stood, under the limes in the midst of Lady Vavasour's gardens, nothing near them but the night birds, which swept with a swift rush through the foliage, fleeing to refuge before the storm—nothing watching them but the quick lustrous eyes of the dog, that glanced rapidly from one to the other.

"Strathmore! do you believe *now* in the love of that woman as you did twelve months ago?"

"To the full." The answer was mild as yet, but Strathmore's eyes were beginning to glitter coldly and angrily. Of all things, he hated his personal feelings to be probed, his personal matters touched.

"What!" broke in Erroll; his manner was utterly changed from its usual soft and lazy pother, and his words were spoken by hoarse, abrupt efforts. "What! you are as mad about her, then, as you were a year ago! You never see—you never think——"

Strathmore laughed a little again, more chillily than before:

"My dear Erroll! a year before you were so good as to intrude your counsels on me—pray don't be at the trouble to repeat them. I bore rather ill with your interference then, I may do so still worse now."

"Bear with it as you will! but do you mean to tell me, then, that, arch coquette as Marion Vavasour is, you are mad, blind, infatuated enough to believe she will for ever——"

"'For ever' is a word for fools," interrupted Strathmore, with his chilliest smile; "even forbearance will not last 'for ever,' if it be tried too far, as *you* take a fancy to try it to-night!"

"For God's sake, do not let our friendship be broken for *her*!" muttered Erroll, with so strange a vehemence and pain that the spaniel, Bonbon, jumped upon him, whining plaintively. "It will stay by us when all the women's love on earth has rotted out of our hands—do not let *her* destroy it!"

"Faugh!" said Strathmore, with contemptuous impatience. "If we had left the ladies' presence at supper, I should say our good host the Marquis's wine had got in your head, mon cher! The duration or rupture of our *entente cordiale* lies in your own choice; all I beg of you is, cease to meddle with my private matters. I must take the liberty to remind you, that you are neither my keeper nor my father-confessor!"

Strathmore's words were light, sneering, and cold: such, flung at a man in a moment of high excitement, keen suffering, and strong feeling, are like ice-water flung on flames; they came so now to Erroll, and on this spur he said, what else might never have passed his lips.

"You must be a madman or a fool, Strathmore!" he broke in hotly

and quickly. "I do not want to be your confessor, to see that you are fettered hand and foot. It is no secret now, you never attempt to keep it so. You are the slave of her idlest caprice, you are utterly chained and infatuated by her—all the world sees it. It is a thing publicly and plainly known enough. Men jest and jeer over it!—"

"Because they envy it—as perhaps *you* do?"

"They ridicule you behind your back," went on Erroll, hurriedly, not noticing (or evading) the sneer, which was all the more cutting for its tranquillity. "I tell you what they—sneaks and cowards!—only say out of your hearing. You have no will of your own with her—she rules you as she pleases. Great Heavens! can you make such a byword of your name, such a wreck of your ambition, for the sheer sake of this wanton adultress!"

"Silence!"

The word hissed out on the air like the ring of a bullet. The black, silent wrath of his vengeful race glared in Strathmore's eyes till they gleamed like steel, and he turned away with a smile that had darker meaning in it than the hottest fury, or menace, that could have shaped themselves in oaths or words.

"I should shoot any one else dead for that to-morrow morning! I do not need to say our acquaintanceship ceases from to-night? *Bonbon, ma belle, allons nous en! Voilà la pluie qui tombe.*"

He moved away with a low and punctilious bow of contemptuous courtesy; but with a sudden movement Erroll swung round and stood before him in the path; in the yellow moonlight his face looked very pale, and the nerves of his lips twitched under his moustaches.

"Stop! we shall not part like that!"

They stood face to face in the middle of Marion Vavasour's paradise of flowers, while the first storm-drops fell among the leaves above head slowly one by one, and the garish light of the moon, which looked dusky red against the clouds, strayed in streaks across the darkness.

"Wait a moment!" Erroll's voice was thick as he spoke, and shook slightly. "I risked death for you once, I would do it again to-night. We have lived, and shared, and thought together, as though the same mother had borne us. We have not prated about it like boys, but we have held each other closer than men of the same blood do. We never had an evil word between us till *she* wrought them. Strathmore! is all *that* to be swept away in a single night?"

The words were more eloquent by feeling than they were by rhetoric; they would have softened most men: Strathmore they did not even touch. He stood with his arms folded and his cigarette in his mouth, while his face wore its darkest, deadliest sneer. When his will was crossed, his wrath was roused, or his pride touched, the man was bronze; words could not scathe, pity could not stir, memory could not soften him. Once his glance grew a little gentler, it was at Erroll's first words; but it soon passed away, and the merciless sneer set on his lips again.

"You are admirably theatrical! but we are not playing 'Hernani' now, and I should prefer that we used the language of gentlemen. It is sad waste of stage-talent, and I should like fewer phrases and more rational ones! Lady Vavasour can in no way be charged with having caused the 'evil words' you speak of; you have only yourself to thank for them

by your madman's conduct, and by your very marked insolence to me. Be so good as to oblige me by letting me pass?"

"Not yet," swore Erroll between his teeth; a hot flush had come on his face, and his eyes were excited; Strathmore's words cut him to the quick, less for their insult, than their chill and sneering heartlessness. "You insult me for her sake—you turn against me because I tell you frankly what all your friends and enemies say with one voice behind your back—because I seek to warn you against your insane belief, your wretched slavery, with a wanton coquette, a titled harlot? What if I told you she were faithless to you?"

For an instant the words struck Strathmore like a shot, and he made one fierce swift panther-like movement as though to spring upon and rend limb from limb, the man that dared to whisper this thing to him: then he restrained himself, and laughed, a low, cold, imperious laugh of contempt and of power; he took the cigarette leisurely from his lips, and his eyes, that glittered like a furious hawk's, fastened on Erroll with deadly significance.

"What!" he said slowly, and gently winding a loosened leaf round the cigarette. "What? Why, you would give me your life for the lie, c'est tout!"

"But if I could prove to you that it were true?"

"Prove it, then! You have dared to hint it, dare to make it good?" hissed Strathmore through his teeth, where he leaned forward as a boarhound strains to leap upon his foes, while the leash holds him back from the death-grip.

The blood rushed to Erroll's face, staining it crimson, his head sank like a man suddenly and sorely stricken; he stood motionless in the still and sultry night.

"Prove it, if you are not the greatest dastard upon earth!" hissed Strathmore, his voice vibrating with the suppressed passion, which was worse in men of his blood, than the darkest wrath of a more open and a quicker spent anger. "Prove it, I say, if it is not the vilest lie that jealousy ever spawned!"

"My God! it is the *truth* I spare you!" The words wrung out from him, died on his lips too low to be overheard, as he forced them back to silence, by the might of a generous self-sacrifice which wrestled in conflict with a fiery temptation. He stood silent, stood to be branded as a liar! No other man would have uttered that word to Bertie Erroll, and lived when the dawn rose.

Strathmore looked at him, in the uncertain shimmer of the moon that streamed fitfully between them through the boughs; and he laughed, tauntingly, scornfully, imperiously, while a cold exultant light glittered in his eyes, and a fiendish sneer sat on his lips.

"You dare not? I thought so. Fie, sir, for shame! So this is cowardice as well as falsehood? You play in a new rôle!"

The words cut through the air like the swift whirr of the sabre, and Erroll—stood silent still. The veins swelled to cords on his temples; the blood left his face till it looked white and drawn like a corpse; he struggled with a horrible temptation. A word uttered, a word held back: in this lay the whole gist of a great self-sacrifice, and of a great revenge; in this lay the whole powers of his choice. With a word he

could strike down the man who stood there in the yellow weirdly light, scorning and taunting and thrusting liar and coward in his teeth. With a word he could cast out of the paradise, where he had lain so long, the man he envied every one of its sweet hours, every one of its honeyed draughts; with a word he could turn his exultant idolatry to loathing hate, to bitter shame. With a word! And that word he was giped and dared to utter! It was a deadly struggle, but the past, with all its boyish memories, was closer knit about his heart, than about the heart of him whose laugh was grating on his ear, and whose insults were falling on his brain like drops of fire. His head drooped, his lips moved faintly, and he muttered like a man in his extremity:

"God give me strength to keep silent!"

The words were very low, and were unheard, as the night-birds cleft the air with a rushing sound, and the winds rising swept up with a moan through the trees—the moan of the storm afar off.

A moment more, and he lifted his head with a gesture of proud grace; he chose to endure insult, aspersion, wrong, rather than do what he held in his power to do now—lay the burden on the shoulders, and turn the steel back into the breast, of the man who had been his brother in all save the ties of blood.

"Since you deem it a falsehood, hold it one—watch your own treasure! For the sake of the past, I let pass your words; *I* can afford to be called a coward. Strathmore! if we must part, let it be in peace."

He held out his hand as he spoke, and his voice grew mellow as music; the moonlight fell full upon his face, with its fair and fearless beauty, while his eyes were soft with the wistful, forgiving, lingering gaze of a woman. The look, the words, the action, should have unlocked a flood of olden memories and thoughts of youth, and should have swept away, as the light of morning sweeps aside an evil dream, all the dark and pitiless passions which a few seconds had been long enough to beget and bring to birth. But in the tangled web of Strathmore's nature ran one hell-woven thread—in anger he was pitiless, in revenge relentless. With his sneer on his lips he signed aside the offered hand, and in the ghastly light his eyes looked into those which met him with gallant fearlessness and wistful tenderness: but his own neither changed, nor softened.

"You might know me better—I never forgive!"

And with those brief, calm words he turned and passed across the sward, followed by Lady Vavasour's spaniel. Once, when he had reached the marble piazza of the villa, he turned and glanced at the night, as he called the dog to follow him. Erroll was out of sight. There were only the heavy darkness, which hung like a pall above the earth, and the angry moon, gleaming blood-red where she glared through the mist. The roar of the winds was rising louder, and from afar off the thunder broke, subdued and sullenly.

The storm was near at hand.

AUVERGNE IN 1665.*

WHAT were called in olden times "Les Grands-Jours" signified the days of a Grand Commission Oyer or Inquest, and implied the existence of a state of things in which feudality had still its usurpations and its licences, when it still baffled and derided local justice, and it was necessary to ensure order that the king should interfere directly through the medium of a royal and extraordinary Commission, endowed with sovereign powers, and from whose decisions there was no appeal.

When Louis XIV. took the reins of government in his own hands, after the death of Mazarin, the central, hilly, and picturesque province of Auvergne was the most notorious of all for the audacious impunity of its criminals. The "intendants," as they were then called, were perpetually reporting all kinds of abuses of power and excesses on the part of the nobility, who were often protected and shielded by the officers of justice; and hence it was that Auvergne was selected as the first province with which to begin a reform throughout the whole of the kingdom of France.

M. de Novion was appointed president of the Commission, which was registered on the 5th of September, 1665, and he was assisted by sixteen counsellors. Most of these magistrates, as their stay would be prolonged, took with them their wives and families. Hence it is that we are accidentally indebted for the history of the "Grands-Jours" from the eloquent pen of Esprit Fléchier, afterwards the rival of Bossuet, and who at that epoch was a simple abbé, and tutor to the son of M. de Caumartin, master of requests and keeper of the seals on the occasion of the Auvergne Commission.

The picturesque and cleanly town of Riom disputed with dirty, tortuous, mediæval Clermont the honour of receiving the Commission, but the authorities decided in favour of the latter. The quarrel, however, amused the witty abbé, and he immortalised it in verse, after the fashion of the day. Nay, he did more, he devoted several pages to the most serious discussion as to the claims of a young person living in Riom to be considered a marvel of beauty and talent, and he follows this up by no less than fourteen pages of a sentimental episode of purely local interest, related with all the fastidious elegance which can be expected of the refined and poetical abbé.

The commissioners, leaving Riom, arrived at Clermont on the 25th of September, 1665. Their entrance was effected with as much pomp and circumstance as possible. Clermont and Riom are only some five miles apart, and at that time they were united by an avenue of beech-trees, which have since disappeared. Many long harangues were made, which are described by the abbé as replete for the most part "with the moon

* *Mémoires de Fléchier sur les Grands-Jours d'Auvergne en 1665.* Paris: Hachette et C^o.

and sun and great and little days," and he afterwards explains that these figures of speech were used in the sense of the sun and its rays, the moon and its mild light of long days favourable to great enterprises, and of short ones to the commission of crime. Every one, however, was utterly worn out by the length of the local harangues, and the tedium of provincial eloquence.

The next day the "procureur-general," M. Talon, between whose family and that of the Caumartins there existed an amusing rivalry, undertook the more serious duty of exploring the prisons, and ascertaining if they were large enough to hold the number of prisoners whom they expected to capture. Receptions were likewise given to the officers of the different provincial courts, as also "to the religious people of different 'colours,' who came in bodies to quote St. Paul and St. Augustin, to compare the 'Grands-Jours' to the universal judgment, and to display their erudition by references from the Scriptures to human justice. A Jesuit at the head of his college, and a Capuchin, the most venerable of his province, distinguished themselves particularly by quoting the most beautiful passages of the Fathers of the Church, and proving that St. Augustin and St. Ambroise had prophesied what was actually taking place in Auvergne."

This bantering tone in regard to matters ecclesiastical and theological would scarcely have been anticipated on the part of the abbé—of the admired preacher of funeral orations—the man whose discourses the king took so much pleasure in, that, when he was made Bishop of Lavaur in 1685, he said, "I should have rewarded you much sooner, but that I was afraid of losing the pleasure of hearing your discourses."

But the abbé was manifestly gifted with an irrepressible sense of humour, which was further not a little coloured by the rivalry of religious bodies, the then corrupt state of the Church, and by the licence of the times he lived in. After describing Clermont as an ill-built town, he adds, "but it is well peopled; and if the women are ugly they are certainly very fruitful, and if they do not engender love they do children abundantly." Nay, he actually quotes the celebrated Pascal, author of the "*Lettres Provinciales*," for the fact that a lady of eighty had four hundred and sixty-nine nephews and nieces alive, and more than one thousand dead! and the editor adds, that this lady was a wife of Etienne Pascal. "After that," exclaims the abbé, in anticipation of future Colensos, "who can doubt the prodigious propagation of Israel during their slavery?" These fecund ladies came in troops, we are told, to visit the ladies of the Commission, and the ungallant abbé says they were ashamed to come alone; some crossed their arms akimbo, others let them fall like dolls, and the only thing that they could talk about was "points d'aurillac"—the lace of the country. They were not, however, quite so provincial as represented, for one of them retorted by telling Fléchier that they should never be sterile, and that the day of judgment would only visit them a long time after the rest of the world.

The next ceremony was the "Red Mass," at which rivalry for precedence openly manifested itself, and the abbé says that "everybody declared that the Bishop of Clermont had said many fine things, but nobody heard them."

On Monday the 1st of October the court was opened by a harangue by M. Talon, which Fléchier describes as "of marvellous eloquence," and which he proceeds incontinently to turn into ridicule. The president, De Novion, is also said to have explained the king's intentions, and to have testified "his great regret that the gentlemen of Auvergne, who are issued from the blood of the Trojans and the Romans, should have degenerated from the ancient virtue of their ancestors!" The president was in reality perverting Lucan, who laughs at the Auvergnats for their impudence in claiming descent from the Trojans and in being brothers to the Romans—

Arvernique ausi Latio se fingere fratres,
Sanguine ab Iliaco populi.—*Pharsal*, v. 427; 428.

The provosts next entered upon their campaign, and the arrests became so numerous that the whole province was seized with terror, and the greater part of the people took refuge in the woods and mountains. The Caumartin family withdrew at the same time, for a short period, to Vichy, which was already in those days renowned for its pleasant situation and medicinal waters :

Ces vallons ou Vichy, par ses chaudes fontaines,
Adoucit tous les jours mille cuisantes peines.

The fountains were, however, at that epoch not under the superintendence of authorised medical men, but under those of a venerable Capuchin, who assured the abbé that these sources were the outlet of the Pool of Bethesda, or, as he himself has it, of "the probatic piscina mentioned in the Gospel." Among other curious things that the wily abbé discovered here, were several nuns who had obtained permission to visit the waters spite of the bishop, and others who had obtained permission from their bishop spite of their superiors. Of the whole lot, he says he only found two who had any talents. "But," he adds, "as these veiled beauties had something melancholy about them that did not suit my inclination, I took more pleasure in the society of other ladies." And among these he particularly notices Madame de Brion, whose prudence and virtue, he declares, exceeded her years. A Capuchin who had not the beard as long as his brethren, and who boasted of knowing the world, spread the report that Fléchier was a poet. This brought down upon him three languishing "précieuses:" one tall, scraggy, and ugly; another so covered with "mouches" that he could only see her eyes and nose; and the third was lame; "bad angels," he says, "disguised as angels of light." He got rid of them by lending them Nicole's translation of Ovid's "Art d'Aimer;" but he would have much preferred endowing them, he says, with the "Art d'Etre Aimables."

The abbé was accompanied on his return to Clermont by Madame de Brion, and they visited on their way the convent of St. Benoît, which had some valuable seignorial rights and "some very beautiful living pictures."

Great was the terror manifested throughout the country by the time the worthy abbé had returned to Clermont. Not a nobleman remained in the province, and the only gentlemen that were to be met with were such as had made the most humble concessions, "due," says the abbé,

"not so much to the grace of God as to the justice of men." The tyrants of the poor were, for the time being, thoroughly humiliated. The most important personage first arrested was the Vicomte de la Mothe de Canillac, accused of a duel, in which the followers of both parties, as was customary at that epoch, were also engaged. M. de Canillac's adversary had robbed him of money entrusted to him for the purpose of raising men to assist the great Condé, but in the so-called duel he had attacked him with superior numbers, and had undoubtedly taken him at disadvantage. For this he was condemned as an assassin, and, what is more, was actually decapitated. Nor did the abbé sympathise much with the nobleman, for, he says, "he had not been for nine years to confession, and he had made but indifferent use of the holy sacraments."

He appears to have been even more interested in the case of a monk, who had discarded the monastic dress to enjoy the company of the ladies, and who had the reputation of being a successful galant, than in that of the unfortunate nobleman. M. de Talon, after affording infinite amusement to the court by his admirable portraiture of the monk, ordered him to give up his blue coat, take off his wig, bid good-bye to the ladies, and withdraw to his monastery. Another bit of monastic scandal occurred at the same time. The grand vicar of the Archbishop of Bourges was requested to assist at the taking of the veil by a young lady. Asked, as usual, in public and at the last ceremony, what she wanted, the young lady replied, "The keys of the convent, so that I may get out of it." Every one was thunderstruck; but, upon being further questioned, the young person said she had deferred her request to make it in public, for what she said in private was not only attended to, but always misrepresented. Upon this, the abbé most sensibly remarks: "If the girls who are daily sacrificed had only the same amount of resolution, the convents would be less peopled, but the sacrifices would be more holy and more voluntary."

An unfortunate woman from Lyons was put to the question as an incendiary, when it would appear that the main charge against her was having illegitimate children. A president of Brionde was likewise arrested for magical practices. One of his valets deposed that he had given him a manuscript, which caused him to rise from the ground even when at church and in the presence of witnesses. Luckily the president managed to escape into the mountains. Another sorcerer did not get off quite so easily. Two peasants, long and ardently attached to one another, were on their way to church to be wedded, when their little dog, carried away by the excitement of the day, strangled a farmer's duck. The farmer followed them to the church, and there cursed the nuptials. The consequence was, that notwithstanding the passionate love of the two rustics, the marriage could not be consummated, till luckily the priest discovered the cause. The farmer was then put to the question, and admitted, under torture, that he had fastened a bit of charmed wood to the nuptial bed. The wood was exorcised and burnt, after which the happy couple "were enabled to enjoy all the sweets of love, to the great glory of God and to the satisfaction of their souls." Fléchier, writing in the seventeenth century, quotes Hincmar, Archbishop of

Reims, who wrote in the times of Charles the Bald, to prove that such things were not fabulous !

Everybody thought that the Grand Commission was held solely to put an end to oppression, and to punish the violence of the nobility ; great was the surprise of all, then, when an edict was issued for the reformation of the clergy—an edict which at once won and enlisted the abbé's warm approbation. The edict was more particularly directed against the libertinism of monks and the scandal and disorders of convents. Madame Talon also laboured hard on her side as a reformer : finding that only twelve or thirteen ounces were given to the pound in Clermont instead of sixteen, as elsewhere, she insisted upon a proportionate reduction in the price of articles of consumption ; she established economies in the households for the benefit of the poor, and she even attempted reforms in the convents. But she was baffled in all her well-intentioned projects ; custom carried the day in regard to the shopkeepers, the ladies rebelled against the proposed economies, and in the convents she never could even ascertain the number of inmates !

On the 6th of November (1665) a wretch was executed for having treated his step-daughter, the abbé tells us, as Jupiter did Juno, "et soror et conjux." On the 7th, the priest of St. Babel was condemned to death. The irregularities of his life had been notorious, and the abbé tells us that many "plaisantes histoires" were current in reference to his amours. One, indeed, he relates at length, and with manifest gusto, of his having been called to administer the sacraments to a dying person, and spending his time instead with the servant below : "Instead of listening to the confession of the one, he was making a declaration to the other, and so far from exhorting the one to die well, he was soliciting the one who was well to live baldly." He suffered, however, for having been one of a party to waylay and assassinate a peasant who had betrayed his malpractices in having a mistress stowed away in a barn adjacent to his premises. It was even said, that when the victim asked for absolution, the priest only administered another and a fatal blow. "Did any one ever see an absolution stronger than that?" exclaims the abbé.

The commissioners, especially one M. Nau, who had been Madame Talon's right hand in helping her to put the town of Clermont under contribution, had a sharp eye to the financial portion of their labours. The wily Auvergnats would, however, sometimes play them a trick. At a time when they were in full cry after M. de Canillac's property, a peasant misled a provost by information of a strong-box having been removed by Madame de Canillac to a M. de Beaune's. An official visit was accordingly made, and the box, duly sealed, was taken away to be opened in the presence of the commissioners, when, to the annoyance of all present and to the consternation of M. Nau, it was found to contain only some rusty pistols. The abbé considered the trick to have been not so much a plant, as designed to put the provost upon the wrong scent.

Among the cases that succeeded rapidly one after the other before the Commission, was a quarrel between two prioresses of the convent of Marsac, which was decided by the influence of Madame Talon ; another, was a case of a woman accused of adultery and infanticide, who persisted to the last that her husband was the father of the child, although

he had been away at the time for a year and a half, and knew nothing about it; and a third, was to decide a misunderstanding between the medical men and the bath proprietors at Bourbon. The laws in favour of the disciples of Hippocrates appear to have been very strict in these early times. The solemn injunctions of the Preacher (Ecclesiast. xxxviii. 1) were quoted in their favour, and those who rebelled against their orders were even threatened with the penalty of death. One of the bathmen, who had called Doctor Griffet "an ass of a physician," was condemned in a penalty of one hundred francs and six months' suspension, which, as it was winter and the baths themselves were suspended, was not very rigorous. The Count de Beaune was also condemned to a fine of twenty thousand francs as accessory in the comedy of the strong-box. He paid down ten thousand, and was imprisoned for the other half, with liberty to recover the whole (if he could) from Madame de Canillac. It was impossible to escape the fangs of justice when bent upon extorting money. Two more women were tried for infanticide; one of whom had been the victim of Jean Roy—the vicar of her village—thus attesting to the constantly prevailing evils of an enforced celibacy on the part of the Romanist clergy. The court took a kindly view of these cases, and the accused were not condemned to death. It was curious that, in both cases, as in so many others in which the clergy were concerned, the crimes would never have been known but for the bodies of the infants having been disinterred by dogs.

At this epoch a troop of comedians arrived at Clermont, but their histrionic abilities were of so modest a character, that the abbé says people went to the theatre for the sake of the company rather than to hear the comedians; and he adds, "Il s'y passe bien d'autres amours que ceux qu'on représente sur le théâtre." Suppers and balls were also given after the play. But no matter what pleasures were indulged in, or how late they had been up at night, all were obliged to look serious in the morning, and "play the judge, after having played the galant." It was in consequence, possibly, of this rather frivolous mode of passing their time that the said judges condemned a female, who had killed a man in defence to her honour, to a heavy fine. It was evident that they did not appreciate such Lucretian modes of proceeding on the part of the ladies. On the 28th of November, the Count de Palais and his son were condemned to death, and their property confiscated, for the truly feudal crime of having slain some myrmidons of the law sent to arrest them. What is more painful in this case was, that father and son had been previously tried for it, and the Commission appear to have been in no small degree prompted to revive it by the chances which it presented for an extensive spoliation. The Marchioness de Palais was a Tour d'Auvergne, and a relative of Marshal Turenne's, and she was at Clermont on the day of her husband's trial without even knowing that he had been arrested. Informed of the sad results of the trial, she was herself only enabled to make her escape by swimming the river on horseback, leaving her discomfited pursuers on the opposite banks.

Count de Montalivet was accused of availing himself personally of the "droit des nocés," signalised by Michelet as the "prémices des nocés," and which were enjoyed by ecclesiastics as well as by feudal barons. It

had become the practice at that epoch to anticipate this peculiar privilege of barons and ecclesiastics of a first intimacy with another man's wife by a pecuniary composition; but M. de Montalivet, we are told, "found the old customs the best, and would not part with his rights when the girl who was about to be espoused happened to be handsome. He was condemned by the Commission to a fine of eight hundred francs, and ordered to reduce his "droit de nocés" to the acceptance of a crown instead, thus virtually prolonging the legality of a most shocking and barbarous feudal custom. M. de Montalivet was not, as may be imagined, high in favour with his wife, who appears to have been not only justifiably angry, but also of a very violent temper, and, as a result of the verdict, she entered a plea for separation.

Other ladies, on the contrary, appeared in person to plead for their fugitive husbands. Such were the Marchioness of Canillac and the Countess of Apcher. Others were summoned to answer for their own irregularities, as in the case of the Countess de la Rouse, Mademoiselle de Beauvèsé, who belonged to the household of the Countess of Soissons (the celebrated Olympe Mancini, niece of Mazarin, and of whom Flécher always speaks simply as of Madame la Comtesse). Some of these feudal ladies did harm to their causes by their excessive pride and haughtiness, although the modes of manifestation were often more ridiculous than annoying, and having more of vanity than of pride in them. The Countess of Apcher, for example, we are told, damaged her cause by "blaspheming" against the beauty of Madame Ribeyre, the wife of one of the commissioners, and by publicly boasting that she had waiting-women more beautiful than her—a statement which the abbé admits "to have been a great deal too insulting to be passed over." The Marchioness of Sales also appeared to plead for her husband, but in vain. He was accused of one of the most cruel assassinations that had taken place in the province. The Countess of Buset was also accused of excessive irregularities. "She was accused," says Flécher, "of divers passions in divers places and times, sometimes of a very mild, at others of a very violent description." Her husband, the Duke of Candale, who was a Bourbon, had once had a cottage set fire to, in which she was shut up with one of her galants.

The commissioners, or rather those who were associated with them, adopted at times extra-official measures for disposing of difficult cases. Thus, in the instance of the Countess of Saignes, who summoned her husband to obtain a separation, mainly founded upon disparity of age, a decision was brought about by shutting up the parties in a room together, and, says the abbé, "I don't know what they did, but they came forth good friends. However that may be, they were reconciled to one another, and Heaven grant that it may be for a long time!"

In other cases the verdicts were disproportionately severe, but it is generally to be observed that in these cases it was because there was property to be confiscated. Thus a Baron de Plot had had the misfortune to kill a M. Puy Guilhaume in an extemporised combat on horseback, which, although premeditated, was not accompanied by all the regular forms of a duello, some three years previously. The baron, now put upon his trial, was condemned to be hung, and all his property confiscated.

Luckily for himself, he did not appear in person, nor does it appear that he was ever subjected to the last penalty of the law. Madame de Vieuxpont, Baroness of Flaudeville, was in a similar manner condemned to 10,500 francs damages for having brought false accusations against the king's advocate at Evreux.

The duties of the Commission extended to the remission of sentences previously passed, as well as to the emission of sentences of punishment and confiscation. A curious instance of this presented itself in the case of a village priest, who, we are told, had always been particularly zealous in the administration of the sacraments, and who took particular delight in marriages and burials, the more so as both were, according to the customs of the country, followed by festivals, to which he was, as a matter of course, invited. It happened that one day, when he was thus partaking of a nuptial dinner, a dog, who wished also to take advantage of the opportunity of enjoying himself, carried off everything that had been placed upon the worthy priest's plate. The latter contented himself with remarking upon this little mishap, that it was against good manners to keep such an impertinent dog on the premises. But no sooner had he been helped a second time than the dog returned to the charge, and again carried off the dinner. This was too much, and the irritated priest got up, and having administered a good clerical kick to his canine tormentor, sat down satisfied that he would not be troubled again. But he was counting without his host, for the dog returned a third time, and a third time inflicted upon the baffled priest the same grievous insult. Unable to restrain himself, the priest then took up his knife, and threw it so dexterously that it pierced the animal's flanks and killed it on the spot. The country people considered the priest to be unworthy of carrying on his functions with his hands steeped in the blood even of an animal, and they obtained his dismissal. The Commission, however, after hearing his case, reinstated him in his church, which was indeed situated amid almost inaccessible rocks, and shut out by the snow during a considerable portion of the year from communication with the remainder of the world.

The more feudal case of the Baron of Sénagas, who was accused of exactions effected with an armed force, gave the commissioners a great deal of trouble and anxiety. The baron defended himself with great skill and firmness, and pleaded that in his persecutions of the people and of the Church, in his imprisonments, and even in his assassinations, he had only acted in accordance with the precedents of feudal justice. The baron escaped the scaffold, but he was condemned in a heavy fine, to perpetual exile, to the confiscation of his property, and to the levelling of his fortifications (in many cases the mansions themselves of the feudal lords were ordered to be levelled to the ground). Another nobleman, M. de la Mothe Tintry, was condemned to three years at the galleys for having shot a man who had refused to cut his grass as a serf, and having cut off another man's hand with one hand while he shot some guineafowl with the other, but as at that time remission of sentence was obtained by the interference of a bishop, or a substitute was found for some five or six hundred francs pension, we are left in doubt if the said nobleman ever really suffered. Among the common people who had been condemned to the galleys there was one who had heard of an old custom

which had held good in Auvergne, that if a woman could be got to claim him as a husband, he must be set free. The same practice obtained in Paris in the fifteenth century, for it is related that in the time of Charles VI. a young man was saved from the scaffold by a girl of the Halles, who boldly claimed him as her husband. In this instance, the condemned man pleaded his cause so effectually to some charitable ladies, that they prevailed upon an unfortunate female, whom they wished to restore to society, to accept the criminal as a husband, to which indeed she was in no ways loth; they even provided the parties with clothes for their wedding, but upon applying to Madame de Talon—who took the lead, as we have before seen, in all charitable actions—great was their dismay to find that the Commission could not lend its sanction to any arrangement of the kind, so the man had to go to the galleys, and the unfortunate woman remained without a social position. A story is also told by the abbé, in reference to the same case, of an executioner who fell in love with a girl condemned to death at Lyons, and who, telling her that it was in his power to save her life if she would consent to become his wife, added, by way of enforcing his suit, that there would be less dishonour in marrying one who put criminals to death than in perishing as a criminal. But the girl declared that even death was preferable to such an alternative as that proposed, and she requested that if he had really the regard for her that he pretended to have, he would put an end to her afflictions as quickly as possible, for she considered the one of having pleased him the greatest of all that had visited her.

The family of Canillac, one of the most powerful in Auvergne, were also the most severely treated of all others by the Grand Commission. We have seen that the Count de la Mothe Canillac was put to death for an assassination. In January, 1666, M. de Beaufort de Canillac was likewise sentenced to be decapitated for having, aided by his followers, put a gentleman to death, and that at a festival and in a paroxysm of inebriety. The count was likewise condemned to a fine of twenty-five thousand francs, which was more than his property was worth, but opinions were divided as to the levelling of his habitations. M. de Beaufort Canillac, more lucky than M. de la Mothe Canillac, managed to effect his escape. Another of the same family, Count Canillac de Pont-du-Château, accused of the same description of crimes, but still more particularly with having neglected a beautiful wife, was let off with a fine of five hundred francs, being allied by blood to M. de Novion and to M. de Ribeyre, members of the Commission. It is not a little curious that Count Canillac de Pont-du-Château, in his quality of sénéchal of Clermont, had, accompanied by the Viscount de la Mothe, who was decapitated, and MM. du Palais and Beaufort Canillac, both of whom made their escape, been the parties to receive and harangue the Grand Commission on its arrival in the metropolis of Auvergne. This Canillac family boasted not only of having given great captains to France, but also two popes to Rome, Clement VI. and Gregory XI., whose names were the same—Pierre Roger de Beaufort Canillac—and the then actual head of the house, Jacques Timoléon de Beaufort, Marquis of Canillac, an old man of sixty, was considered to be the greatest and the oldest sinner in the province. The veteran delinquent managed, however, to make his

escape, disguised as a sick lady in a litter. The commissioners condemned him to be executed in effigy, and his property to be confiscated. Two or three towers which he is reported to have garrisoned with bandits, to whom he gave formidable names, were also levelled to the ground. The old marquis was condemned to death on the 25th of January, 1666, the young Marquis Charles de Beaufort on the 30th of the same month. The latter had been a suitor for the hand of Mademoiselle Ribeyre, daughter of one of the commissioners, and had for rival one M. de Vaurouy, another commissioner. He was thus actually tried by an irritated parent and a rival. The king remitted his sentence to furnishing a ship that should cost ten thousand crowns. M. de Lévy, king's lieutenant in the Bourbonnais, was punished for having trifled with justice; but it would appear that the Grand Commission itself was not always actuated in its prosecutions by the most innocent motives.

Fugitive criminals became so numerous, that no sooner was one trial over than another had to be entered upon. The Marquis de Salers was condemned to death, although a fugitive, and to the confiscation of his property, for an assassination which is described as being one of the most outrageous that signalised "*les Grands-Jours*." The grand provost of Bourbonnais was, on the other hand, let off for a similar crime because he had the gout, and it was said he would be more tormented by his malady than he would by any torments that they might inflict upon him. M. Desheraux, who had hung a man for having outraged his wife, was left to be dealt with by the parliament of Paris. His wife made three journeys, during his trial, to and from Paris to save one who had only sacrificed himself to revenge a gross outrage committed upon herself.

The trial of Gaspard d'Espinchal, lord of Massiac, created, perhaps, a greater sensation than any others—even those of the Canillacs—during the sitting of the Commission. This nobleman had been previously tried and convicted at Riom, and it was the manifest incapacity of the local tribunal to deal with his case that had been one of the causes of the institution of the Grand Commission.

M. d'Espinchal was a gentleman of great property and high connexions in Auvergne. He was equally esteemed for his manners and conversation. But his conduct was of the most ill-regulated description. He was ever passing from what the abbé designates as "*des galanteries fort ingénieuses et fort honnêtes*" to the commission of crimes of a darker hue. He had taken to wife a daughter of the Marquis of Châteaumorand, but he was not content with his wife, and had, in addition, no end of mistresses. The young women took his part, and said that if this man was wicked, he was, at the same time, so amiable, that the evil he did, or the evil that was done with him, ought equally to be pardoned. His wife remained true and kind to him, amidst all these irregularities, until the peace of the house was interrupted by one of his mistresses, who, out of jealousy, invented an accusation against Madame d'Espinchal's honour in connexion with a page in the household—not an uncommon feature in mediæval baronial life. The furious husband presented himself at his wife's bedside, and offered her the choice of death by poison or by a pistol. She, while vehemently protesting her innocence, drank the poison, which, however, luckily not remaining upon the stomach, and medical assistance

having been tendered, did not take a deadly effect. Failing here, M. d'Espinchal wreaked his vengeance upon the unfortunate page, whom he put to death in the most inhuman manner. Having made a subsequent attempt to strangle his wife, her friends insisted upon a separation, to which she, notwithstanding the horrible treatment to which she had been subjected, was a long time opposed. Shortly after this, M. d'Espinchal had a combat with the Marquis of Saillans, in which his party being the least numerous, one of his followers was killed and he himself disarmed. He all this time so oppressed his vassals by his violence and exactions, that at last the presidency of Riom was obliged to bring him to account, and he was condemned in his absence to decapitation and the confiscation of his property. This obliged him to take refuge in Paris, where he was protected by the Guises. But here he got into as signal a scrape as had marked his career in Auvergne. The brother of a young person whom he had debauched in the country made an attempt to carry his complaint to the foot of the throne. M. d'Espinchal had this man arrested and put into a carriage, and would have succeeded in carrying him off had it not been for some soldiers, who, less credulous than the citizens, who thought nothing of the prisoner's supplications and cries, interfered and set him at liberty. The news of this outrage got to the king's ears, and was one of the causes that induced him to nominate a Grand Commission, with the view to put a stop to such excesses on the part of the provincial nobility. M. d'Espinchal, who, after braving the king and the presidency of Riom, had withdrawn to his own property, was one of the few who remained to brave the Commission; but when at length he was summoned to its presence he thought it the wisest plan to abscond, which he did so effectually that the Commission was able to do no more than the presidency of Riom, and to condemn the criminal nobleman in his absence. The miscreant is said to have served one of his own sons as he did the page of whom he was jealous, and we must hope, with the Abbé Fléchier, that although he so often baffled the authorities, God did not let his many crimes go unpunished.

It would be difficult, the abbé says, to relate all the criminal cases that were tried during the last days of the Grand Commission. Every day some gentleman or other was condemned to death, but generally in the absence of the criminal himself. One day it was the Baron de Cusse, who had murdered a M. de Champestières. The next it was M. de Beauverger, quite a young man, who had shot another in a moment of inebriety. The last execution that was carried out, as if to impart additional solemnity to the conclusion of the Grands-Jours, was that of the two brothers Combalibœuf, both young men of good repute, but who were condemned as accomplices in the assassination of a M. Dufour. The youngest perished first, and the eldest had to step over his brother's body to meet his fate, which he did with much firmness. These young men were not the chief criminals, and what is more curious, as instancing the laxity of justice at the epoch, is, that the president had promised their lives to their father if he could only effect the capture of M. d'Espinchal, or of one Avena, who was the chief criminal in the affair for which they suffered.

The last to be punished was Louis de Bourbon, Marquis of Malause,

and a nephew of Turenne's, who, although a Huguenot, enjoyed a cure, the proceeds of which he was in the habit of applying to his private purposes. "It was," says Fléchier, "a maxim with the gentlemen who ruled in these remote quarters, to use indifferently whatever came within their grasp. The little regard they had for religion, their great avidity for gain, the authority they enjoyed among these mountaineers, and the absence of any kind of justice, made them take all kinds of liberties. They oppressed the Church after having oppressed the poor; and not being contented with the inheritance of their neighbours, they also usurped the inheritance of the wife of Jesus Christ, and tyrannised over the priests after tyrannising over the people."

At length it was necessary to finish off the "Grands-Jours" in an agreeable manner, and after having opened them by the death of an illustrious personage—a Marquis de la Mothe and a Canillac—it was decided upon concluding them with a marriage, and thus, says the abbé, bring the tragi-comedy to an end.

The parties selected were M. Vaurouy, as we have before seen, one of the commissioners, and Mademoiselle de Ribeyre. "Thus," remarks the worthy abbé, "this man, who had come to repress the passions of the nobility and to restore liberty to the people, allowed himself to be conquered by his passion and lost his liberty, without even exerting himself to defend it." We have already seen that one of the unfortunate family of Canillac, Charles de Beaufort, Marquis of Canillac, had been the young lady's first suitor, and the abbé tells us that his love was returned, but the pride of the father opposed itself to the alliance, and hence not a little of the bitter hostility of at least two of the commissioners against the family. The marriage ceremony was, however, performed with unusual éclat, and immediately afterwards the "Messieurs des Grands-Jours," who, after receiving their *lettre de congé*, had become nothing but parliamentary counsellors without authority, made the best of their way to Paris. But although, we are told, they displayed great anxiety to be off, their haste by no means equalled the anxiety of the provincial nobility and gentry to get rid of them, and "it may be truly said that after so many sad condemnations afflicting so many families, the calm appeared great and the joy general."

THE QUARTERMASTER'S STORY.

A LEGEND OF OLD ANTRIM CASTLE.

ANTRIM CASTLE, as it stood at the close of the last century, presented nothing to attract the notice of the architect or the antiquary. It was a plain substantial building, with one of its wings extending to and embracing a half ruinous square tower, the sole remaining portion of the more ancient castle which was long since in ruins. This wing was allotted to the servants; here also were the stables and coach-house, and the stores for agricultural implements and produce. The other—the wing to the left of the building—contained the nursery, children's dormitories, and schoolroom, and apartments for the governess and children's maid. In front of the building was an extensive lawn, with a broad circular carriage-way, at the upper end of which were the stone steps leading to the principal entrance of the building. Once past the threshold, you found yourself treading the chequered pavement of a spacious hall, surrounded with effigies of men in armour, and trophies of the chase and battle-field. In front was the grand double staircase, with its beautifully white steps and richly ornamental balustrade. On the right-hand side was a large reception-room, its fireplace decorated with an old-fashioned chimney-piece, on which the life of David was sculptured. The centre of this chimney-piece represented the raising of Samuel by the witch of Endor. Some gloomy portraits hung on the walls of this apartment. Some furniture, now fast becoming old fashioned, were scattered here and there. Amongst them were an old tambour-frame, with the end threads (now dusty and covered with cobwebs) of the last piece of work embroidered in it still clinging to its sides, and a harpsichord which had not been opened for some time. On the left-hand side of the hall was the billiard-room, where the click of the billiard-balls might be constantly heard on wet days when visitors were at the castle.

The double staircase terminated in a grand corridor, from which opened the drawing-room and a suite of visitors' rooms. Facing these, and running nearly the length of the corridor, was a spacious apartment, hung with portraits of members of the Antrim family. Some by Vandyke, with that gravity of face, that obtrusive prominence of hand, and studied arrangement of drapery for which that great artist was distinguished. Some were from the pencil of Sir Peter Lely, and some from that of Holbein. There were two sunset pieces by Claude, and a few Venetian scenes by Canaletti, as well as a "Mater Dolorosa" by Guido, dispersed among the portraits. Suits of armour, various kinds of weapons for offensive and defensive use, and a large gong, were placed here and there against the wall. Opposite the door were a magnificent pair of antlers and other trophies of the chase. In the centre of the room were tables filled with a variety of objects, among which might be perceived globes, telescopes, and other mathematical instruments. At the extreme end of the corridor were the stairs for the use of the servants: here, also, was the junction with the left wing of the building, which contained the children's apartments.

In the eventful year of 179— the castle was tenanted exclusively by the few domestics in charge of it. The unhappy disturbances of that period, however, caused the government to strengthen the garrisons throughout Ireland, and, in order to provide accommodation for the numerous soldiery, the deserted mansions of the nobility and gentry were occasionally converted into temporary barracks. Antrim Castle shared in this vicissitude of fortune, and its deserted state, its character, and its general aspect justified the selection of it for this purpose. It had ceased to lodge the high-born and the wealthy. It had become dirty, dingy, and dismal in appearance. Its reputation had suffered in the county; and when buildings, like individuals, get a bad name, few care to be seen in their neighbourhood. The garrison of the castle consisted of a company of the Kildare militia, with the quartermaster in command. Whether any disturbance in that locality was apprehended, or whether the militia were stationed there for the protection of the house and property, is immaterial at this distance of time. It is sufficient to say that the quartermaster was there, and that he profited by his sojourn to elicit from the housekeeper (the only person of the former establishment now remaining in the castle) the following story. She alone was acquainted with all its sad incidents. With respect to them she had hitherto maintained a profound silence in her communications with those now in occupation; and she would, perhaps, have continued to do so if she had not been impelled to relate them through the influence of her superstitious fears. One evening there were some articles of bedding wanted for the use of the militia, and for which it was necessary to ascend to the now disused visitors' rooms. The housekeeper declared she would not go alone, so the quartermaster's wife agreed to accompany her. They had ascended the stairs, and were proceeding along the corridor, when they fancied they heard the sound of footsteps echoing behind them. They were hurried and heavy, and were the footsteps of a person going in the same direction as themselves. To the excited imagination of the terrified housekeeper it appeared as if some person was walking rapidly to overtake them. They now sounded distinctly beside her. Terrified beyond expression, she screamed and turned to rest on her companion, when the candle which the latter held in her hand was suddenly extinguished by a gust of wind from an open window in one of the rooms. The housekeeper fell fainting on the floor. The quartermaster's wife kept screaming for help, and groping her way along the corridor to the staircase. Her screams brought several of the militia to her assistance. They procured lights, and carried down what seemed the lifeless body of the housekeeper. The quartermaster, having heard the particulars of the cause of her fright, was apprehensive of thieves being in the house, the more so as he had that day received the company's pay, which was still in his possession. He therefore determined to search the upper apartments, and ordered some of his men to arm themselves and follow him. They searched the bedrooms and drawing-room, even the armoury and museum, but no one was found secreted there, while the men were half stifled and blinded with dust. The search having proved fruitless, they descended to the parlour, which served as a guard-room, where they found the old housekeeper gradually reviving from her fainting-fit. Every one awaited her revival with impatience: every one evinced a pardonable curiosity to hear from her own lips an ac-

count of what had frightened her. But the first words she uttered showed how much her excited imagination had been impressed by the remembrance of certain tragical events which had happened in the castle. "I have seen him," said she; "I have seen George Macartney!"

She could speak no more. Half-dead with fright, she was placed on a sofa before the fire, and a little wine-and-water was given to her as a restorative. When she was sufficiently recovered to bear removal she was carried to her own room, the quartermaster's wife remaining to keep her company.

Nothing could disabuse her mind of the notion that she had seen a ghost, nor could she be prevailed on to remain alone for an instant. Now, the quartermaster was a man of considerable intelligence. He knew that if he pool-pooched her statement about the ghost he should retard her recovery, as opposition to any deep-rooted conviction acts injuriously on a debilitated constitution; he therefore spoke soothingly to her, and, with a little skilful management, led her on to speak of those matters which had impressed themselves so deeply on her mind, and had generated the belief in the appearance of the supernatural visitor. As for the housekeeper, she felt that it would afford her relief and comfort to disburden her mind of the sad story, so she narrated it to the quartermaster, who, on retiring to his room, took it down in writing. With some slight alterations, it is as follows:

I.

When the old Marquis of Antrim died he left no male issue, so his newly-acquired title died with him. But some time before his death he had obtained the king's permission to bequeath his ancient titles, honours, and estates to his daughters, the eldest of whom now succeeded as Countess of Antrim. She had the absolute disposal of a great deal of the property, and as she had as yet evinced no intention of marrying, and had become estranged from her sister, she invited for company-sake to the castle two youths of the ancient family of the Macartneys. They were closely allied to the Antrim family by marriage, therefore it was not unreasonable supposed that, if the boys succeeded in pleasing her, they would become her heirs.

Between the ages of the brothers there was a difference of two years. George, the elder brother, was, at this period, fourteen years old. Eugene at once became the favourite of the countess. She liked his appearance, she liked his cheerful, happy disposition. His joyous laugh dispelled the gloom of the lonely mansion. Unless when engaged in his studies, he was to be met roaming sportively about the building or the pleasure-grounds. The exuberance of his spirits prompted him to play many pranks. Sometimes when walking with the countess he would steal away from her side, and, whilst she would be wondering what had become of him, and had walked some distance from where he had disappeared, he would rush from a hiding-place out across her path, and startle her by the suddenness of his reappearance. Sometimes when observing her in the portrait and curiosity-room, he would enter stealthily and conceal himself behind a suit of armour, and, after a little time, dart suddenly out, and frighten the countess. His archness, his ingenuousness, his playful tricks, endeared him to her, and every moment he could spare from his

studies was spent in her company. She made no secret of her intentions with respect to him. He was to be her heir; and she lavished all her fondness on him, to the exclusion of his brother. On the disposition of the latter the effects of this marked preference for Eugene, which the countess took no pains to conceal, was painfully apparent. George was naturally reserved and sullen, averse to join in the plays and pastimes of his brother and other boys; he now became moody in the extreme, and his fitful temper caused him to be sometimes shunned by his brother, and hated by the countess and the domestics. It was not merely the good fortune of Eugene which had so affected him, but he hated the latter because he was the idol of that little circle. The sentiments thus engendered were fostered and developed by subsequent events. The growth of a passion, the development of an idea, are not, like Jonah's gourd, the product of a night. It is by imperceptible degrees that passion especially acquires its supreme sway over the mind. By long brooding over a fancied slight we come to consider it an unpardonable injury which we desire to revenge. The few years passed by the young Macartneys in Antrim Castle, away from the watchful supervision of father or mother, and the favour lavished on Eugene, were destined to be fatal in their effects.

Whatever latent good was in George's nature was here utterly extinguished.

Moody, wayward, and self-willed, he was at last pronounced incorrigible, and left to follow the bent of his inclination. He rarely strayed beyond the wing of the building in which he slept and studied. Just outside his room window was a tall elm-tree, which grew close to the house, and overshadowed it. It was his delight to jump from the window out on its branches and remain there some time, and then jump back to the window-sill, and so return to his apartment. This was his favourite mode of egress and ingress. When at the back of the house he would rarely think of entering by the door and ascending to his room by the stairs, but would climb the elm-tree, and jump over to his room window, in spite of the remonstrances and warnings of the servants. Indeed, the more terror this practice of his caused the inmates of the castle, the more he indulged in it. Two years thus passed away, and the brothers not appearing to make any marked proficiency in their studies under the care of tutors, the countess resolved to send them to a university. An influential connexion of her family, Lord M., had suggested this step; he also recommended her to send them to a college in Paris, with the principal of which college he had had some intimacy. At first she thought to retain Eugene near her, he was so companionable, and the place would be so dull without him. But George positively declined to go unless he were accompanied by his brother. He was, of course, moved to this resolution more by jealousy than affection. The countess consented with reluctance to the departure of Eugene; but, though he was her chief solace, she remembered that no selfish considerations should be allowed to interfere with her duty to her protégés. They were, accordingly, sent to Paris.

II.

After an interval of four years, we are again introduced to the Macartneys. They had now grown to manhood, and completed their

education. They were still residents of the gay and fascinating French capital. Paris had extraordinary attractions for young men in the position of the Macartneys. They were furnished with the enchanter's wand (letters of introduction), by which they obtained admission within the charmed circles in which the nobility of the ancien régime lived, moved, and had their being. The seductions of the French capital were at this period irresistible. It was the reign of pleasure, for it was the reign of Madame du Barri.

In the varied phases of Parisian life the Macartneys found ample opportunity to gratify their opposite tastes. And never, perhaps, were two brothers more dissimilar. Their appearance, their habits, and their dispositions, were unlike. George was tall, deep-chested, with dark complexion and dark hair. But already was the manly beauty of his face disfigured by premature indulgence. It was neither repulsive nor attractive. It was, as it were, a page in an abstruse book, at which you gazed inquisitively, and tried to decipher its characters and guess their meaning. He was averse to society, but in his blazé moments he sought that of routs, and not unfrequently the excitement of the gaming-table.

Eugene was not so tall, his complexion was fair, and his handsome face was set off with a profusion of curly chesnut hair. His disposition was still as lively as when it illumined the dull castle of Antrim, cheered the seclusion of the countess, and provoked the mirth of the domestics. He was made for society, and could not live out of it; but he delighted most in the company of ladies, by whom he was courted and petted.

About this time the brothers became attached to the family of Comte A. Monsieur le Comte was the sole surviving descendant of an ancient race that was noble in the time of Pepin. Madame la Comtesse, as femme, could boast of a lineage as ancient and noble. They had an only child, a daughter, as beautiful, as piquante, and as fascinating as a French girl could be. Like many others of the haute noblesse of the period, there was more pride than money in the family. They moved, of course, in the charmed circle of which the Macartneys had the entrée. The brothers soon became constant visitors at the comte's mansion. They were always received with their host's kindly "*Vous êtes le bien venu, Monsieur Macartney; et vous aussi, Monsieur Eugene.*" They were even more affectionately greeted by the countess and her pretty daughter. The attention of the latter seemed equally divided between the brothers. With the elder she was grave and reserved, while her eyes spoke the warmth of an affectionate and loving heart. In his absence, in Eugene's company, she, however, compensated herself for the restraint which she had put on in his presence, and gave free play to her vivacious disposition. With the sagacity of her sex she soon perceived that both brothers were épris with her, before they themselves were conscious of it. They, however, became shy, and eventually jealous of each other. Each believed himself the one favoured by the young beauty. Each had had reason to hope that his love was reciprocated. But the young syren was as yet only displaying her charms for her own amusement. She had not felt any marked preference for either of the brothers. Playing with fire is, however, a dangerous pastime. The female heart could not long remain in this state of indecision. The embers of love unconsciously smouldered there, and were fanned into a flame by the gay and loving Eugene. This youth proved

a more dangerous rival than his brother had apprehended; but at eighteen years of age we are capable of great achievements in the field of love. Eugene urged his suit with the impetuosity of youth. He had already the prestige of the wealth he was to inherit, and he failed not to profit by every advantage.

George was twenty-one, and had just succeeded to the family property. The Macartneys, being a branch of the Macarths of the south of Ireland, had this advantage over any of the French nobility, that, while the latter were proud to date their elevation from the time of Pepin, the Macarths were a royal race when the ancestors of that king lived in obscurity, and obtained a precarious existence by feeding on pippins. "The boast of heraldry" was also on the side of Eugene: but had it not been there, the choice of the lady would have been equally decisive. Unfortunately for herself, and unfortunately for the brothers, she was a coquette by nature. At the moment when her heart was Eugene's she continued to give hope to George. The brothers now became totally estranged. George, considering his suit as accepted, proposed formally to the count. The usual settlements and preparations were being made, when the feelings of the élite of Parisian society were shocked by a most irregular proceeding: *le jeune Irlandois* had eloped with the charming daughter of *Mons. le Comte A.* There was, consequently, great excitement in French society. Anything so unusual as this had not been heard of in the matrimonial world within the memory of the most ancient member of the ancien régime. *Les Irlandois* were evidently more excitable, more impressionable and impassioned, than *les Français*.

It was discovered that the runaways were provided with passports, and were travelling post, under fictitious names, to Boulogne, doubtless with the intention of reaching England. They had had a good start, so that pursuit would be fruitless. George Macartney was the only one who felt deeply injured by the elopement. An alliance with him was evidently repugnant to the lady. Yet she had given him reason to hope, and had bound his heart to her own by the tendrils of affection. She had now violently snapped those bonds asunder, and flung away the heart which she had moulded to her fancy, as the potter moulds clay for his pottery. Trifled with, jilted, George felt his love suddenly changed into inextinguishable hatred. He made some hasty arrangements with respect to his property, and disappeared.

III.

Antrim Castle could not boast of many external architectural embellishments. It was, as we have already described, a plain, substantial building. A low wall, now needing repair in some places, separated the grounds from the road which led to Larne. But the grounds were thickly wooded, and in the autumn, if the castle was approached by this road, the view to an artist's eye was really beautiful. The time should be sunset, when at the close of September the castle shone before you as if it were of white marble, and the foliage of the trees had that russet, autumnal tint which, when illumined by the slanting rays of the setting sun, makes one colour blind to the hues of surrounding objects. Along the road the fallen, withered leaves lay crispy under the wayfarer's feet, unless when they were blown into little eddies by the evening breeze.

Just four years after the elopement had happened, a solitary wayfarer

was walking along the road from Lamee, and appeared to be particularly struck with the castle and pleasure-grounds. Yet it was not the beauties of the place in which he was interested, for his gaze was principally fixed on the places where the wall was ruinous. If you looked well at this stranger, you would see something suspicious in his face, in his general appearance, and in his mode of progression. He examined everything with a scrutinising gaze. By the arrangement of his dress he seemed totally regardless of the impression he made on the spectator, and every now and then he stopped and looked scowlingly over the grounds, through the bright russet-tinted foliage of the trees, and on, as it were, into the windows of the castle. His pace was irregular; sometimes he walked hurriedly along, and then, relapsing into his thoughtful mood, he would walk slowly onwards, gazing on the castle and the grounds, and scrutinising the wall and the partially dried-up ditch. Having reached the turn where the road branched on the one hand to the castle, and on the other to the town, our pedestrian proceeded to the latter place. It was getting dark now, but still he walked on with the confidence of a man who knew his way. He made no inquiries of the few persons who from time to time passed him, and who paid him no marked attention, as they considered him a casual visitor to the castle. On arriving at the town, he selected an hotel which had the Antrim Arms emblazoned over its door. Its chief attraction for the stranger was its absence of all bustle. It was the most unfrequented hotel in the town, and a traveller was but in little danger of being molested by the inquisitiveness of guests or waiters. The former seldom came, and the latter were not kept.

The stranger required private accommodation. The landlady waited on him, and, being a fair specimen of her class, she entertained him with the gossip of the neighbourhood, while she scrutinised his dress and general appearance. There was nothing very pleasing in his face: it was stern and forbidding. His age might be thirty, or more or less; you could not say with any degree of certainty. His long dark moustache, and his semi-military cap, of which he did not divest himself in the presence of the landlady, his general deportment, all betokened him to be of the military profession. His arriving on foot, and without luggage, might have caused her some uneasiness as to the traveller's ability to pay his reckoning, if he had not produced a well-filled purse, and anticipated any demands that might be made on him by paying liberally such expenses as he might incur during a two-days' sojourn at the hotel.

This conduct put the landlady in the best of spirits, and she discoursed with volubility about many things, and especially about the folk at the castle. "It was a very romantic story she had to tell him about the Macartneys, and no doubt his honour, who was a stranger in those parts, would like to hear it. The castle was now in the possession of a Mr. Eugene Macartney, a connexion and the heir of the Countess of Antrim, who made over the property to him, and went, herself, four years ago, to live in another mansion which was situated in a gay neighbourhood, when Mr. Eugene brought home his pretty French wife; and though four years were now passed their honeymoon was not yet over, so fond were they of each other; that he had an elder brother, George, a very bad dispositioned boy, who was supposed to be so envious of his younger brother's happiness and good fortune that he could not bear to return to

this country, and had not been heard of since, and, indeed, he was so much disliked in the neighbourhood that no one regretted his absence."

This part of her story she qualified by saying such was the gossip of the neighbourhood with respect to Mr. George. She did not, herself, recollect him, having only come to that part of the country since the boys had been sent to France.

During the recital of this story the stranger remained silent. He seemed absorbed in one engrossing thought. His features wore inflexibly the same expression: his brows closely knit, and a sardonic smile playing round his mouth. He requested to be left alone. Such was the account the landlady afterwards gave.

Left to himself, the stranger eat heartily of the viands placed before him, and drank freely of the wine. Whatever act he was meditating, his inflexibility of purpose was not affected by what he had heard, or by the wine he was drinking.

From time to time his measured military step was heard pacing the chamber. Subsequently, between nine and ten o'clock, he was observed to quit the hotel, as it were for a stroll in the town. After walking a short distance he turned up a sort of street, which brought him again on the road which led to the castle. The night was dark, but he knew the way perfectly well. There was a slight frost in the air, the atmosphere was beautifully clear, and the stars twinkled brilliantly. He walked on to the front of the castle, and observed the apartments that were lighted, and the closed gates, at which he neither rang nor knocked. As he was gazing on the building before him, he heard the noise of the undoing of bolts, and retiring behind some trees where he was screened from observation, he waited until the gate should be opened and closed again. The lodge-keeper was letting out one of the men-servants, who said he was going to spend the night with some friends in the town, and that the master and mistress were alone in the drawing-room playing chess.

The stranger waited till the gate was closed, and the man was some distance on his way to the town; then he came out of the clump of trees, and walked rapidly towards the road to Larne. His keen scrutiny of the state of the wall and of the ditch, in the early part of the evening, had not been without an object. He crossed the ditch easily, and the facility with which he crossed the wall proved him to be a practised gymnast. Just as he was preparing to drop to the other side, he raised his eyes, and a shower of beautiful stars fell from the heavens. But though his eyes saw this phenomenon, it failed to excite emotions either of pity or admiration. His dark spirit would not be checked or warned by a sight that might well have suggested to his busy imagination the fall of Lucifer and his angels. Safely inside the wall, he directed his steps towards the left wing of the building. It was here, it will be remembered, the young Macartneys lodged before they left for France.

He passed the intervening space unnoticed and unmolested. Even his conscience did not interpose to check him; though every step he took, every tree and shrub he passed, might have revived many past associations of a more innocent period in his life. He arrived at the left wing, and having satisfied himself that he was still unobserved, and that there were no lights burning in this part of the building, he approached the elm-tree that leaned towards the upper windows, ascended it, and swung across

to the casement of the window, which he opened, and entered the house. Had there been any one to observe his features at this time, the look of that face would have shocked them. Its malignant expression was indescribable. The mingled sentiments of envy, jealousy, and hatred, were intensified. It seemed rather the face of a demon than that of a man.

The landlady of the Antrim Arms was waiting up for her guest. When eleven o'clock struck she began to think it was time for him to return. She shut up her house, and retired to a cozy little parlour, where she would wait for him till twelve o'clock. After that hour he might take his chance of getting in, she would wait up no longer for him. The room was very cozy, and she was very tired, so when twelve o'clock struck the landlady was practising a very unfeminine accomplishment—she was actually snoring. One o'clock struck, and her slumbers were now broken by an unusual bustle in the street. It must be a fire somewhere—was her own house safe? Such were the thoughts that occurred to her as she rose hurriedly from her chair, went to a front window, opened it, and having satisfied herself that the Antrim Arms was safe from the perils of fire, she looked up and down for the cause of the great commotion which she now saw and heard. The alarm-bell of the castle had been ringing for some time. Men on horses and men on foot were hurrying in all directions. A party of yeomanry had gone up to the castle, a party of soldiers was following them, cries of horror and execration against the perpetrators of some atrocious act were resounding in all directions. As she still looked out of window she saw a crowd pass, and in the midst she perceived some soldiers who were bringing a prisoner to gaol. Our landlady was very much perplexed to know the meaning of all that she saw. But a friend of hers passed at that moment, and gave her the information she required. He told her that Mr. and Mrs. Macartney were murdered that night, and that a magistrate and a party of military had taken possession of the castle, with the view, if possible, of discovering some traces of the murderer. One of the domestics, the man she had seen in custody, had been arrested on suspicion.

The bustle had now subsided, and the landlady having satisfied herself that the Antrim Arms was not in danger, and ascertained the cause of the alarming commotion which had so rudely broken her slumbers, she drew in her head, bolted and barred her house for the night, and retired to bed. The clock now pointed to two, and her guest was not returned. She naturally felt alarmed for his safety, and inwardly prayed that he might come to no harm on this dreadful night.

The next morning, at an early hour, the good people of Antrim were up, and inquiring into the particulars of the murder. A crime of great magnitude had been committed, who was the criminal? What motive had impelled him to commit the diabolical deed? As yet there was not a scintilla of reliable evidence by which either of these questions could even be partially solved. But the authorities proceeded to hold an official inquiry at the castle. The building was inspected, and the domestics underwent a rigorous examination. Patrols of military and yeomanry scoured the neighbouring country, arresting suspicious persons, and collecting such information as might lead to the discovery and detection of the criminal. As yet, the servant-man was the only person in custody against whom there was a shadow of evidence. He was the last person

in the room on the night the unhappy couple were murdered. He left the castle between nine and ten o'clock, having told the other domestics that they were not to appear in the drawing-room until rung for, as Mr. and Mrs. Macartney did not wish to be interrupted in the game of chess they were playing.

The following particulars were elicited at the official inquiry: The body of Mr. Macartney was lying, face downwards, on the middle of the floor: there was a poniard thrust in the heart. Mrs. Macartney had fallen down in a kneeling posture near the fireplace; her face and expanded arms were resting on a couch, which had probably been her seat when the murderer entered. She had received two stabs in the region of the heart. The carpet and the couch were clotted with blood. There had evidently been no struggle. No cries had been heard. The furniture had not been displaced or upset: only a small chess-table lay overturned near the fireplace, with the chessmen scattered about here and there on the carpet and in the little pools of blood which had dripped from the couch. In both cases death must have been instantaneous.

The position of the bodies, the state of the apartment, and the impunity with which the murders had been committed, suggest the following solution of the mystery: Mr. Macartney approached the person he saw entering the room. Was the prisoner known or unknown to him, and supposed to have come with friendly or hostile intentions? But there had been no noise made, no cries uttered, no alarm given, which surely would have been the case if the latter supposition were correct. Supposing the visitor to be an utter stranger, entering the apartment unexpected and unannounced, his intrusion would have been immediately resented, while Mrs. Macartney would have promptly given the alarm. But this was not done, therefore the visitor was known. His abrupt entrance must have disconcerted as well as displeased Mrs. Macartney, and she doubtless rose and averted her face with the intention of quitting the apartment without giving any mark of recognition to the unwelcome visitor. Hence her husband's assassination was unseen by her, and hence her own was effected before she was conscious of any danger, or had time to give an alarm. The maid, on examination, stated that she had remained below stairs expecting every moment to be rung for to attend in the drawing-room. At last, when eleven o'clock struck, she, knowing that her lady customarily retired before that hour, went up-stairs, bustled about the corridor, and coughed and hemmed to attract attention, and failing in this, she descended to the servants' apartment, where she remained till twelve o'clock. She was afraid to interrupt her master and mistress, as John, the servant-man, had told her they were playing chess. However, when twelve o'clock struck, she went up again, and coughed and hemmed as before, but seeing the lights still burning, which a peep through the keyhole enabled her to do, she retired. At half-past twelve she again ascended, this time with the intention of entering the drawing-room, as the stillness began to alarm her. She entered the apartment, and, on witnessing the horrifying sight, rushed out screaming for help, and fainted from exhaustion and terror as soon as assistance arrived.

The result of the inquiry may be briefly summed up. The servant was liberated, as the evidence was not deemed sufficient to send him for trial. The bench of magistrates failed to discover any trace of the murderer, or

what possible motive any one could have had for committing the crime. Two circumstances were, however, unaccounted for; one was, that a window in a disused room in the long wing of the building was found open, and the other, the mysterious disappearance of the stranger who had supped at the Antrim Arms Hotel.

IV.

After the commission of this crime a great gloom fell upon the neighbourhood. The castle remained untenanted. None of the old domestics could be prevailed on to live in it, nor could others be found willing to supply their places. The building and the grounds were avoided as plague-stricken spots, and after dark few cared to venture on the road from which the castle was visible. In order to prevent the entire estate from feeling the blighting influence of the late catastrophe, Lord M. had taken it under his management, and, by virtue of his connexion with the Macartneys, was universally recognised as the representative of the absent heir. This state of things continued for eight years. During this long interval the whereabouts of George had remained a profound mystery. From the time he had disappeared from Paris, every attempt to discover the place of his retreat had been unavailing. Its discovery now was owing to a purely accidental circumstance. An intimate friend of Lord M. was stopping at Vienna. He had formerly known the Macartneys, having frequently met them during their residence in Paris. He corresponded occasionally with Lord M., and from a letter which the latter received from him at this period we make the following extract :

“Vienna, Aug., 178—.

“MY DEAR LORD M.,—I have at length exchanged the gaieties of Paris for those of Vienna. As yet everything wears a *couleur de rose* appearance, but I am apprehensive that this impression will not be lasting, as the best society here is beginning already to seem nothing better than a feeble imitation of that which I have left behind.

“My journey hither, however, has enabled me to make a discovery that will greatly astonish you. At a ball given here a few evenings ago by the Countess H., I was introduced to some officers, and was particularly struck by the appearance of one of them, whose features seemed quite familiar to me, and whom I immediately recognised as the long-missing George Macartney. Time has not dealt leniently with him. His features are stern and careworn; he is grown prematurely old. His breast was resplendent with ribbons and medals, and he was addressed by the title of count. After looking at him, and listening to his voice for some time, I became convinced that I was not mistaken as to the identity of this decorated and titled personage. I watched my opportunity to accost him by his name, but I soon regretted my temerity. I shall not readily forget the look that he gave me. Indeed, if I were an artist, and wanted to paint the fall of Lucifer, the count's face, as then seen, would have served admirably for that of the ruined archangel. He received my advances with frigid politeness, complimented me on my memory, and admitted that his name was George Macartney, but that he preferred being known by the name under which he had earned his decorations and titles. He was so curt in his speech, and so abrupt in his manner, that I

did not choose either to continue or to renew the conversation. As you, however, may think it necessary to write to him on family matters, I enclose his address. He is known by the name of Count S."

As soon as Lord M. had received this letter he wrote to the newly-discovered heir, informing him of all that had happened since his disappearance: of the countess's magnificent gift of the castle to Eugene on his arrival in Ireland with his French wife, of the tragic end of both, and of the necessity there was for his speedy return, and that, as Eugene had left no children, his brother was now the lawful heir to all the property, of which he, Lord M., had acted as trustee in his absence.

Lord M. received a most gratifying reply. Count Macartney, as he was now styled, informed him that, in consequence of the intelligence communicated in his letter, he thought it advisable to return to Ireland. He had hitherto been ignorant of his brother's fate, and was, therefore, shocked beyond expression to hear of the mysterious and tragic end of him and Mrs. Macartney. He specified the time at which his arrival at Antrim might be expected.

Lord M. made the necessary arrangements to give him a cordial reception. Company were invited to meet him. The wonted hospitality of M—— House, even, was to be surpassed on this occasion. This mark of delicate attention was the more necessary as the count was returning a stranger to his country, and his own house was as yet dimmed by the dark shade of the funeral pall.

Punctual to the appointed time, the count arrived at M—— mansion. Many of the nobility and gentry were there to meet him, and many others were to arrive subsequently. But the count's state of mind was not of the happiest, and indisposed him for receiving pleasure from the company. He avoided them as much as politeness would permit. His manner was calculated rather to repel than to invite their advances. This unamiable trait, together with his fondness for seclusion, was at first attributed to his foreign habits, and considered the result of his long residence among the phlegmatic Germans. But his moody disposition and frequent fits of absence could not be similarly accounted for. There was a gloom hanging over his existence, to dispel which all the arts of Lord M., and all the gaieties of M—— House, had as yet been unavailing. The ladies, however, having sat in conclave on the matter, concluded that his malady arose from a disappointment in love experienced in his youth, and that as he had then found it his bane, they suggested he might now find it his antidote. Some of the gentlemen present might, in support of this view, have quoted Homer, and said that the spear of Achilles could alone cure the wound itself had inflicted.

Lord M.'s adhesion to this article in the marriage creed was readily obtained. He became a neophyte probably through interested motives. He had two marriageable daughters, either of whom was competent to undertake the task of curing the wealthy count, provided his malady proceeded from the assigned cause. But he had also a project of his own in view, which he hoped would be equally efficacious. He knew that boyhood's associations were far the pleasantest in man's existence. He trusted that the revival of those associations in the mind of his guest would produce the intended effect. He fancied that this could be best

accomplished by placing him in the immediate possession of his property, and in the habitation of his own mansion. It was in Antrim Castle that two of the most eventful years in Macartney's boyhood had been spent. His old apartments there, and his favourite walks in its pleasure-grounds, must be hallowed in his memory. If the place could be made to wear its old appearance, and be filled with gay company, Lord M. fondly expected a favourable change in Macartney's disposition, if the latter were suddenly placed in the midst of the scenes of his boyhood's pleasures and pains.

Lord M. had no sooner conceived his plan than he prepared to carry it into execution. Skilled artificers of all kinds were employed to restore the place. The castle and pleasure-grounds began to wear their former aspect, and when everything was completed, Lord M. proceeded with his arrangements. He invited a number of the nobility and gentry of the surrounding country to a ball. All the tenantry on the Macartney estate were invited to an entertainment on the same day. The invitations were all addressed from M—— House, so that none as yet suspected that Antrim Castle was to be the scene of the festive gathering. This secrecy was purposely maintained, in order the more completely to surprise Macartney.

When all the necessary preparations had been completed, the guests received timely notice to repair to Antrim Castle. In the daytime the tenantry were to be feasted on the lawn in front, and they received intimation that possibly the foreign habits of their new landlord might not make an Irish ovation unacceptable to him. As to Macartney, he was kept in ignorance of the place of revels. He was told that there was to be a demonstration in honour of his return, and when the day came he resigned himself without inquiry into the hands of Lord M., to be conducted to the appointed place.

The castle was about three hours' drive from M—— House. Lord M., taking the count with him in his carriage, started at eleven o'clock for Antrim. The other members of the family, including Lady M., had preceded them. Everything, including the weather, was favourable. The tenantry were to dine at three o'clock in a large tent erected on the lawn. A band of music was engaged to play for their entertainment.

The drive from M—— House was one of the most embarrassing that Lord M. had ever had. He did not wish to weaken the force of the surprise he had prepared for the count by telling him whither they were going. Indeed, the latter evinced no desire to be inquisitive; he seemed more abstracted than usual, more gloomy, more averse to conversation, like a man who had a presentiment of some imminent calamity. In vain Lord M. exerted those agreeable qualities which rendered him so acceptable in society, his companion was proof against them, and preserved a sullen gravity during the journey. When the castle gates were reached, and the cheerful music, mingling with the mirthful voices of the tenantry, reached the ears of Lord M. and the count, the latter, on descending from the carriage, for the first time gazed around him.

The castle, with its well-known aspect, was before him. The lawn was decorated with a triumphal arch, and swarmed with people, who gave him a hearty cheer of welcome. On witnessing all this, the emotional expression of his face was indescribable. He looked as Louis XI. might

be supposed to look on visiting some place where he had perpetrated a deed of unusual atrocity, and that this was a peasant show of mock gladness got up to greet him. He bowed his thanks, and walked with quick pace towards the castle, whilst cheer after cheer rose from the assemblage. Lady M. and her daughters were standing on the door-steps to welcome him. To their words of greeting he replied briefly, and looked as if he would gladly escape to some quiet apartment where he could indulge his melancholy mood, but it was a part of the plan to keep him amidst the bustle of the scene and prevent him from retiring. He felt himself constrained to act in accordance with the wishes of the M. family. He presided at the dinner-table of the tenantry; he joined his friends at their repast, of which he partook very sparingly; he could not yet be induced to ascend to the drawing-room, where everything was prepared for the ball in the evening, nor to go through the pleasure-grounds, where the elm-tree of his boyish days stood.

At length the time came when the ball guests might be expected. Carriage after carriage arrived, conveying numbers of the nobility and gentry, who responded heartily to the invitation of the popular and hospitable Lord M. The ball-room was dazzling with lights and female loveliness; good music, and its ball-room complement—good dancing—were there, and Lady M. and her accomplished daughters showed by their example how the guests might thoroughly enjoy themselves. So far all went “merry as a marriage-bell,” but the host had not yet appeared, and as he was personally unknown to most of the persons present, his strange absence caused a buzz of inquiry to circulate in the drawing-room. Twice had he been sent for to his apartment. The servants reported that they had found him there with his arms resting upon the table, and his head clasped between his hands as if overcome with some great sorrow, and that he had on each occasion made the same reply to their message: “Yes, yes, I am coming!” Then Lord M. became alarmed, and went himself in search of the count. He found him dressed, in the posture as described by the servants, and in a most distressing state of mind.

“Come, come, count,” said he, “your guests are expecting you, and are anxious to congratulate you on your return to Ireland and your succession to this property. I have been exerting my humble powers to discharge those pleasing duties which you, with your continental manners, will be able to discharge much more gracefully—namely, the duties of the host of Antrim Castle. Come, you will find the atmosphere of the drawing-room much more genial than that of this gloomy apartment, and perhaps among the crowd of lovely women that are now your guests, you may see some one that will induce you to change your lonely bachelor habits for the social duties of married life. Believe me, my dear count, that matrimony is the best remedy for melancholy.”

He then gently assisted the count to arise, and was deeply concerned to observe that the latter's appearance had been so much altered within a few hours' time. A deathly pallor overspread the face of George Macartney. He gazed with a wild stare at his friend, and accompanied him to the drawing-room. He traversed the corridor with faltering steps. The strains of music, the sound of happy voices, and of the movements of the dance, echoed through that long passage. But George Macartney

was unaffected by them, and looked as if he were suddenly bereft of reason. They had advanced now too far to retreat, which Lord M. was meditating, as his companion was not in a fit state to be presented to the company. A number of gentlemen already encircled them, and their introduction to Count Macartney was being gone through, when the latter, looking through the open doorway, fixed his eyes, as it were, on empty space, started convulsively, and advanced hurriedly into the apartment. The consternation of the gentlemen and the terror of the ladies may be imagined, when they saw the man whom they had been waiting to greet as their host rush in amongst them like a maniac. With his arms extended before him, and his eyes fixed on vacancy, he exclaimed, "Eugene, I know that the time has come at which your death, and that of your wife, shall be avenged!" He then addressed the company: "I have," said he, "the primal curse upon me. It was I that murdered my brother, and my brother's wife. I entered the house by means of the elm-tree, which I used to climb as a boy, and in this very apartment revenged the wrongs which I had endured in Persia."

He was seized and hurried away before he could say more. The terror of the ladies was indescribable. Some were shrieking, some had fainted. There was a general bustle of departure; all who could were hurrying to leave a house which seemed accursed. The drawing-room was speedily emptied. The lower rooms were filled with persons whose carriages had not yet been got ready; but the continued roll of wheels, as carriage after carriage left the lawn, told with what quickness horses were being harnessed to the carriages. In the midst of the uproar the report of a pistol-shot was heard. It was now remembered that there had been no guard placed over the unhappy man whose self-denunciations were regarded as the ravings of a maniac. Lord M., followed by some friends and attendants, hastened up-stairs and into the drawing-room, whence the sound had proceeded. There the lights still burned brilliantly; but the disordered and deserted state of the apartment contrasted painfully with its previous gay and festive appearance. There, on the spot where Eugene Macartney was murdered eight years before, lay the lifeless body of Count George Macartney, his hand still clutching the pistol with which he had violently ended his life—a life, the guilt or innocence of which must now remain a mystery.

A BOARDING-SCHOOL "DOWN SOUTH."

I.—HOW I BECAME PROFESSOR OF THREE FINE ARTS.

THE following narrative is true, and there is not the slightest invention in it. The picture may be a caricature, but I cannot help it :

Just five years and a half ago I landed in the New World with a stock of philological and juridical knowledge, as well as a decent fund of German conscientiousness, and to my no slight surprise I found three different professorships cut and dried for me. I had scarce arrived in Philadelphia ere my friend K. came into my modest garret with a beaming face, to inform me that the principal of an important ladies' institution at Macon, in Mississippi, had come up to engage a German professor for painting, drawing, and music.

"It is a first-rate situation," he said, "which you must accept."

At first, speechless through surprise, I looked him in the face for a while, but his seriousness soon convinced me that he was not jesting. Hence I answered him :

"My dear friend, I never had a brush in my hand in my whole life. I certainly drew a head once at school, five-and-twenty years ago, but have quite forgotten the art. As for music, I noticed this very day that I could not remember the notes, and I have not touched a key for at least fifteen years."

I had made this painful discovery at a pianoforte in my boarding-house. Thanks to my good memory, I had managed to get through the first two parts of "Weber's Invitation," but the third part had presented difficulties which my stiff fingers could not master.

"That's all of no use," K. answered my objections. "You will come with me at once to the principal. But play me something first."

With evil forebodings I sat down to the piano, strummed the first two parts of the Invitation, and broke down in the third, as I had anticipated.

"Oh, stuff!" my friend remarked; "you mustn't break down like that."

"My dear friend," I said, soothingly, "I am most anxious not to break down, but I must, as I do not know the piece."

"Oh, stuff! You must play it right off, or you won't get the situation. But come along."

We set out to find the principal, who was to be seen at a large music-store no great distance from my house. My friend was to play the interpreter, as I could not speak English yet. In the grief of my heart I tried, en route, to urge my companion to honestly acquaint the principal with the state of my musical qualifications, but at the same time to hint that I would do my utmost to make up for my deficiencies.

"For Heaven's sake don't talk such strange bosh," he replied; "that will not do in America. Here a man must know everything. If I were to tell the principal the truth, you would not have a chance of the situation."

The principal, Mr. Pointdexter, a well-fed gentleman and Methodist, surveyed me from head to foot, and then seemed to regard me as the real possessor of the three above-mentioned fine arts. On entering the store, I noticed with horror, near the door, an open piano, and tried to remove the scene of the negotiation as far as possible from the instrument, lest a stray glance at it might induce the professor to request me to play something.

The negotiation began between my friend and Mr. Pointdexter, and was finished with surprising speed. Ere five minutes were over, the former told me that everything was arranged, and I was engaged as professor of painting, drawing, and music. My conscience pricked me, and urged me to make the principal understand in my horribly broken English that I knew nothing about the two first arts, and, as for the third, I had just gone back to the first principles. But he answered me very dryly: "You have a full month, and can learn all that."

The school year began on October 1, and we were now in the last week of August. In these four weeks, then, I should, and could, according to the principal's statement, become a triple artist. Mr. Pointdexter, as a native, must understand this, and his remarks had a cheering effect, and I said to myself, "The climate of this country must be very favourable to artistic development, and will have the same effect on you."

I therefore asked the principal if he had the requisite materials at his institution, so that I could begin my studies at once. He answered in the affirmative, and the matter was concluded. He then introduced me to a Mr. Oliva, whom he had engaged to teach Italian and singing. Oliva, who had been singing in pot-houses at Philadelphia, represented himself as the son of a general, and declared that he had been an officer in the first Italian campaign; but I have reasonable suspicions that he was a tailor by trade, for, afterwards, he made himself several shirts, turned a coat, &c., and did it all with a readiness which only a sartorial artiste could display. I owed to his instructions, indeed, considerable progress in this noble profession.

On a Thursday our engagement was concluded; and, on the next day, Pointdexter carried me and the Italian off to the railway station. Before starting I bought a couple of sketches, paper, and other drawing materials, and started in good spirits with my two companions and a lady teacher engaged at Richmond. From Richmond to Montgomery I was unable to apply to my artistic exercises, for we travelled day and night in the train; but at the latter town we went on board a steamer, which was to convey us to Mobile. This tour took three days, owing to the low water in the Alabama, and I found a favourable opportunity for drawing. Hence, I looked about for a suitable spot, and was so lucky as to discover on deck an old coach, in which I at once established my studio. I fetched a sketch of two boys playing with a dog, and stepped into the coach. After I had been at work some time, a little Yankee schoolboy visited my studio, sat down coolly by my side, and asked very simply whether I was drawing a monkey. I gave him a killing look, ordered him out, packed up my traps, and resolved to let the climate have its effect on me ere I began to draw again.

Rather agitated by this downfal, I leant over the gangway and gazed at the river. All at once I felt a pluck at my sleeve, and, on turning, saw my principal, who soon got all my cash from me except two dollars, under the excuse that he was short. I afterwards learnt that he did this with the praiseworthy intention of depriving me of the means of bolting. Thus lightened, I tried to cheer my spirits by the gay sight the voyage offered. The banks of the Alabama a long way below Montgomery are very pleasant. They rise rather high on both sides, the left bank being well wooded, while the right is chiefly covered with large cotton plantations. From the latter negroes rolled bales of cotton down the bank, so soon as our steamer came in sight. At many spots, too, heavy cars were let down by ropes to deliver their lading aboard. So soon as the freight reached the shore, the steamer stopped, and the slaves, who formed our crew, set to work. Two planks were thrust ashore, over which the slaves hurried, driven by the overseer. With remarkable agility the negroes carried heavy bales or cases over the slippery planks; now and then an idler received a lash from the overseer's whip, while another woolly-head tried to avoid the whip by flight, and with hearty laughter made faces at the overseer from a safe distance, till some unforeseen interlude put an end to the pursuit. All at once, a huge bale rolled down the hill, dashed against a case standing on the water's edge, and hurled it into the river. An indescribable yell of delight from all the niggers saluted this accident, while the planter under his umbrella stood indolently on his estate and gazed angrily at what was going on below. Another of these thin-legged planters was busily engaged on the bank in making more holes in the crown of his black hat, so as to increase the ventilation; when the steam-whistle sounded, the planks were pulled in, and we moved ahead again. Then the negroes made themselves comfortable on the cotton bales, and rested from their labours. One muscular fellow laid himself full length on his back and exposed his black face to the torrid beams of the August sun with intense delight, while another stumbled over a rope and fell on the deck. This accident gave another woolly-head such an inexhaustible subject for laughter, that he positively rolled on the bales. Thus we went on quietly till nightfall, when the boat received a sharp blow, and we ran aground. This happened to us, by-the-by, some fifteen or twenty times during the trip, although the steamer only drew one and a half feet of water. The slaves went ashore with torches, and soon set her free again.

At last we reached Mobile, to my great regret. I was so lucky as soon to find a German here, for whom I had a letter. I opened my heart to him, and expressed my alarm as to the lesson-giving, judging from my late drawing experiment. "Don't trouble yourself about that," he said. "The ladies do not bother themselves at all about learning. It is all a swindle. You need only paint or draw something for the girls, so that they may have it to show. They will not do anything themselves."

"That would be all right," I replied, "if I could paint or draw anything for them."

"Go to the institution safely. Let the girls do as they like; that is what they want."

Uncertain whether to feel consoled or not by these remarks, I went to the hotel, where my agitation of mind, and the countless mosquitoes,

deprived me of rest. The next morning I happened to take up the *Mobile Daily Tribune*, and, to my great surprise, found the following announcement in it:

"We hear that Mr. Pointdexter has been north, in order to complete the arrangements for his admirable school. He engaged there a well-known Italian professor to give lessons in operatic music. He also acquired Professor Oliva, of Naples, and a German linguist from Heidelberg. With these acquisitions, his school will be equal to any college in the United States," &c.

From Mobile we started by train, which would deposit us in the evening at Macon. I found my spirits still more depressed by the country through which the line ran. Here stretched out for a long distance plantations, on which stood isolated charred trees, which the fire had been unable to destroy when the woods were burned, and which raised their thin dry branches as if imploring. The buildings seemed to be some distance off. Then we passed through interminable districts of virgin forest, in which trees and bushes were so intertwined that a passage appeared impossible. The soil was covered with standing water, in which fallen trees were rotting. Everything was silent as the grave, save when a herd of cattle lying on the line were startled by the railway whistle, and fled timidly in all directions. At times there were stations, where a few log-huts formed the beginning of a future town. At length we reached Macon, a wretched-looking place with about two thousand inhabitants. But the institution looked rather stately from the outside; for though only built of wood, it was three-storied, and adorned in front and rear with a lofty verandah. It would be pleasant living in these lofty and comfortable rooms, nor would there be any lack of agreeable society. M. le Maire, the swift-footed French professor, came tripping towards us, and in the first hour of our acquaintance we learned that he had been all over the world, had studied every branch of science and art, and that his method of teaching had been approved by the Parisian Académie. Certainly a most respectable colleague! On the other hand, the first music teacher, Mr. Oakes, a Yankee, strolled up slowly. Perhaps he was not so amiable as the Frenchman, slightly phlegmatic and chary of words, but, doubtless, equally important. As I soon learned, he was a second Thalberg.

And I? I mentally surveyed my musical stock once more, found it wretchedly poor, and went sadly to my bed, whither I was soon followed by the Italian; for Tom, the negro, who was to wait on us, had not whitewashed our room, and hence we must temporarily occupy a single bed in the principal's office. The next morning I requested Mr. Pointdexter to hand over to me the painting and drawing materials. He calmly declared that he had nothing of the sort. Amazed at this, I reminded him of his previous statement, that I should find everything I required; but he merely shrugged his shoulders. I could not paint, consequently, but I was determined not to give up the drawing. Hence I fetched my large study of a female head, went into a side-building where the chief schoolroom was, and set to work. I drew for hours in the sweat of my brow, and was just going to examine the general effect of my labour, when I heard a tremendous laugh behind me. Professor Oakes

had slipped unnoticed into the room, and had been watching me. "Is this your handiwork?" he said, as he took up my drawing, and inspected it with renewed bursts of laughter. I considered the criticism he thus expressed so decided, that I resolved henceforth to give up drawing and leave the rest to fate.

With great despondency I rolled up my drawing, and carried it into our room, which Tom had whitewashed by this time. It was one-story high, in a side-building. But was this really a room for two professors, or only the ruin of one? Nearly all the window-panes were broken, and covered with boards or paper; the walls, too, were full of large holes, through which the surrounding country could be seen. And what was the meaning of the countless small holes, as if the walls had been bombarded with canister? And then the furniture! Two rickety chairs and an old table minus one leg. Is this the full extent of professorial splendour in the haughty South? Not quite. There are two old bedsteads in the room. And the heat! The sun shone the whole day on this den, and the only refreshment consisted of lukewarm rain-water.

On entering this room I had gloomy thoughts, the more gloomy because I felt restless and anxious in mind. I was obliged to confess to myself that my artistic efforts had been a failure. Still, I had not yet tried music, and resolved to attack it with the energy of despair and thorough Teutonic perseverance. I consequently went down to the hall, where an old pianoforte stood, and worked away on it for six hours a day at Bertini's Piano-school, in order to get acquainted with the theory and practise my stiff fingers. Mr. Oakes, the second Thalberg, listened to me at times, as I noticed. I did not let myself be put out by this, but was really surprised one morning at not finding the instrument. It had been removed to another room, the key of which Thalberg refused to give me, in spite of my representations.

The gates to all three arts were now closed against me, and nothing was left but to apply myself to the study of modern languages. Hence I allotted my time, and spent the day at English, French, Italian, and Spanish. My Italian colleague caught in the mean while mice, flies, and spiders. Over the mice he poured spirits, which he fired, and then let the creatures loose. In winter he fastened a string to their tails, and made them dance on the hot stove. I could not give the necessary effect to my protests against this mode of killing time, for it was not pleasant living with him. At times he played an old fiddle he had brought with him; he did not know a single note, and merely played by ear. Hence, when he began I was compelled to leave the room. Every now and then heartrending sounds reached us from the Frenchman's room. Monsieur le Maire amused himself with playing the bugle by ear, and was regarded as a maestro in the town. Thalberg passed the time more simply: he sat for hours in a rocking-chair in the verandah, with his hat on the back of his head, and stared at the blue sky.

II.—HOW THE SCHOOL WAS KEPT.

In this way October 1st continually drew nearer, and any moment might bring ladies. At length they really arrived: two stately carriages rattled up. My heart beat with anxiety. Handsome, fashionably-dressed

girls got out. "There are the ladies, then! What will come of it all?" I felt a cold shudder. Luckily, I could not indulge in sad thoughts for long, as Thalberg appeared to inform me that the season must be opened with a concert.

"How does that affect me?" I asked, savagely.

"You must play the piano."

"I—I shall certainly let it alone."

"Oliva and I will play the violin, and you must accompany us on the piano. Pointdexter insists on it."

All my opposition, my solemn assurances that I should break down, were of no avail. He led me into his schoolroom, a small, warm cage of boards, in which there was a piano, and Oliva was waiting with his awful fiddle. The rehearsal began, and was not encouraging, for the Italian was always five or six bars ahead, and held his instrument in the bargain close to my right ear. His playing was a heart-breaking scraping, for which my nervous system was not permanently adapted. I jumped up and ran away, and Thalberg pursued me. I called out to him that no power would induce me to stand this martyrdom again. After a long discussion I gave way, however, upon a solemn promise from Oliva that he would keep his violin three yards from my ears.

On the appointed evening we three performers proceeded to the large lecture-hall, which was filled with the scholars and the élite of the Macon society. I will not attempt to describe the feelings with which I went to the instrument. I only know that my senses seemed to be leaving me; for Oliva, at the start, got six bars ahead, and continually brought his violin nearer my ear. I made heroic efforts to hold my own in this fearful Dutch concert. All at once the Italian dashed into the next part, and I stuck hard and fast.

"No sticking—no sticking!" Thalberg whispered to me. "Go ahead; give it them strong. The people here do not understand music."

I did not let this be told me twice. We began again. By my wild beating at the keys I drowned the two violins, and the audience appeared to be remarkably edified.

On the next day school began, and before the bell rang several girls galloped up, sometimes two on one horse. They were day-scholars. As I had nothing to do at present, I resolved to attend the lectures. It was a strange school. On a dais that ran along the south side of the room stood the principal, in the most incredible *négligé*. He wore slippers down at heel, his torn coat was tucked up at the cuffs, and his hair was not brushed, but merely thrust back with his fingers. From his mouth projected a dirty clay pipe: moreover, he had the customary quid in his cheek, and at one moment ejected a cloud of smoke, at another a shower of saliva. And in this state he delivered—it is strange but true—a lecture on demeanour, and illustrated it by suitable movements, which frequently aroused loud laughter among his pupils. With this attire I compared a passage from the *Alabama Planter* of July 17, 1858, in which Mr. Pointdexter was described as a perfect gentleman of the finest polish.

But our principal, who with his powerful voice filled the whole school-room, was not the only authority in it. In one corner stood a lady-teacher

before a small circle of scholars, to whom she was teaching history. In another corner Oliva was instructing four other pupils in Italian. Near the principal, M. le Maire was giving lessons in French. These simultaneous operations, the answers of four classes in four different branches, and the sound of a piano being played close to the schoolroom, seemed to me peculiarly adapted to attract the attention of the pupils.

When a week had passed, I obtained some occupation as music-teacher. I went to the parlour, a large room, in which was a piano, on which I was to give my lessons. If I had been surprised at the sight of the lecture-room, in which the school-books and novels were strangely mixed up, while thick dust lay on the tables and chairs, it was respectable and clean when compared with this parlour. The latter would have served admirably to teach the scholars a horror of dirt. Here stood an old piano which had formerly been used as a bed, there a broken go-cart. Table and floor were covered with books and music in wild confusion. An upset inkstand had poured its contents over them. Several books were torn apparently by dogs. A candlestick had fallen from the table, and the tallow was spattered over the books. A buttered biscuit had been bitten and then thrown among the books. A cake of blacking lay also on the ground, while the blacking-brush was on the pianoforte. The window-panes were broken, and filth covered the floor.

I was engaged in surveying this chaos when my lady made her appearance. She was a girl of nineteen years of age, and stated that she could play the piano very well, but seemed to me excessively affected. On entering, she opened a box containing a mass resembling snuff, thrust a small brush into it, with which she bedaubed her teeth, and began chewing. When she had ended this operation, I asked her what she played, so as to get some idea of her capabilities. She selected a piece of music, placed it on the stand, and said to me, "Professor, just play this to me." I looked at the thing, and started on seeing the most difficult variations on the Carnival of Venice. I could not have played a couple of bars of it. Trembling all over, I stared at the piece, and mechanically turned the leaves over. "Go ahead, professor," she at length said.

"My lady," I replied, in my broken English, "I am not here to perform, but to give lessons. Be kind enough to play the piece yourself."

But she had no inclination to do this, and selected another piece. I found that she could play difficult music, but did so atrociously. Besides, she had a habit of skipping every passage that did not please her, with the words, "That is disgusting." I had not the slightest power to make her play anything she did not like, and hence I was obliged to give way. The result was, that, when she played at the next party, people generally remarked that it was awful—a remark I had already made to myself.

A stone fell from my heart when the first lesson with this lady was at an end. Fortunately the lessons only lasted half an hour. I had just begun to breathe more freely when another pupil came in. She was about fourteen years of age, and could not play much. Hence I set to work thoroughly with her, and laid scales before her. But she made a bitter face, and said, "Before I play scales, I would sooner give the lessons up." I was, of course, obliged to give way, and let her play what she liked. After her came another pupil. She was tall and pretty, but at times a thick

yellow fluid flowed from the corners of her lips. I found that she chewed a sweet-scented resin. She did not know the notes, but insisted on beginning with "Yankee Doodle." Although I opposed this to the best of my ability, I was obliged to give in, for she wanted to play the piece to her parents. This was rather dubious, as she only intended to remain three months at the institution, and, moreover, frequently shirked the lessons.

"I do not care," the principal answered, when I complained to him; "if you don't like it, alter it; but then see where you will get pupils."

In spite of my zealous efforts she learned nothing at all, and at the end of the term was as unable to play the tune as at the beginning, which she seemed to fancy extraordinary.

With these three lessons my first day's work was ended, for there were no pupils for painting and drawing. I therefore went to my den, and had scarce reached it ere I heard a tremendous disturbance. A band of young ladies dashed up the stairs with shrieks, and the scraping of the Italian's fiddle soon informed me that he was going to commence his singing-lessons. He appeared to me to have a peculiar system; for, instead of singing, I only heard laughing, giggling, and stamping. At length he rushed into my room, bathed in perspiration.

"Pray come and help me," he said, "by playing the piano, so that we may have some order."

I at once followed him to his "academy," which he had opened in an old room, whose condition was fearful. A part of the ceiling had fallen in, and lay in fragments on the floor. There were no broken panes, for the whole of the window had fallen down into the garden. Against the wall stood a primitive piano, which was disgusting to touch, owing to the immoderate amount of dust that covered it. In front of it was a broken chair, with the stuffing pulled out. I sat down to the broken-winded instrument, and the Italian began. He had undertaken the difficult task of forming a chorus of pupils who did not know their notes. It was a hard job! At first he tried to make them sing separately, but one girl refused point-blank, another uttered fearful sounds, while the rest chased each other about the room and passage. At last I rose and tried to give the young ladies some notion of time. They received my well-meant advice with such a hearty giggle that I was driven back to the piano. The Italian now gave the whole chorus the signal to begin. Pianoforte and violin did their utmost, but what a shrieking it was! I thanked Heaven when the dreadful sounds changed into a general laugh, under cover of which the young ladies ran away.

"This is really awful," I said to the Italian. "How can you tolerate such impropriety?"

"Well, it cannot be helped," he replied, as he packed up his violin in some confusion.

I saw how the matter was. The principal had not arranged to pay us any fixed salary, but two-thirds of the lesson-money, keeping the other third for board and lodging. Hence, if we had attempted to behave as teachers, the pupils would have stayed away, and the teachers would have suffered the greatest loss.

III.—OF MATTERS GENERALLY AT THE INSTITUTION.

The Italian handed me his violin to convey into our room, as he said he had something to do. I fancied that he wished to go "finding," for he was a great hand at this little game. He had eyes like a lynx, and, at the end of the lessons, prowled about the rooms and passages to pick up anything the ladies had dropped. In this way he appropriated veils, handkerchiefs, fans—in short, everything. Once he even brought a handsome gold brooch which a very wealthy girl had lost. While she looked for it in vain, it was hidden away in an old glove of the Italian's. On this occasion, however, he went to the principal to settle some matters, for the latter had told him that he would probably have to teach Spanish, although he did not understand a word of the language.

When I entered our room, to my surprise I found Nigger Tom parading in my tail-coat. Tom was coal-black, but extremely vain and proud, because his master would not sell him under fifteen hundred dollars. Up to this time his blue coat had satisfied him, which he arranged so as to suit all seasons. In summer he slit the sleeves open for the sake of coolness, and in winter sewed them up again. But the sight of our black coats seemed to have given another direction to his tastes, and he insisted on purchasing one from us, but we could not make a deal. Moreover, he stole like a raven: lucifers, candles, tobacco, pipes, and whatever he could lay hold of. At the same time he lied with a calmness that was really imposing, though he certainly possessed the advantage of not being able to blush. For some time he had paid me special respect, for I had given him a quarter-dollar out of the two I had saved, and he seemed to believe that he must treat me as an equal. On Sundays, when dressed in his best, and with his woolly hair curled, he at times asked my leave to look at himself in our broken glass. But when he noticed that we had no money left—for Pointdexter did not give us a cent, and we had to wait ten months—he regarded us as vagabonds, and turned obstinate. If I gave him clothes or linen, he received them contemptuously, and as if doing me a favour, and seemed to have even a meaner opinion of me than before. At last he left off making the beds, brought no water, did not clean the boots, or trouble himself at all about sweeping out our room. The latter neglect was most unpleasant to me. The little girls' schoolroom was only separated from our bedroom by a passage, and was never swept. The day-boarders brought their dinners in tin boxes, and threw the fragments on the ground. This produced a very disagreeable mess in the room, which was increased by the mud the girls brought in on their shoes. This generated a number of fleas, which soon made excursions to our bedroom. Hence I went into town, bought a broom on credit, and swept out both rooms thoroughly every Saturday evening. Tom, who once saw me at this work, began to despise me utterly, and became so impudent that I was compelled to turn him out. The principal, to whom we complained, had not the pluck to punish Tom, and gave us another negro of the name of Meagher. This gentleman had shortly before robbed the gardener of thirty-four dollars and run off, but was pursued by bloodhounds and brought back. He had a habit of answering a sulky "Yes" to everything, and generally neglected doing

what he was ordered. "Meagher, bring some wood." "Yes." "Meagher, why haven't you brought the wood?" "Yes." "If you don't bring it directly, we will tell the principal." "Yes." But the wood did not come, and though it was not very cold in winter, harsh winds blew, and there was an insupportable draught in our rooms owing to the broken windows and holes in the walls. We were, therefore, obliged to steal wood, and without any ceremony attacked a pile which Pointdexter had cut for building purposes. In default of a saw, we thrust large beams, which reached to the doorway, into the stove, and pushed them in as they burnt away. Thus we managed to get along at Pointdexter's expense.

The ladies seemed in this respect to be worse off than ourselves, for there were no fires in the sitting-room, dining-room, or music-rooms. Hence, it frequently happened that the ladies could not play because their fingers were too stiff. That they put up with this neglect surprised me on the part of these pretentious American girls. But there were stranger things still. In the already quoted article in the *Alabama Planter* about the Calhoun Institution (the name of our school), I had read *inter alia* the following:

"The kitchen department is no mockery of good living, where starving pupils try to snatch a badly-cooked mouthful from each other; on the contrary, there is an abundance of everything that can be procured from the surrounding country and Mobile. Fruit, vegetables, fish, oysters, &c., are daily forwarded by railway from Mobile for the kitchen department. Every one will see the advantages of a good table in a ladies' institute; for our daughters will thus become used to the mode of living, which is a birthright of the children of our rich and productive South."

According to this, a richly covered table might be expected, but Pointdexter had simplified matters. For breakfast we had a cup of bad coffee, red-hot biscuits, and half-fluid butter; exceptionally, a plate of fat ham was put on the table for the teachers, but the principal confiscated two-thirds of it as his share. For dinner we had hot biscuits, desperately fat ham, sweet potatoes, and very rarely other vegetables. Now and then a turkey was served; but it was not enough for fifty people. At times, too, a joint greeted our sight, but it was brought up for four days in succession, till every one was sick of it. For supper we had another cup of bad coffee, biscuits, and rancid butter. In February and March we had nothing but fat ham for dinner, because at that season the cattle all around were so thin as not to be fit for killing. They are allowed to graze in the open air all the year round, and nobody paid the slightest attention to them. In January and February the vegetation died out, and the cattle found nothing to eat. The owners would sooner let them die than give them anything to eat. Hence the poor creatures pined away to skeletons. I saw a cow fall from hunger and weariness, and, as it could not get up again, the negroes set it on its legs and propped it against a wall to keep it from falling.

The ladies, however, did not appear to complain about the food. Besides, they could stand a good deal. When it rained violently during school-hours, the rain poured into the schoolroom, and the ladies, wet through, were forced to run to the main building, which was about two

hundred yards off. They seemed, too, to consider this quite regular. All this made me think that it could not be different in the other institutions, of which there were about half a dozen in the neighbourhood.

Generally, our ladies were rather wild, but true children of nature, without falsehood, but, at the same time, without any idea of respect and elegance. They possessed a certain share of good humour, and yielded in the fullest extent to their inclination and feelings. A girl of nineteen would sit down and cry in the presence of us all, on receiving a letter from her father, in which he scolded her for the debts she had incurred in the town. The young ladies were very attached to dresses, and several of them attired themselves thrice a day in silk. At the period of the Revivals, a grown-up girl, overpowered by her feelings, suddenly leapt up in church, yelled, threw her arms round the principal's neck, and cried that he was the best man in the world, and must forgive her sins. Pointdexter made a face like a saint, and the community was moved to tears by this occurrence, and believed that the Holy Spirit had fallen on the girl; but, as I afterwards heard, she had performed the same manoeuvre four times before.

I was very much disgusted with a species of prudery that was displayed. The word "leg," and numerous other words, must never be used in the presence of the ladies. If ever the expression Good God! escaped me during my lessons, the girls were horrified, and reproached me bitterly. Once even, when the Italian asked a pupil out of the grammar, "How is your son?" she became quite wild, complained to the principal, and refused to take any more lessons.

IV.—HOW MY ENGAGEMENT HAD A PREMATURE CLOSE.

The girls took lessons in the most various branches, and had to pay heavily for them; but, for all that, the Italian and I did not get on. I had only a few scholars for the piano, and he only a few in singing and Italian. Hence our prospects were very gloomy. One day the Frenchman proposed we should improve our finances by joining him in inserting a pompous advertisement in the *Macon Journal*, offering lessons in all possible arts and sciences, but more especially in playing every instrument. This announcement appeared, but met with no success. M. le Maire obtained one pupil on the flute, an instrument he had never touched before in his life. He really gave his pupil two lessons, but then matters suddenly altered.

At Christmas the Frenchman's wife ran away, because the poor fellow was up to his ears in debt. In order to keep him, the principal had induced him to buy a piece of ground, for he was an excellent teacher for Pointdexter. I spoke to girls in the institution who had been taking French lessons for four years, and yet could not say "How d'ye do?" in French. Unfortunately, a sum of six thousand dollars, which he daily expected from France, did not arrive, and thus he had been unable to pay a farthing off the purchase-money. He was in debt almost everywhere in the bargain, and the consequence was, that, about New Year, he too suddenly disappeared.

The principal was still growling about this occurrence, when I walked into the office to ask how much money I might expect, and a small sum

on account. I wished to know how I stood, for I had heard things in the town which I did not like, and the Frenchman's bolting rendered me very anxious.

"Do you take me for a swindler?" he shouted at me, and held his clenched fist under my nose.

Fortunately it was a Sunday, otherwise he would probably have struck me. He was tall and strong, I small; I also knew that he had once had a fight with a German music-master, in which chair-legs played a striking part. A similar fight would, doubtless, have resulted to my disadvantage. Under these circumstances I displayed the calmness of a sage, and in this way led him to promise to pay the paltry sum of one hundred and twenty dollars at the end of the school year, although from his statements at Philadelphia I had a right to expect six times as much.

About this time there came a change for the better with the Italian, though just before he had been in a very awkward position with the principal, his pupils, and indeed the whole town of Macon. Shortly before New Year an evening party was got up at the military hall, in which the teachers and pupils of our institution were to take part. The admission was only five dollars, for which was offered the amusement of an orchestra, consisting of a negro who played the fiddle; in addition, there were refreshments, consisting of hot biscuits, fat ham, a few oranges, and rain-water. The Italian, who was disappointed in his ideas about the supper, hastened in his just wrath to a dram-shop, to soothe his ire with whisky. In this he succeeded, and being in a rosy temper on his return to the hall, he invited a negro girl standing at the entrance to dance—a most serious piece of boldness. To prevent further unpleasantness, Signor Oliva was hurried off to the institution, but the morning threatened something awful. Silent, pale, and with lips quivering with excitement, the principal sat at breakfast, and, at the close of the meal, ordered the culprit to his office. Oliva stood like a condemned man; the girls avoided him, and refused to take another lesson of him.

"If it is true," the principal said to the Italian, "that you wanted to dance with a negro wench, you must escape in the night. That is a crime against morality which nobody pardons."

Oliva denied the fact, and stated that he had been misunderstood. Some acquaintances in the town, who would have lost money by the Italian's disappearance, came forward as witnesses in his favour, and the matter was finally settled by the principal explaining to the pupils that it had been all a mistake. When Oliva had got out of this scrape, he managed to thrust me aside and take the Frenchman's place. He was better suited for it than I was, for he did not trouble himself about the attendance. In this way he got on so famously, that at the end of six months the girls had not even learned the accent, and begged him to begin at the beginning again. Only one thing annoyed him, and that was when the girls thrust paper under his coat collar: in such a case he would break off the lesson at once.

He was now in a better position, for I had not as yet obtained any pupils for drawing. On the other hand, a young American girl arrived between Christmas and Easter to give instructions in oil painting. She understood her work better than I did, for she brought with her a number

of half-finished daubs, which were quickly completed with the assistance of the pupils, who, at any rate, had something to show for their money.

Suddenly the monotonous school life received a fillip. At the close of March commenced the preparations for the grand examination that was to come off at the end of June. The principal wished to make this a very grand affair, and music was to play the chief part in it. Pieces were to be performed simultaneously on their instruments, with the accompaniment of the big and little drum. The ladies were to declaim and sing French, German, Italian, and Spanish songs; for the public must be offered a proof that Pointdexter's young ladies understood all these languages. Moreover, several orators were to be engaged in various quarters to add to the solemnity. Hence Thalberg was busily engaged all day in beating time and rehearsing the grand musical entertainment. Of course I had to do my share, but unexpectedly ran on to a rock. I had two pretty sisters as pupils, and intended them to play a duet at the examination. The younger sister, who was about eleven years of age, however, refused to perform.

"But you must," I said.

"And I won't," she replied.

"In that case I must tell the principal."

"You can do so if you like: I don't care for the principal."

These refusals had no further consequences, however, for a new phase suddenly occurred in the school life. At the end of May two girls died in rapid succession. The others grew timid, feared the outbreak of a contagious disease in the institution, and began to go home. Pointdexter made desperate efforts to stop the girls, for he was anxious about the examination: but the ladies went, and ere long only a few who lived farther away remained. The examination must be given up, and the lessons were suspended. We packed up our traps to be ready to start at a moment's notice; but our departure was delayed for a fortnight. It was not till I had packed up my books, and was unable to study, that I was able to realise what it would be to spend ten months in such an institution without employment. Now, I could not upbraid the Italian, who had several times had serious intentions of committing suicide through ennui, for we had not the slightest amusement. We could not go walking, for the country was too wretched, and the roads too sandy and dusty. The town was not worth visiting, and the people in it and around were, in the bargain, extremely unsocial. They were mostly people who had risen by luck, and had assumed an unpleasantly pompous manner. Hence, after breakfast was over, we lay on our beds and smoked. We did the same on returning from the wretched dinner and supper. I found some amusement, however, in the school-books, which I carefully examined. Very strange things fell into my hands. The girls were very fond of Latin, and went at Virgil and Cicero's speeches without any previous knowledge. But I found a Virgil so arranged that the English text followed the Latin line by line. The philosophic works—*i.e.* Natural Philosophy, Moral Philosophy, History, &c.—were supplied on the margin with the questions the teacher was to ask. Everything was most practically arranged, it will be seen.

The monotony of my life was once disturbed. An Indian tribe of about forty members arrived at Macon to give a ball performance. The men were strong, muscular, and active, the squaws wretchedly dirty, sickly, and shert. For the performance they selected a large plain, enclosed by a wood. At regular intervals two long poles were put up about two inches apart, and the ball had to be driven between them. The Indian men and boys only wore an apron, and divided into two parties. Each man held in his right hand a stick terminating in a sort of spoon, with which they tried to catch the ball. The ball was then held in the spoon by means of another stick held in the left hand. When a man held the ball in this way, he tried to hurl it between the poles; but this was not so easy. When the ball was thrown there was a strange confusion, everybody trying to spoon it up. If a man succeeded in securing it, he ran off at full speed to get a chance of throwing it. But very often an opponent close at his heels struck the spoon, and the ball fell to the ground. But when a man obtained a slight advance, he would turn round suddenly and send the ball with remarkable accuracy between the poles. If he was foiled in this, he hurled the ball deep into the wood. Then came the boys' turn. Swift-footed as roes, they dashed through bush, through briar, up hill and down dale, and soon hurled the ball back among the players. I think that the party which first sent the ball fifteen times between the poles was the conqueror. The oppressive heat did not at all seem to trouble these people, who ran about bare-headed for hours. From the spectators they collected half a dollar each as admission money.

At length Pointdexter informed us that we were at liberty to leave. I received my wretched pay, settled my debts in the town, jumped into the train, and soon left the miserable place far behind.

END OF VOL. CXXX.



